

HADES SYNDROME

HUNTING SEASON

BY MICHAEL FELDMANN



THIS BOOK IS DEDICATED TO THE FOLLOWING PEOPLE, WHO MADE THIS WHOLE
THING COME TRUE BY BACKING US ON KICKSTARTER. THANK YOU VERY MUCH, FOLKS!

A HOOPER
ADAM DI FILIPPE
AIRE2325
ALAN GREEN
ALEX KLEIN
ANDRÉ SOMMER
ANDREAS S.
ANTONIO LB
AXEL
BILL B.
CAPTAIN CHAOS
CFP33PFC
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GERALD
GRANT HANOVER
GÜNTER MEIXNER
HDV
HEIM
HELGE HINRICH
HENK VAN GIJZEN
HENRIK KORSBæk
HOK
ISAAC 'WILL IT WORK'
DANSICKER
JACK MITCHELL
JACKSON MEANS
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JASON ORTEGA
JENS AMBIEL
JJM
JOCHEN BRAUN
JOHANNES SAMLENSKI
JOHANNES, THERESA
UND DOROTHEE
JOHN REED
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JONATHAN KANE
JOSEPH SOLANO
JOSHUA CAMP

KRIS
KWL
LAND-OF-MOUNTAINS
LUTHER DIETRICH
MADMAN_6424
MALCOLM + PARKER CURTIS
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MARCO GRASSI
MARCO SCHUCH
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MATTI VIREN
MICHAEL LONG
MIHAILIS
MIKA KÖYKKÄ
MILAN HORNICEK
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RYAN SMITH
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STORYTELLER
STUART STILBORN
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TAYLER ROSE
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TH. PESCH
THOMAS
THOMAS "MUEL77" MÜLBRADT
THOMAS BUBIER
THOMAS NETTA
THOMAS PHILPOTT
THRASHER
TOM
TOMPPA
TONY AND TRACEY
SALMON
UFFE HOLST
VINCENT LEMAY
WALTER STEINER
WILL LORENZO
WINSTON KOU





HADES-SYNDROME
HUNTING SEASON
BY MICHAEL FELDMANN

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TRANSLATED BY SEBASTIAN SCHWARZBOLD AND ROBERT HERACLES

IN THE NEAR FUTURE.

TWENTY YEARS OF GLOBAL WAR FOR THE LAST ENERGY RESERVES HAVE DEVASTATED LARGE PARTS OF EUROPE. A NEW WALL RUNS THROUGH GERMANY. ON ONE SIDE OF THE WALL ONE OF THE LAST PROSPEROUS SOCIETIES - ON THE OTHER SIDE THE THIRD WORLD.

HERE IN THE WORLD OF THE POOR, THE SO-CALLED QUARANTINE ZONE, LIVE DODO AND NUKE. DODO, A FORMER RESISTANCE FIGHTER IS THE GUITARIST OF THE METAL BAND IWO JIMA GIRLS. ONE LAST BIG CONCERT IN THE QUARANTINE ZONE SHOULD BRING THE BAND A BREAKTHROUGH.

NUKE, A DESERTED WAR VETERAN WORKS FOR THE SECURITY OF THE CONCERT ORGANIZER. DURING THE PREPARATIONS FOR THE CONCERT, DODO AND NUKE MEET AND FALL IN LOVE.

THE PERFORMANCE OF THE IWO JIMA GIRLS IS A GREAT SUCCESS. BUT SHORTLY AFTER, A BLOODY GANG WAR BREAKS OUT, THROWING DODO AND NUKE'S LIVES COMPLETELY OFF TRACK. IN THE END, TWO OF THE FIVE BAND MEMBERS ARE DEAD, DODO IS ADDICTED TO HEROIN, AND NUKE HAS TO COME TO TERMS WITH THE FACT THAT HE HAD TO COMMIT A DASTARDLY MURDER TO SAVE DODO.

THESE EVENTS ARE FROM THE PREQUEL STORY "HADES SYNDROME - THE LAST GIG."

THE FOLLOWING STORY TAKES PLACE A FEW MONTHS LATER.



art
THE NEXT ART

HADES-SYNDROME - HUNTING SEASON

FEBRUARY 2022

PUBLICATION THENEXTART, SEBASTIAN SCHWARZBOLD ALTCHERNITZER STR. 64 09120 CHEMNITZ, GERMANY

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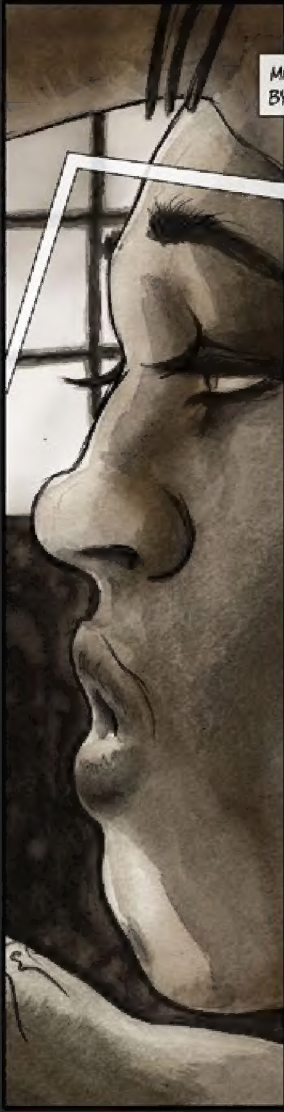
CHAPTER 1



DODO

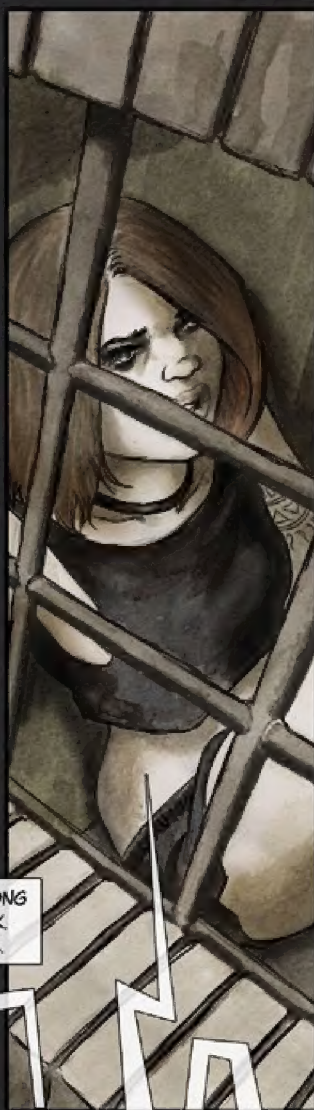






MAJOR KIRA IS THE COOLEST FIRST OFFICER, FOLLOWED BY CHAKOTAY, THEN COMMANDER RIKER, AND THEN SPOCK.

BUT NOOO!!! YOU ARE COMPLETELY WRONG! SPOCK IS THE COOLEST.

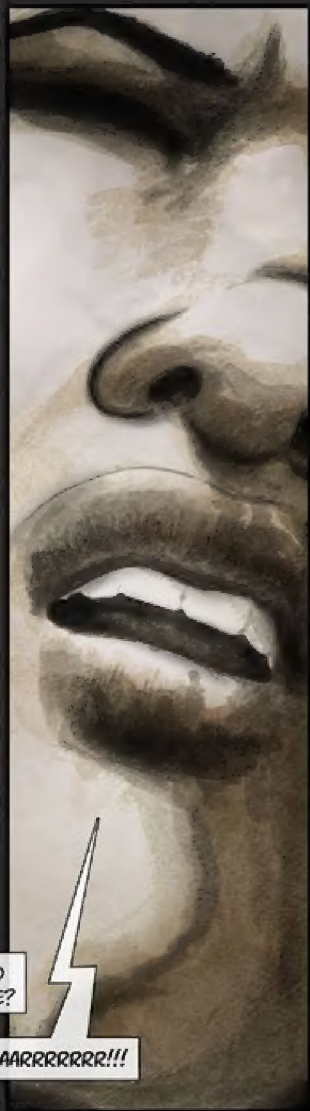


BUT NO! YOU ARE COMPLETELY WRONG ABOUT THAT. FIRST COMES SPOCK. ALL OTHERS DON'T MATTER AT ALL.

I WAS CLOSE. IF THESE HORNY GUYS START AGAIN WITH THIS SEVEN OF NINE, THEN I'LL SCREAM.

WE WILL PROBABLY NEVER AGREE ON THAT. WHO DO YOU THINK IS HOTTER? ENSIGN RO OR SEVEN OF NINE?

AAAAAAARRRRRRR!!!





RO HAS THE MORE INTERESTING NOSE, BUT SEVEN WINS BECAUSE SHE HAS THE MUCH BIGGER TITS.

NATURALLY. I ALSO THINK ALL THESE METAL IMPLANTS ARE TOTALLY HOT.

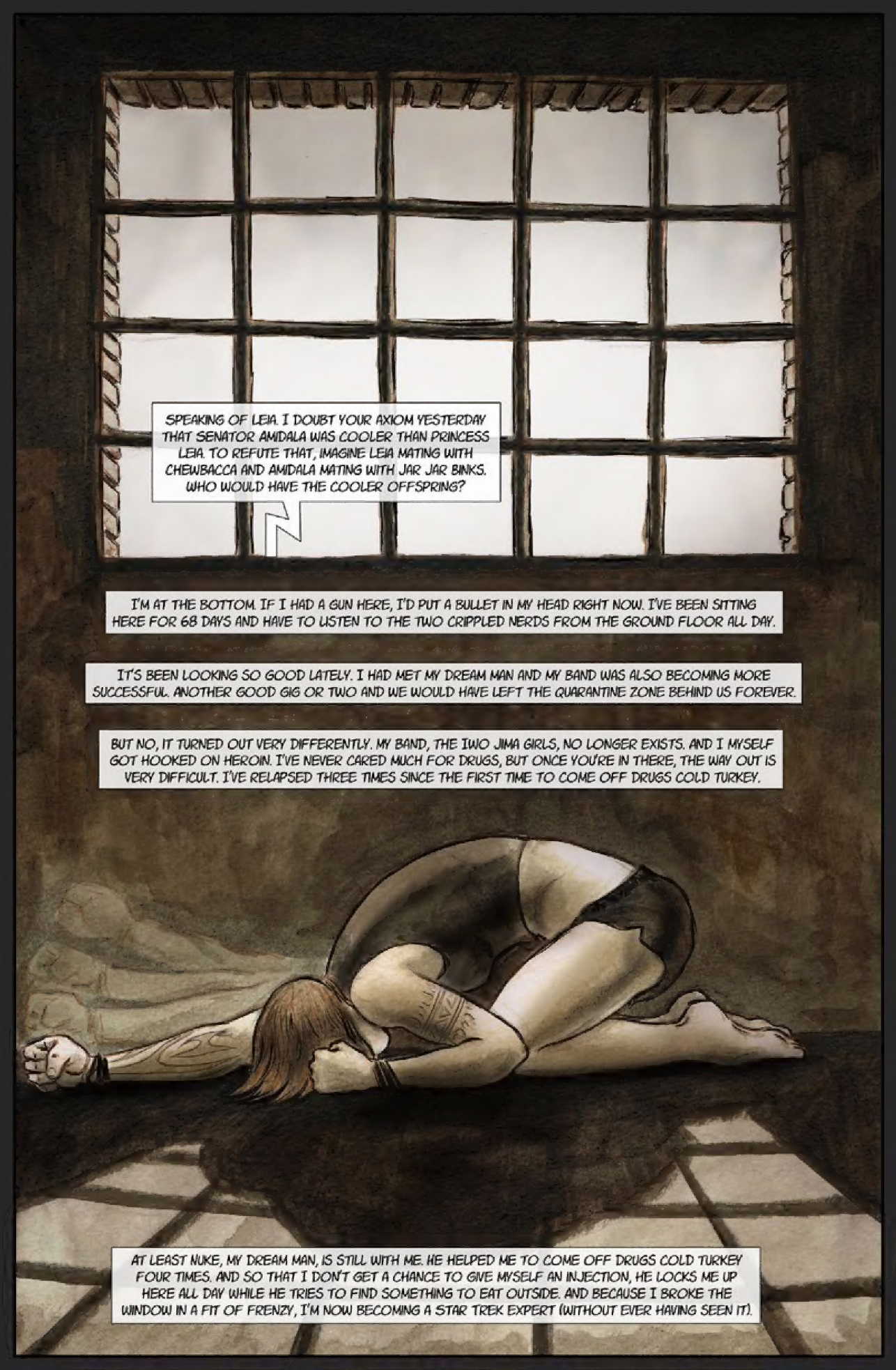
NOW IMAGINE IF YOU COULD DO A SERIES CROSSOVER. WHICH WOULD BE MORE SUCCESSFUL? SEVEN OF NINE SWITCHES TO THE STAR WARS UNIVERSE AND FIGHTS ON THE SIDE OF THE REBELS OR PRINCESS LEIA ENDS UP WITH THE TREKKIES AND HAS TO DEAL WITH THE BORG.

IT'S EASY. LEIA HITS WITH EVERY SHOT, BUT HER BLASTER IS COMPLETELY USELESS AGAINST THE BORG SHIELDS. SEVEN, ON THE OTHER HAND, CAN SIMPLY CONTAMINATE THE DEATH STAR WITH A COUPLE OF BORG NANOPROBES.

DAMN! KEEP YOUR FUCKING MOUTH SHUT! I CAN'T TAKE THIS STUPID CHATTER ANY LONGER!

THIS IS WRONG. LEIA HARNESSES THE FORCE AND DESTROYS THE BORG WITH AN ANTI-BORG LIGHTSABER WHILE THE LABILE SEVEN COMES UNDER THE CONTROL OF THE DARK SIDE AND JOINS VADER.





SPEAKING OF LEIA, I DOUBT YOUR AXIOM YESTERDAY THAT SENATOR AMIDALA WAS COOLER THAN PRINCESS LEIA. TO REFUTE THAT, IMAGINE LEIA MATING WITH CHEWBACCA AND AMIDALA MATING WITH JAR JAR BINKS. WHO WOULD HAVE THE COOLER OFFSPRING?

I'M AT THE BOTTOM. IF I HAD A GUN HERE, I'D PUT A BULLET IN MY HEAD RIGHT NOW. I'VE BEEN SITTING HERE FOR 68 DAYS AND HAVE TO LISTEN TO THE TWO CRIPPLED NERDS FROM THE GROUND FLOOR ALL DAY.

IT'S BEEN LOOKING SO GOOD LATELY. I HAD MET MY DREAM MAN AND MY BAND WAS ALSO BECOMING MORE SUCCESSFUL. ANOTHER GOOD GIG OR TWO AND WE WOULD HAVE LEFT THE QUARANTINE ZONE BEHIND US FOREVER.

BUT NO, IT TURNED OUT VERY DIFFERENTLY. MY BAND, THE IWO JIMA GIRLS, NO LONGER EXISTS. AND I MYSELF GOT HOOKED ON HEROIN. I'VE NEVER CARED MUCH FOR DRUGS, BUT ONCE YOU'RE IN THERE, THE WAY OUT IS VERY DIFFICULT. I'VE RELAPSED THREE TIMES SINCE THE FIRST TIME TO COME OFF DRUGS COLD TURKEY.

AT LEAST NUKE, MY DREAM MAN, IS STILL WITH ME. HE HELPED ME TO COME OFF DRUGS COLD TURKEY FOUR TIMES. AND SO THAT I DON'T GET A CHANCE TO GIVE MYSELF AN INJECTION, HE LOCKS ME UP HERE ALL DAY WHILE HE TRIES TO FIND SOMETHING TO EAT OUTSIDE. AND BECAUSE I BROKE THE WINDOW IN A FIT OF FRENZY, I'M NOW BECOMING A STAR TREK EXPERT (WITHOUT EVER HAVING SEEN IT).

TWO HOURS LATER I'M BACK IN
CONTROL WHEN NUKE COMES HOME.

GOT CANNED FOOD BUT
UNFORTUNATELY NO CIGS.

NUKE, MY BREADWINNER.

HI.

MY JAILER.

MY LOVER.



SEX.

SEX IS GREAT.

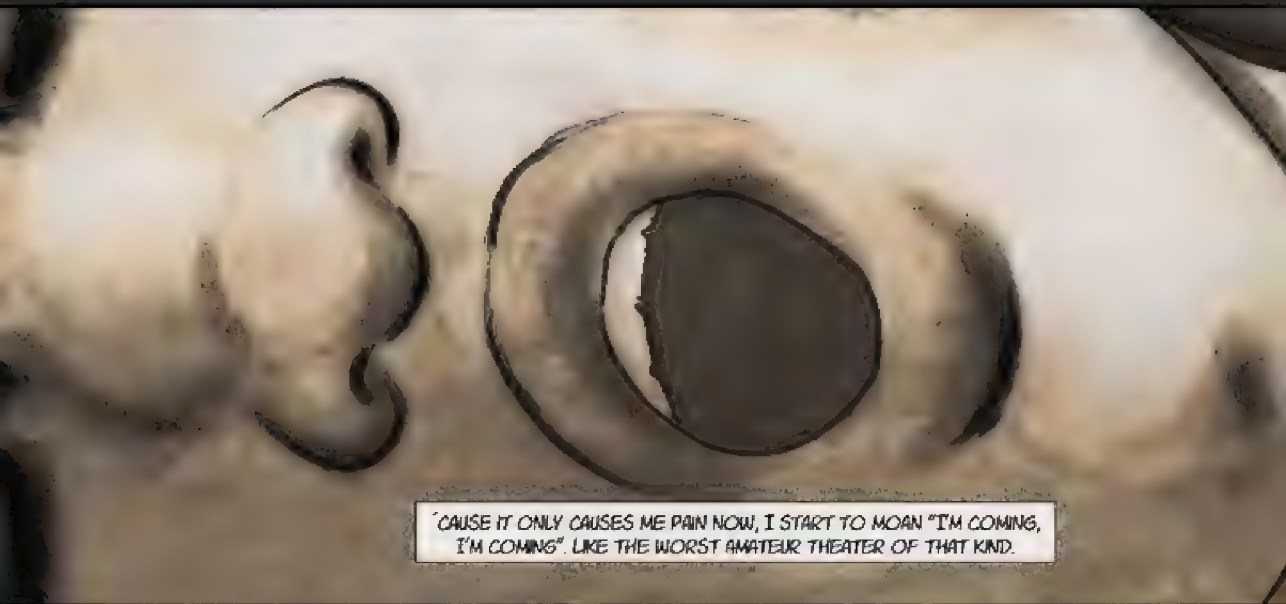
NORMALLY.



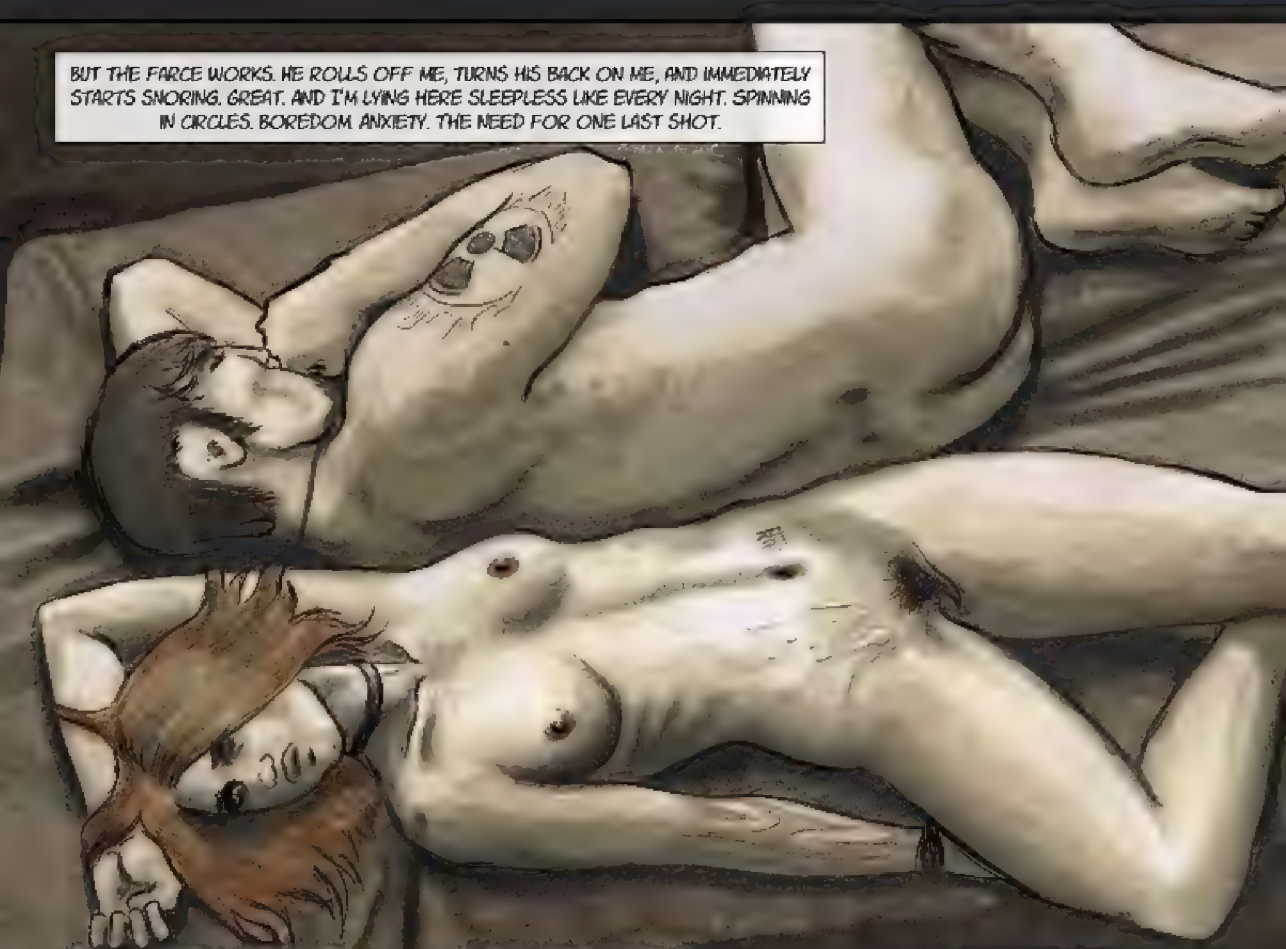
I HAVEN'T GOTTEN WET SINCE MY LAST WITHDRAWAL AND MIKE DOESN'T NOTICE. A MINUTE AGO HE SPRAYED HIS LOAD ON MY BELLY (CONDOMS ARE SIMPLY IN SHORT SUPPLY IN THE QUARANTINE ZONE). NEVERTHELESS, HE STOICALLY RAMS ON.



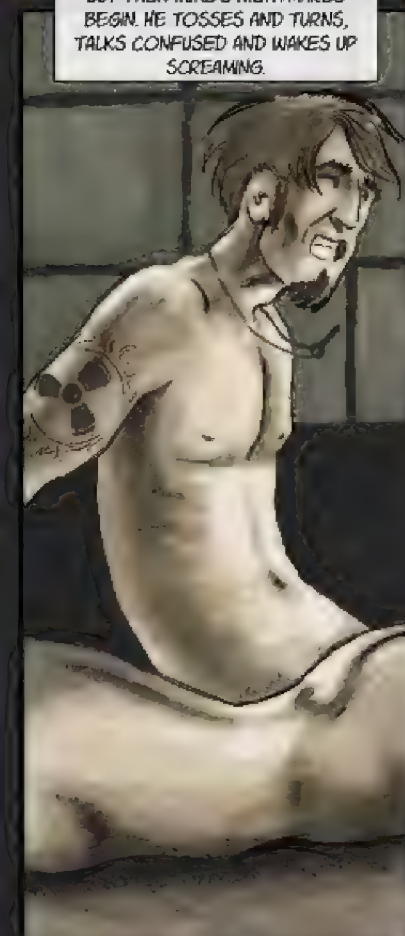
'CAUSE IT ONLY CAUSES ME PAIN NOW, I START TO MOAN "I'M COMING, I'M COMING" LIKE THE WORST AMATEUR THEATER OF THAT KIND.



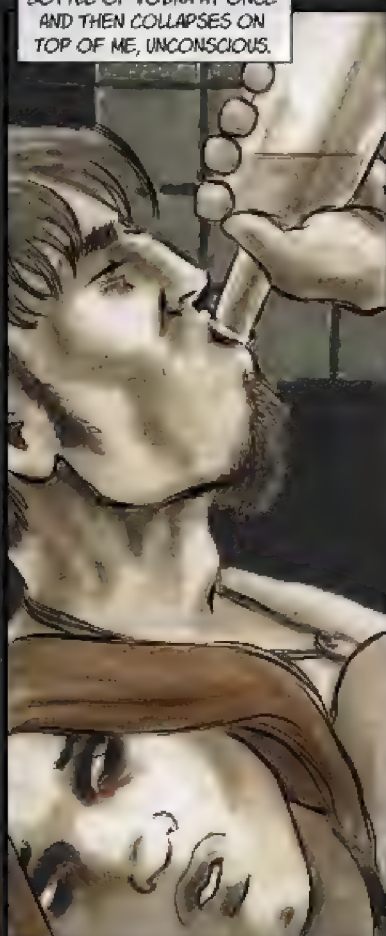
BUT THE FARCE WORKS. HE ROLLS OFF ME, TURNS HIS BACK ON ME, AND IMMEDIATELY STARTS SNORING. GREAT. AND I'M LYING HERE SLEEPLESS LIKE EVERY NIGHT, SPINNING IN CIRCLES, BOREDOM, ANXIETY, THE NEED FOR ONE LAST SHOT.



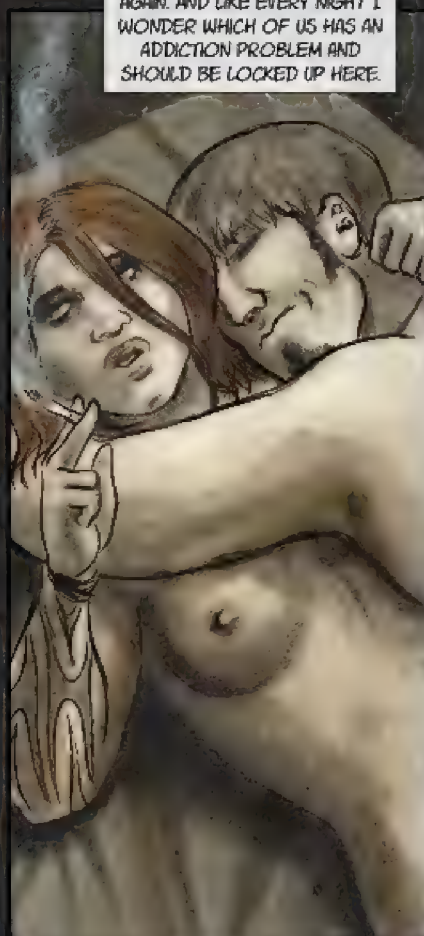
HOURS LATER, I'M FINALLY DOZING BUT THEN NUKE'S NIGHTMARES BEGIN. HE TOSSES AND TURNS, TALKS CONFUSED AND WAKES UP SCREAMING.



THEN HE DRINKS HALF A BOTTLE OF VODKA AT ONCE AND THEN COLLAPSES ON TOP OF ME, UNCONSCIOUS.



WITH THAT I AM WIDE AWAKE AGAIN. AND LIKE EVERY NIGHT I WONDER WHICH OF US HAS AN ADDICTION PROBLEM AND SHOULD BE LOCKED UP HERE.

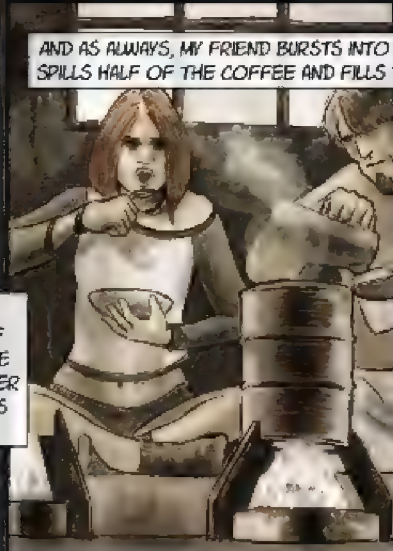




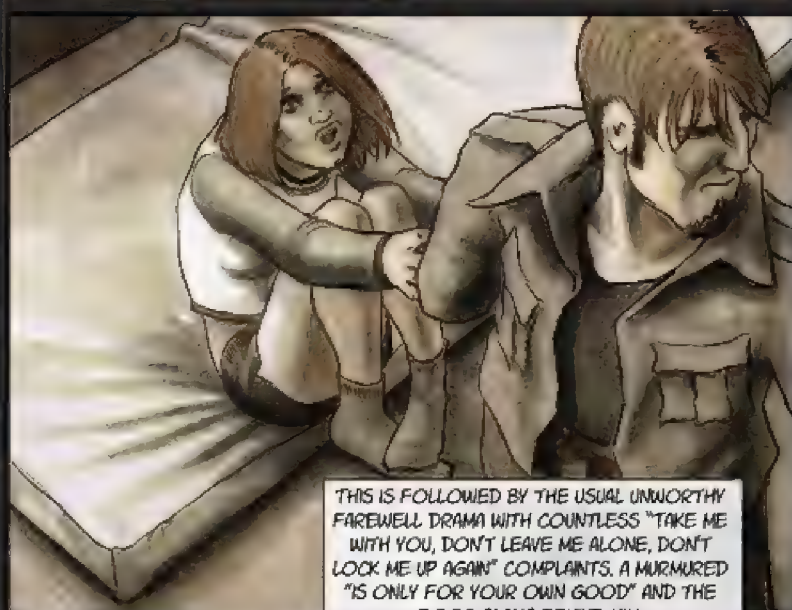
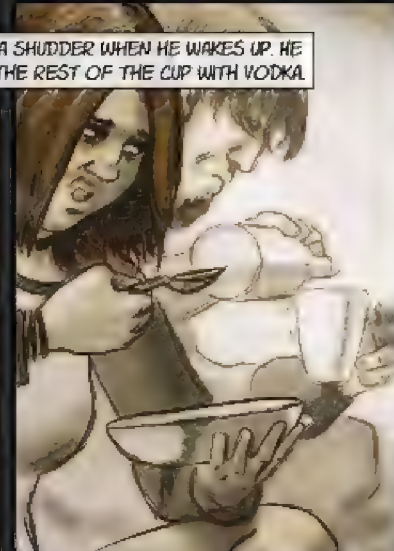
THE NEXT MORNING
NUKE IS REALLY OUT
OF IT. AND LIKE EVERY
MORNING, I THINK OF
KILLING HIM TO GET
THE KEY.

INSTEAD, I'LL MAKE
BREAKFAST. THAT
MUST BE LOVE!

BREAKFAST, WELL, A
20-YEAR-OLD CAN OF
BEANS AND SUBSTITUTE
COFFEE, WHERE BETTER
NOT TO ASK WHAT IT'S
MADE OF.



AND AS ALWAYS, MY FRIEND BURSTS INTO A SHUDDER WHEN HE WAKES UP. HE
SPILLS HALF OF THE COFFEE AND FILLS THE REST OF THE CUP WITH VODKA.



THIS IS FOLLOWED BY THE USUAL UNWORTHY
FAREWELL DRAMA WITH COUNTLESS "TAKE ME
WITH YOU, DON'T LEAVE ME ALONE, DON'T
LOCK ME UP AGAIN" COMPLAINTS. A MURMURED
"IS ONLY FOR YOUR OWN GOOD" AND THE
DOOR SLAMS BEHIND HIM.



THE KEY TURNS DEAFENINGLY IN THE LOCK. STEPS ON
THE STAIRS. THEN SILENCE. FOR A FEW MINUTES. THEN
THE WHEELCHAIR NERDS ARE BACK ON THE TERRACE

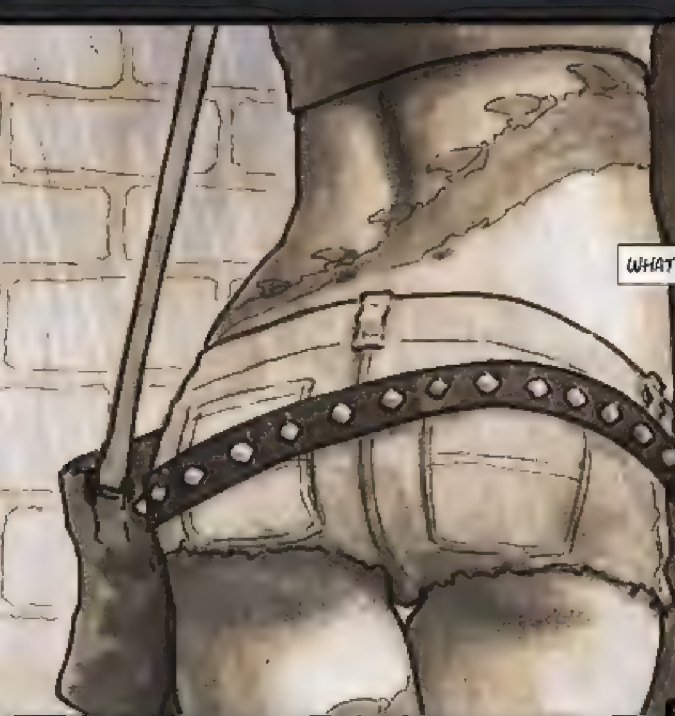
DAY 69 TO QUIT COLD TURKEY. I'M COMING.

TWO WEEKS LATER. I DID IT. I "BORROWED" NUKE'S KEY AND MADE A COPY WITH SOAP. NOW I HAVE A DUPLICATE AND CAN SNEAK OUT DURING THE DAY.

I WAS REALLY LOOKING FORWARD TO WALKING AROUND OUTSIDE AGAIN AFTER 83 DAYS. AND WHAT THE HELL IS THAT SHIT? I HAVEN'T WALKED A HUNDRED METERS WHEN IT STARTS RAINING. IT'S RAINING CATS AND DOGS. MIND YOU, IT RAINED FOR THE FIRST TIME IN A GOOD TWO YEARS. I REALLY HAVE THE PLAGUE UP MY ASS RIGHT NOW.

WHY DON'T I DANCE THROUGH THE RAIN SINGING NOW? ONE LOOK INTO THE BLACK PUDDLES IN FRONT OF ME IS ENOUGH TO KNOW THAT IT IS BETTER NOT TO LET ANY OF THIS RAIN TOUCH YOU. THERE IS STILL TOO MUCH ASH AND DUST IN THE ATMOSPHERE FROM THE GREAT WAR. WHO KNOWS WHAT KIND OF DISEASES YOU CAN GET FROM THAT.

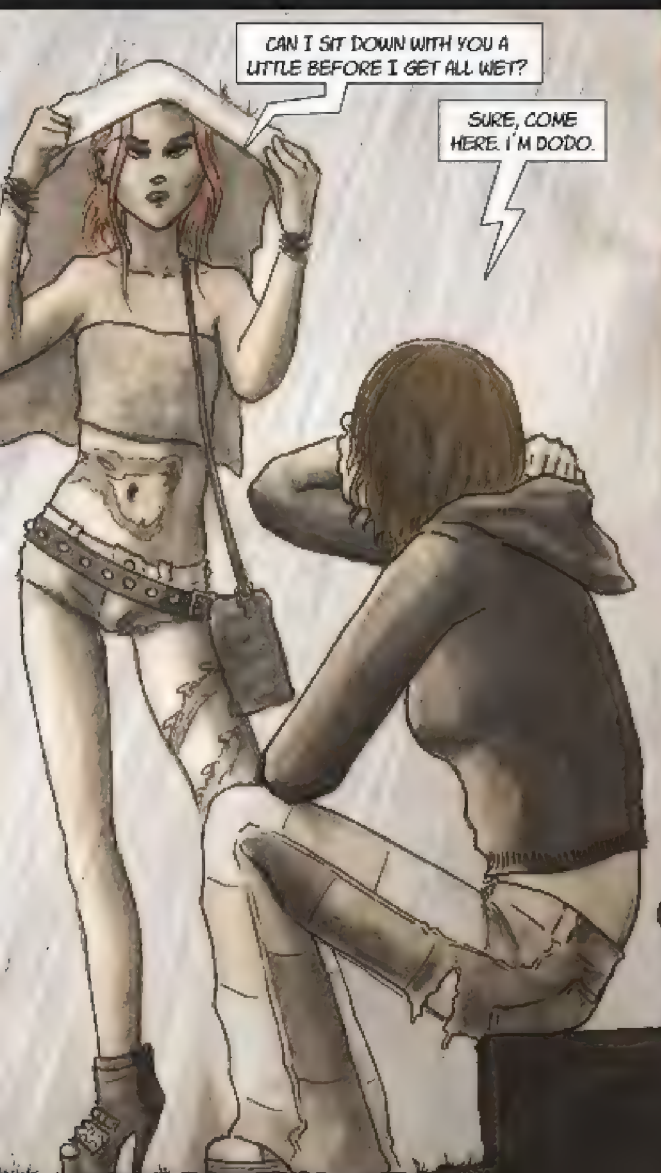




HL

FORGOT TO DRESS THIS MORNING?

WHAT DO YOU MEAN?



CAN I SIT DOWN WITH YOU A LITTLE BEFORE I GET ALL WET?

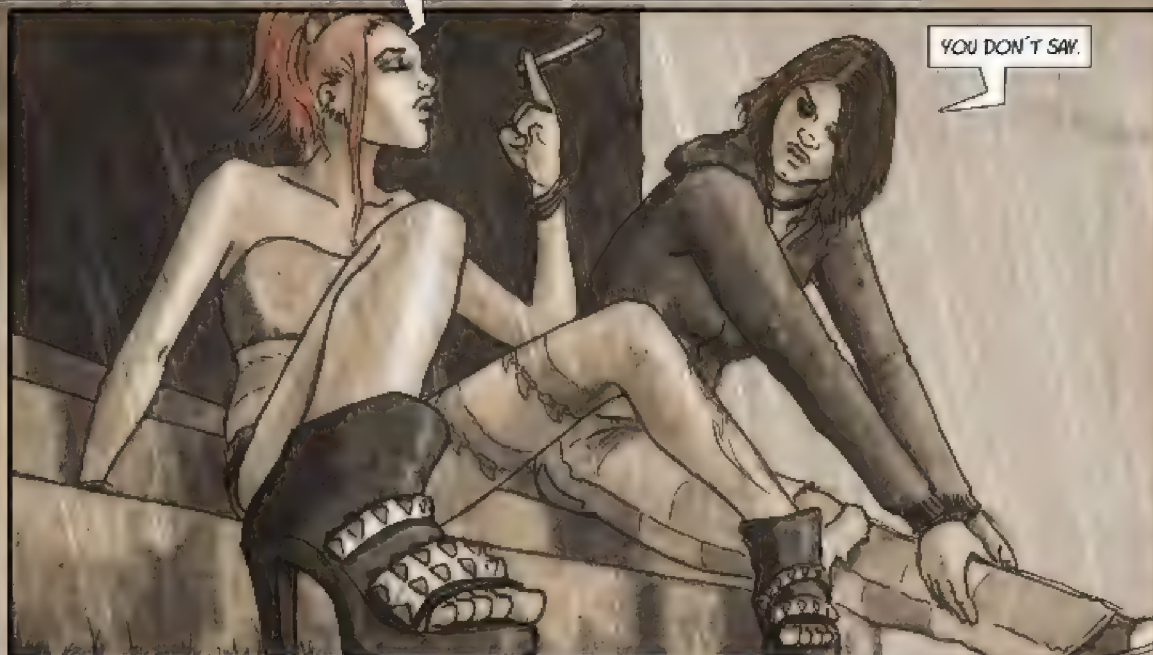
SURE, COME HERE. I'M DODO.



THANKS. I AM CHANTALLE. BUT YOU CAN CALL ME TALLIE

I DON'T LIKE HOOKERS. THAT'S WHY I'M QUITE RESERVED AT FIRST. UNTIL I REGISTER HOW YOUNG THIS SKINNY GIRL IS. SHE CANNOT BE OLDER THAN 14. BUT SHE MOVES SO CONFIDENTLY ON THOSE MONSTER HEELS THAT I WOULD BREAK MY BONES WITH. OBVIOUSLY SHE HAS BEEN WORKING ON THE STREETS SINCE SHE WAS A CHILD. AND THAT SOMEHOW TOUCHES ME.

BEEN PARTYING ALL NIGHT UNTIL JUST NOW. MY BOYFRIEND ASKED ME IF I COULD TAKE CARE OF HIS BUSINESS PARTNERS A LITTLE, AND EVENTUALLY I ENDED UP IN BED WITH ALL FOUR OF THEM. I HOPE MY BOYFRIEND ISN'T MAD ABOUT IT, BUT HE'S ACTUALLY USED TO IT. CRAZY THINGS ALWAYS HAPPEN TO ME.



SHE SPEAKS WITHOUT PAUSE, AND AFTER A WHILE I'M ABLE TO TRANSLATE THE CHILDISH CHATTER. HER "BOYFRIEND" IS MORE THAN TWICE HER AGE AND BESIDES HER HAS SIX OTHER "GIRLFRIENDS" WHO "LOOK AFTER HIS BUSINESS PARTNERS", AND THESE BUSINESS PARTNERS ARE SEX TOURISTS FROM ACROSS THE WALL WHO ARE LOOKING FOR A CHEAP FUCK IN THE CHILD PROSTITUTION HERE IN THE QUARANTINE ZONE.

TALLIE IS FULL TO THE BRIM WITH AMPHETAMINES, AND EVEN THOUGH SHE'S BEEN ON A 36-HOUR SHIFT, SHE'S STILL WIDE AWAKE AND UNABLE TO COME DOWN. AND BECAUSE SHE NEEDS SOMEONE TO CHAT, SHE INVITES ME TO COFFEE. WHEN THE RAIN STOPS, WE MAKE OUR WAY TO THE LAST CAFÉ HERE.



OVER TIME, I REALIZE THAT TALLIE IS NOT THE NAIVE KID SHE SEEMS TO BE. MAYBE HER CLIENTS ARE INTO STUPID BLONDES, AND SHE TOTALLY INTERNALIZED THE ROLE. PERHAPS THIS IS ALSO A KIND OF SELF-PROTECTION IN ORDER NOT TO HAVE TO DEAL WITH THE SAD REALITY. AND SO THE BRUTAL PIMP BECOMES HER BOYFRIEND AND THE BORING SEX WORK BECOMES AN ENDLESS PARTY.

Two small, dark silhouettes of figures are walking away from the viewer on a grassy hill. In the background, there are some simple, rectangular buildings under a pale sky.

AND I SAY TO MY BOYFRIEND "YOU WANNA LEAVE ME ALONE NOW WITH THIS FAT OLD FART?!" BUT THEN THE PARTY WAS IN FULL SWING...

Two dark silhouettes of figures are walking on a grassy hill. The figure on the left is slightly ahead of the one on the right. In the background, there are some simple, rectangular buildings under a pale sky.

WHAT IS THAT AWFUL STENCH?

IT'S A FIVE OR SIX DAY OLD CORPSE.

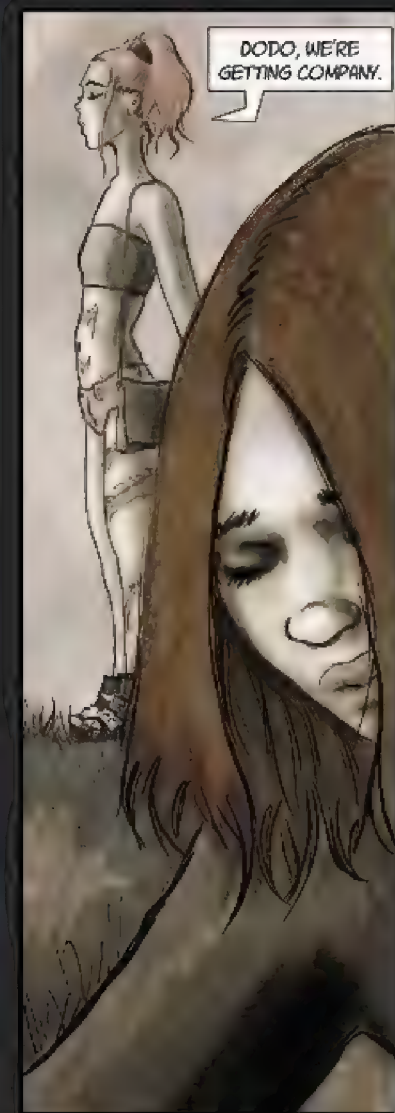
A close-up view of the lower legs and feet of two figures. The figure on the left is wearing a high-heeled shoe with a dark, patterned strap. The figure on the right is wearing a dark, patterned sock or shoe. They are standing on a grassy hill. In the background, there are some simple, rectangular buildings under a pale sky.

OH GOD, I'M GETTING SICK.





THIS GIRL MUST HAVE SUFFERED TERRIBLY BEFORE THE KILLER CUT HER THROAT. I TRY TO GIVE HER BACK AT LEAST A LITTLE DIGNITY AND PULL UP HER PANTIES.



DODO, WE'RE GETTING COMPANY.



GREAT, THE BORDER PATROLS.



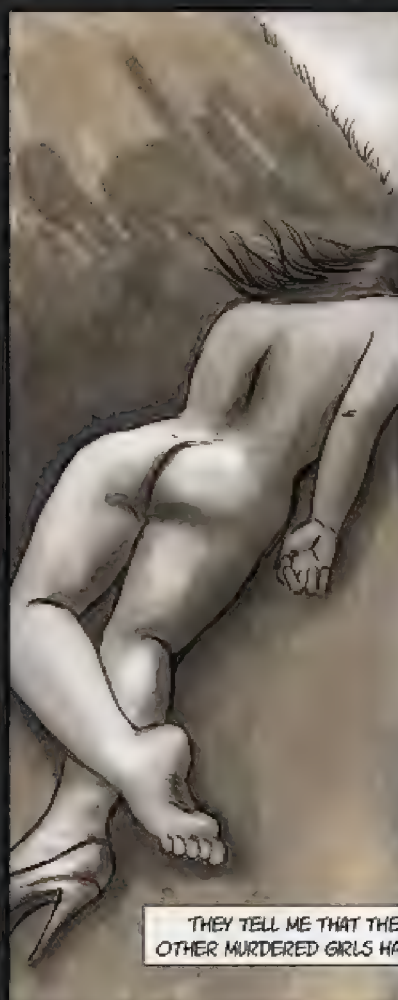
HELP ME UP, WE'D BETTER GET OUT OF HERE.

BETTER TO STAY AWAY FROM THE TRIGGER-HAPPY SOLDIERS GUARDING THE WALL. THAT'S WHY WE'RE LEAVING AS SOON AS POSSIBLE. MY NEW FRIEND IS FINALLY SHUTTING UP AND WE'RE RESUMING THE PLAN TO HAVE A COFFEE AT THEA'S BAKERY.

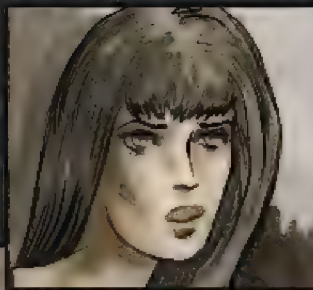
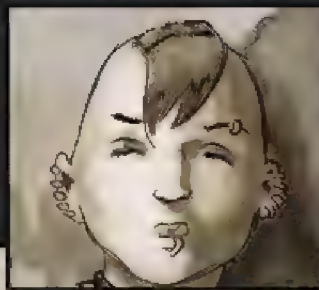
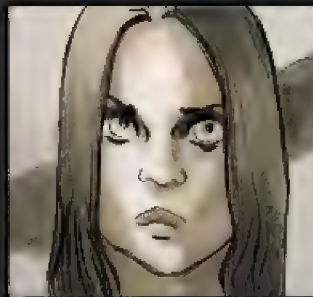
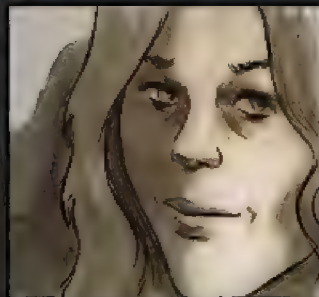
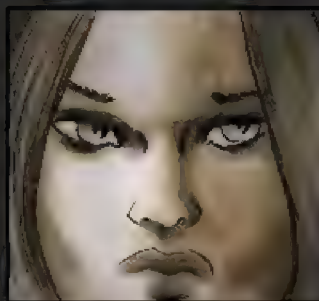
YOU LOOK SO DEPRESSED.
IS SOMETHING WRONG?

THE DEARHUNTER
STRUCK AGAIN.

DEARHUNTER?

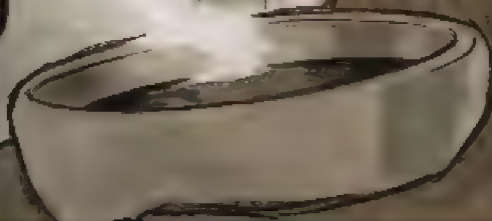


THEY TELL ME THAT THE QUARANTINE ZONE IS HAUNTED BY A SERIAL KILLER EVERYONE CALLS DEARHUNTER. THREE OTHER MURDERED GIRLS HAVE ALREADY BEEN FOUND IN THE DITCH WHERE THE BODY LIES. AND THAT WITHIN FIVE WEEKS.



IN TOTAL, AT LEAST NINE OTHER YOUNG WOMEN WERE MURDERED. SEVEN OF THEM WERE WALKING THE STREETS, TWO WERE HOMELESS. ALL WERE RAPED AND BEATEN BEFORE THEIR THROATS WERE CUT.

AS THEY LIST ONE MURDER AFTER THE OTHER, A CHANGE TAKES PLACE IN ME. THE USELESS, SEEDY JUNKIE BECOMES A WARRIOR ON A MISSION.

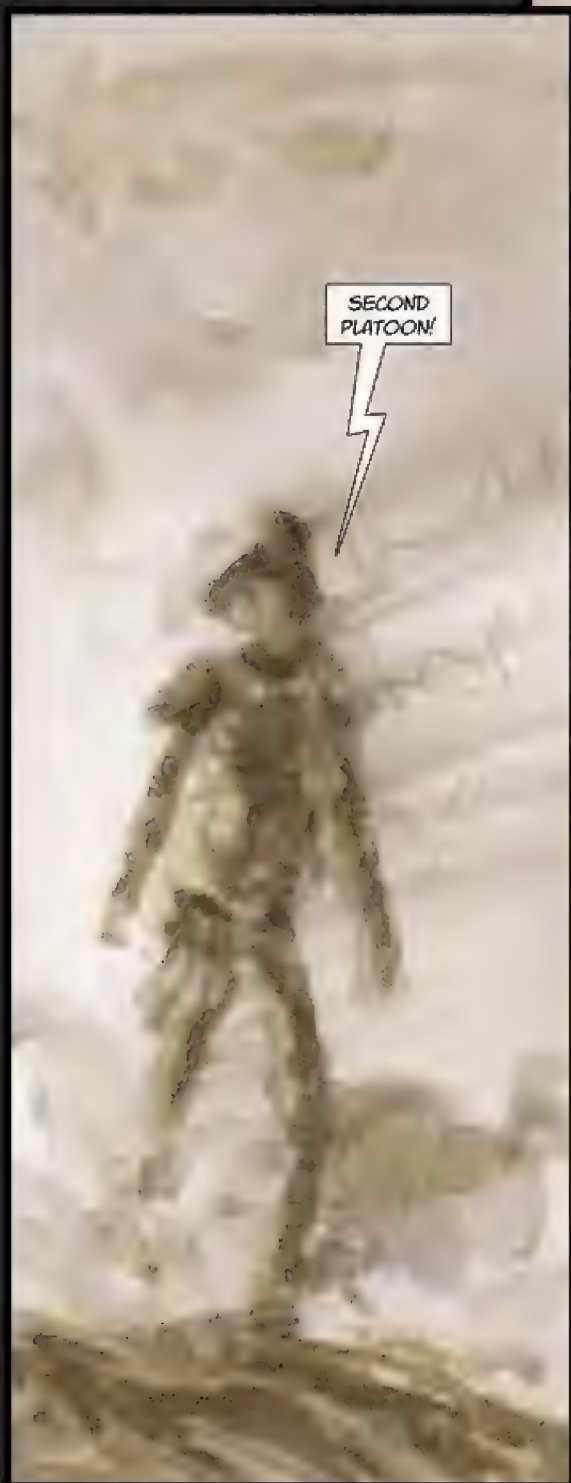


I'M GOING TO CHASE THIS PERVERT!

CHAPTER 2

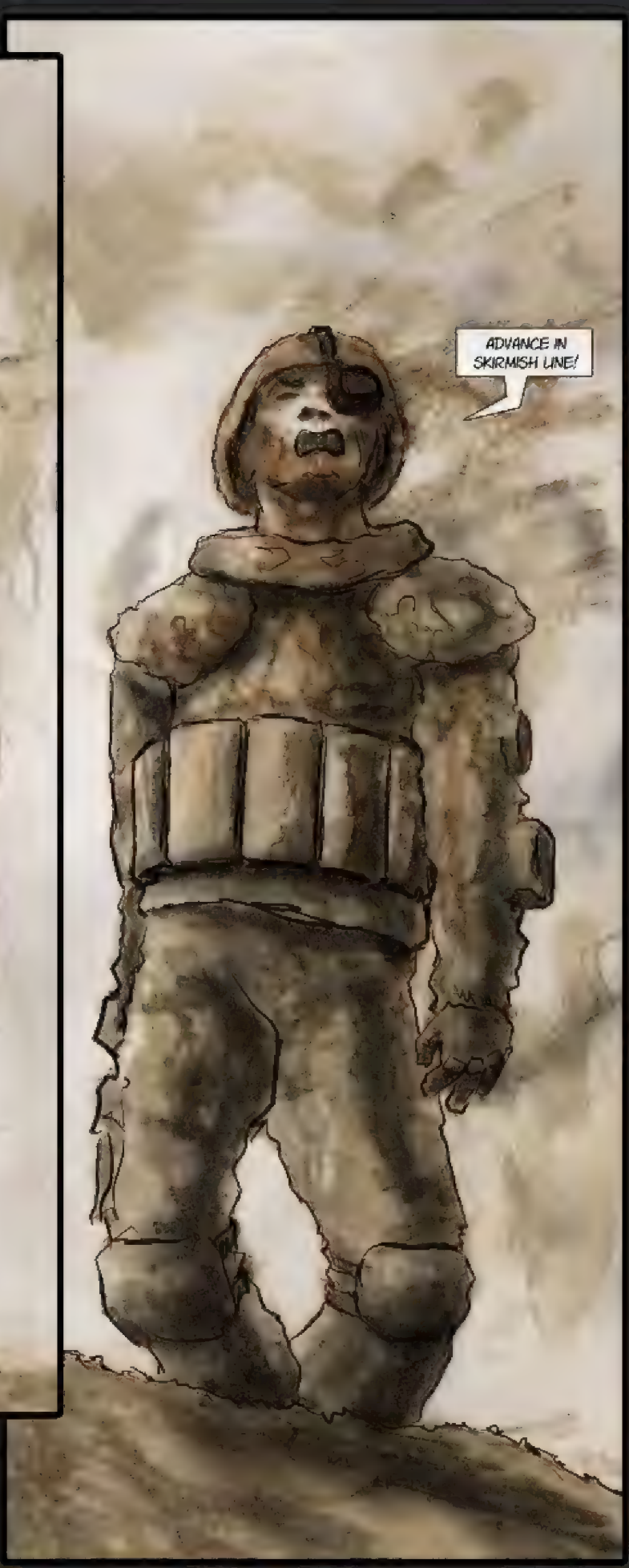


NUKE





...TO ME!



ADVANCE IN
SKIRMISH LINE!



ATTACK!



ARE YOU DEAF?
ATTACK!

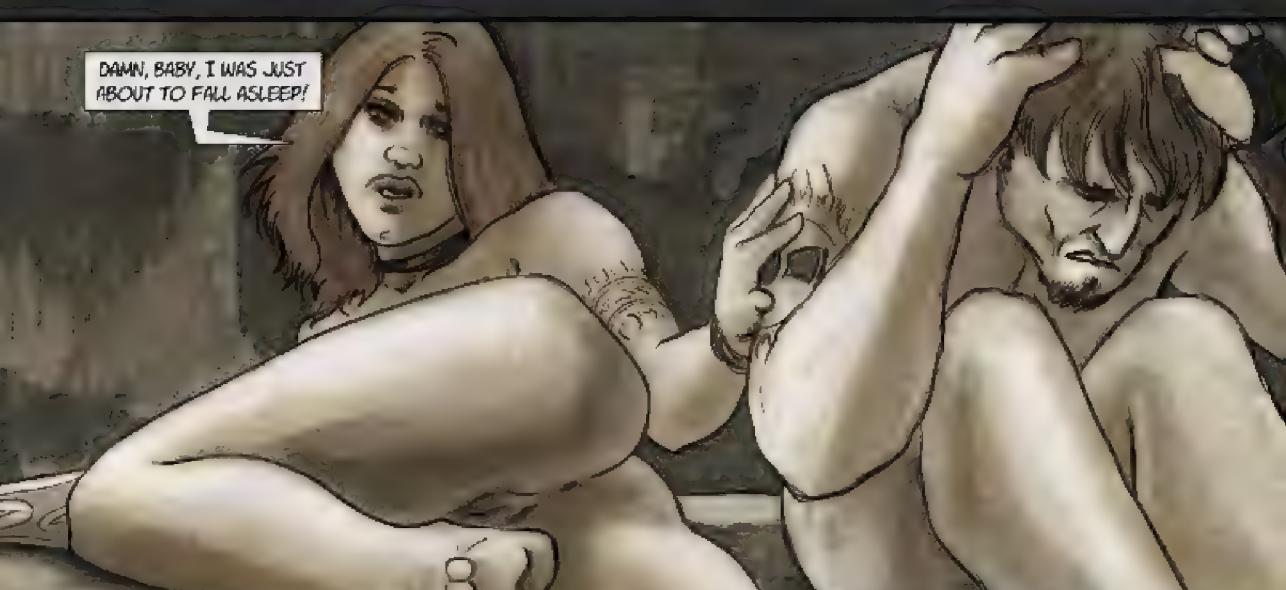


ALL THE WAY TO HELL, YOU
COWARDLY MURDERER!



AAAAAAAAAAAAARRR!!!

EVERY NIGHT
THE SAME SHIT!



DAMN, BABY, I WAS JUST ABOUT TO FALL ASLEEP!



I ONCE HAD A BOY-FRIEND WHO SNORED. IT GOT ON MY NERVES SO MUCH THAT I BROKE UP WITH HIM AFTER A WEEK. BUT THAT WAS NOTHING COMPARED TO YOUR WAR NEUROSIS.



WAR NEUROSIS, HA! IF ONLY IT WAS THE WAR I WAS DREAMING ABOUT.



WHAT TOTALLY KILLS ME IS THE HEAD OF THIS ROUGH RIDER THAT HAUNTS ME AT THE END OF EVERY DREAM.

I KILLED A LOT OF PEOPLE IN THE WAR. I DON'T HAVE A PROBLEM WITH IT BECAUSE IT'S THEM OR ME, RIGHT? BUT THAT ROUGH RIDER WHOSE HEAD I CUT OFF WAS THE FIRST PERSON I MURDERED.

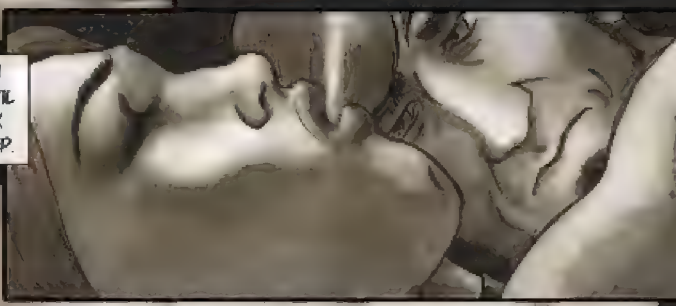


I BECAME A KILLER TO SAVE THE GIRL I JUST FUCKED WITH. DODO.



I TRY EVERYTHING TO MAKE MY BABY COME, AND SHE? CONSTANTLY JUST NAGGING ABOUT MY NIGHTMARES.

IS THIS PERSON WORTH GOING THROUGH HELL EVERY NIGHT? I DON'T KNOW. AND UNTIL I KNOW THE ANSWER, I'M GOING TO DRINK MYSELF SENSELESS TO A DREAMLESS SLEEP.



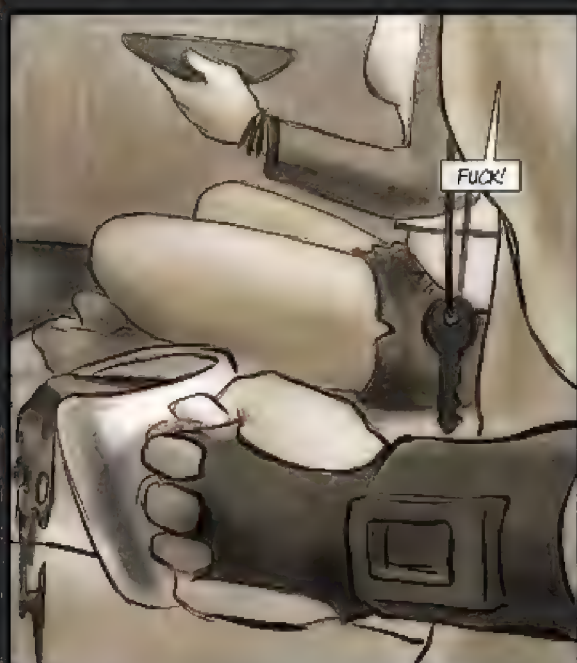
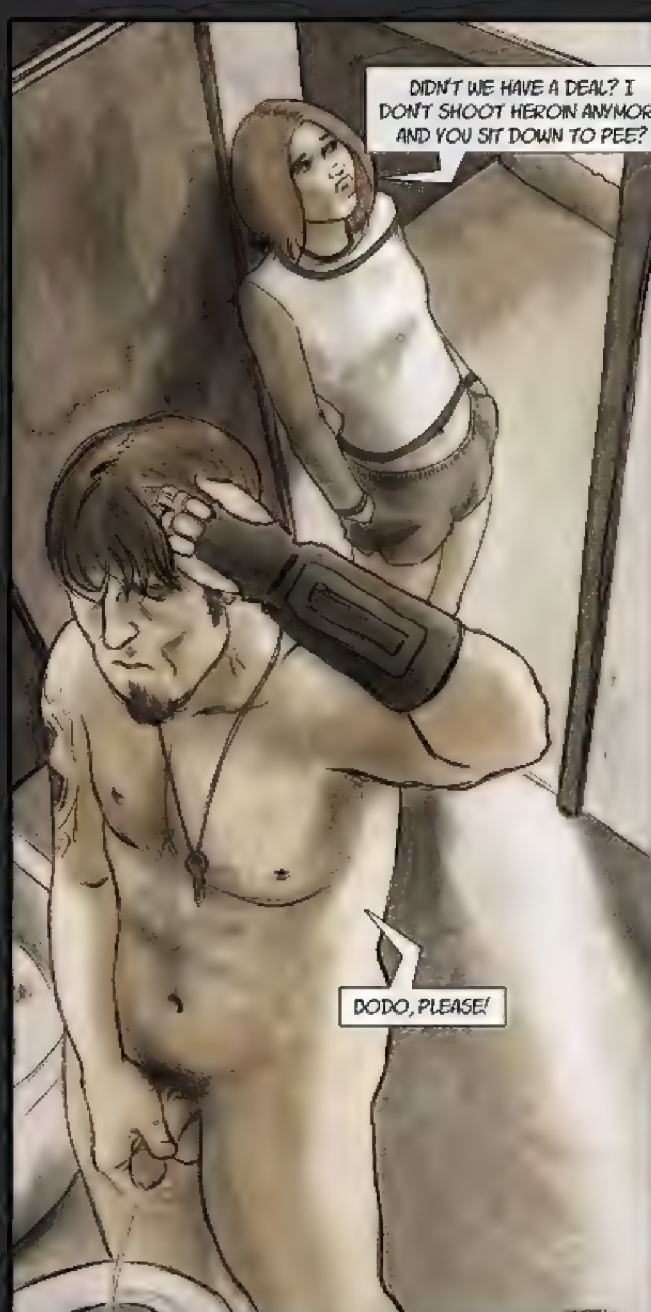
THE NEXT MORNING. I WAKE UP WITH A HEADACHE.



GOOD MORNING TO YOU, TOO. BREAKFAST?



BOOOAH.





SOMEHOW I FEEL RELIEVED WHEN I LEAVE OUR PLACE. WHICH BRINGS ME BACK TO LAST NIGHT'S DOUBTS. IS THIS WOMAN WORTH ALL THE STRESS?

ON THE OTHER HAND... IF A JUNKIE PISSES ALL OVER YOUR MATTRESS AND YOU DON'T KICK HER OUT, BUT INSTEAD HELP HER THROUGH COLD TURKEY, THAT'S GOT TO BE LOVE, RIGHT?

DOWNSTAIRS, SKUNK IS ALREADY WAITING FOR ME. HE LIVES ONE FLOOR ABOVE US. SINCE DODO'S LAST BIG, WE'RE STRUGGLING THROUGH TOGETHER.

YOU'RE LATE.

I NEED MY BEAUTY SLEEP. IT COULDN'T HURT YOU EITHER. YOU LOOK LIKE SHIT.

WHY SO BITCHY? QUARREL WITH YOUR LADY?

JUST THE EVERYDAY DRAMA.

TAKE ME WITH YOU, DON'T LEAVE ME ALONE, DON'T LOCK ME UP AGAIN.

IT'S FOR YOUR OWN GOOD.

WHERE ARE OUR LEGLESS GUARDS?
WHY DO WE ACTUALLY FEED THE CRIPPLES THROUGH?

AUF PLÜNDERER WIRD G

* LOOTERS ARE SHOT

EVER SINCE YOU TOOK THE KLINGON SWORDS FROM THEM, THEY'VE BEEN AFRAID OF YOU. AS SOON AS WE ARE OUT OF SIGHT, THEY COME OUT.



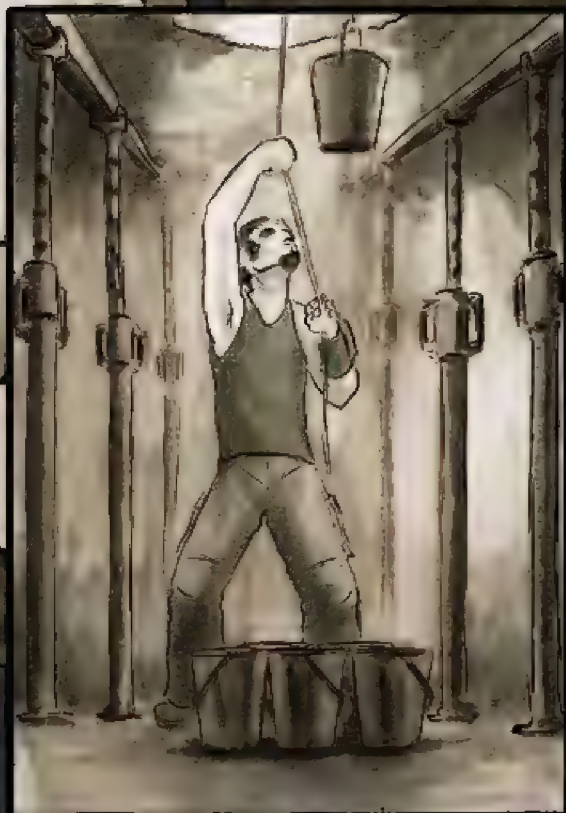
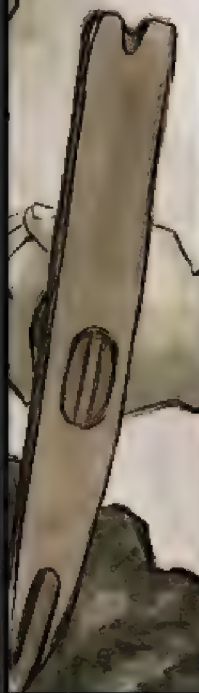
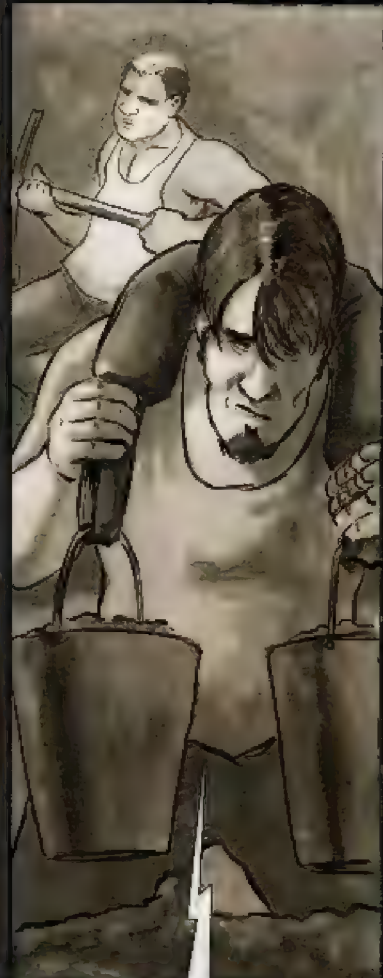
WHAT'S UP WITH YOUR LEG, DUDE?
ARE YOU ABLE TO DO THE JOB?

I HAD TO TAKE SOMETHING
BECAUSE OF IT. NOW I'M FINE.

ONE DRUG-ADDICTED FRIEND
IS ENOUGH FOR ME. DON'T
YOU START LIKE THAT, TOO!

YES MOMMY! HOW LONG ARE YOU
GOING TO KEEP YOUR CHICK COOPED
UP AT HOME? SHOULDN'T SHE
HAVE GONE COLD TURKEY BY NOW?

YES, OF COURSE. BUT I WANT
DODO OFF THE STREETS
AS LONG AS THAT PERVERSED
RIPPER IS OUT THERE.

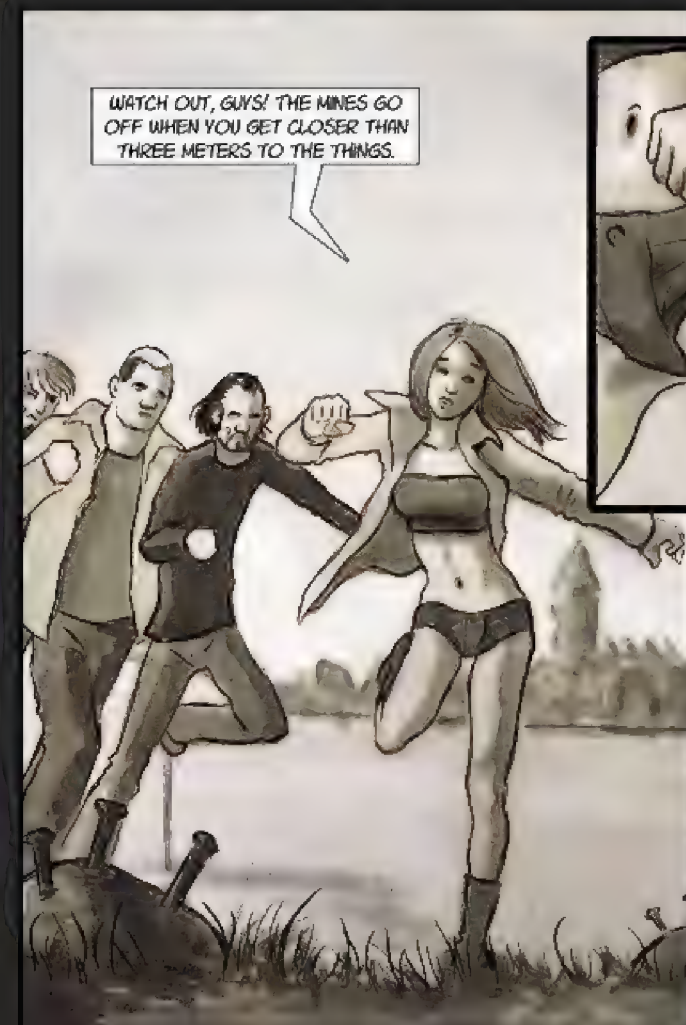




FOR TWO MONTHS NOW WE HAVE BEEN DIGGING THE TUNNEL THAT WILL BRING MORE THAN 2,000 REFUGEES TO THE OTHER SIDE OF THE WALL. WHAT AN IRONY THAT WE ARE PAID SO POORLY FOR THE DIRTY WORK THAT I CAN'T PAY THE PASSAGE FOR DODO AND ME.



WATCH OUT, GUYS! THE MINES GO OFF WHEN YOU GET CLOSER THAN THREE METERS TO THE THINGS.



IF WE GO ON LIKE THIS, WE'LL NEVER FINISH THE TUNNEL THAT'S BULLSHIT!



BACK ON SAFE GROUND, WE PART WAYS WITH THE TWO PAINS IN THE NECK TO COLLECT OUR PAY.

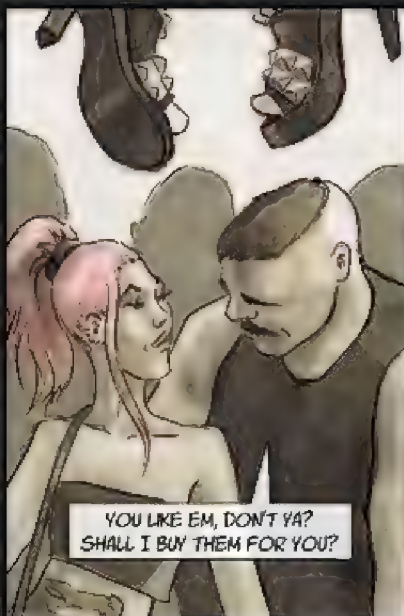


THIS OLD BUSYBODY AND HER BUGGER ARE A PAIN IN THE ASS!



MOVING ON TO THE SHOES.
THREE BILLS MINIMUM BID
WHILE SHE STILL WRIGGLES.

ON THE WAY TO OUR CUSTOMERS.
A WILD MOB, LED BY A SELF-
APPOINTED SHERIFF, LYNCHES A
SHOPLIFTER. WHILE THE POOR
GIRL IS STILL FIGHTING FOR HER
LIFE IN VAIN, THE ANTISOCIAL MOB
IS FIGHTING OVER HER SHOES.



YOU LIKE EM, DON'T YA?
SHALL I BUY THEM FOR YOU?



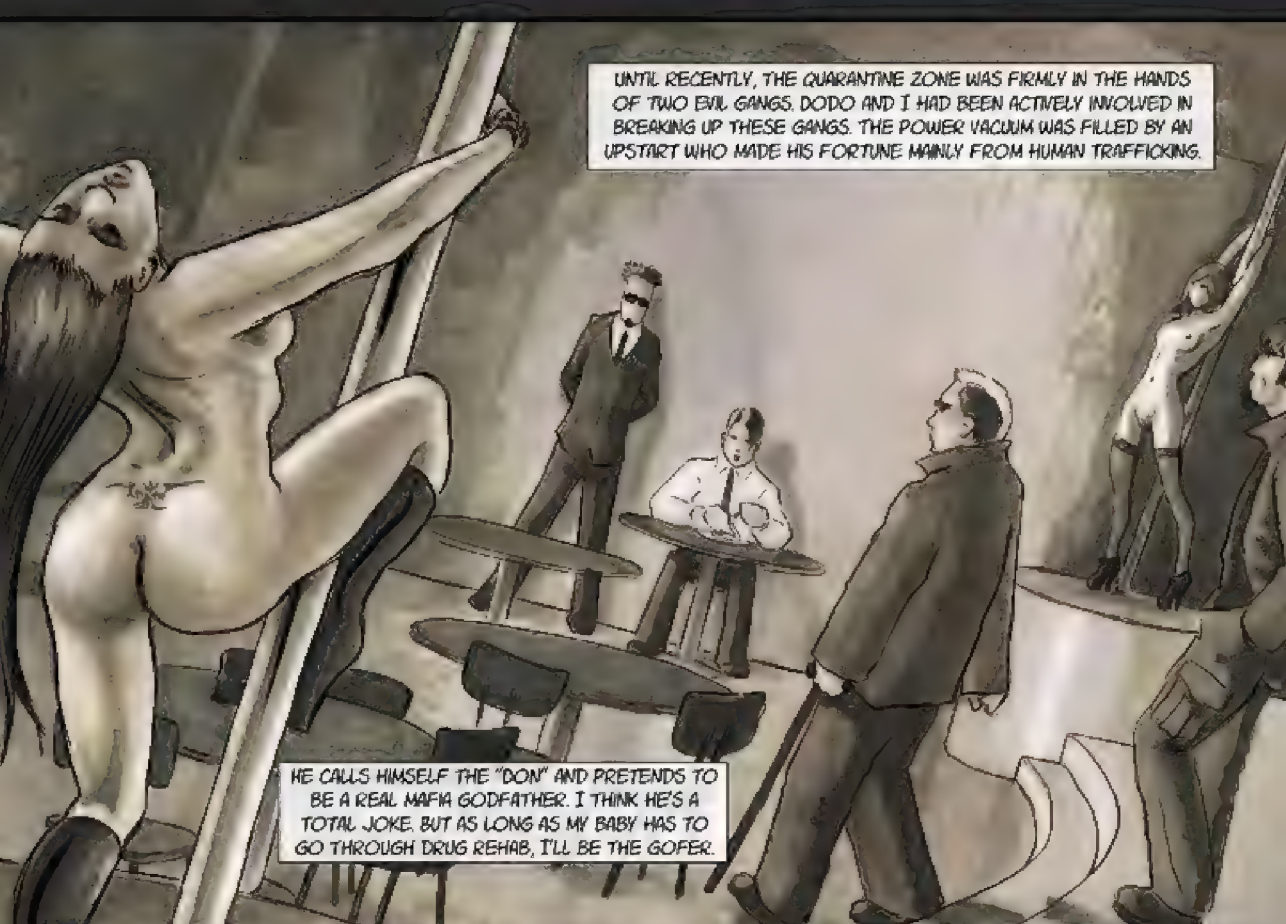
MY GAL GIVES YA A BLOWJOB FOR
THE SHOES, AND HER PANTIES!



SOLD TO THE YOUNG MAN WITH THE SILLY
BEARD AND THE BLOODY YOUNG GIRLFRIEND.

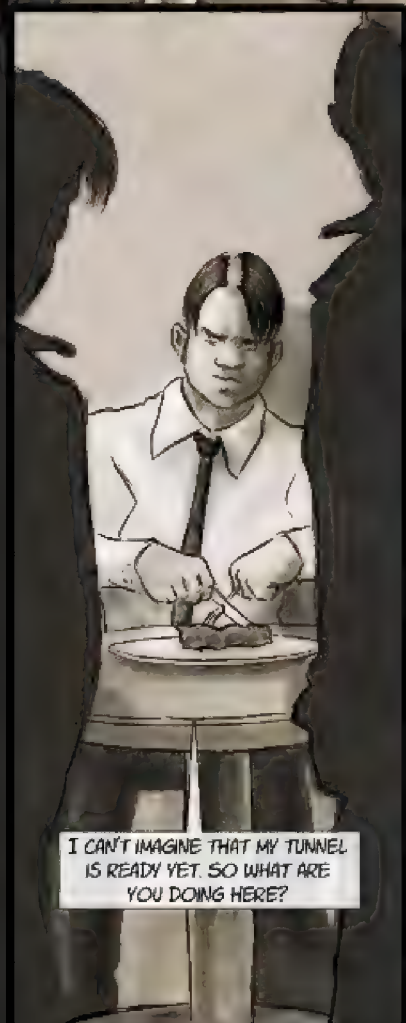
YOU HAVE TO
BECOME A
SOCIAL CRITIC.

ON THE OTHER HAND, I HAD ENOUGH TIME TO
TAKE THE GIRL FROM THE GALLOWS AND DIDN'T
DO IT, SO I AM NO BETTER THAN THEY ARE.



UNTIL RECENTLY, THE QUARANTINE ZONE WAS FIRMLY IN THE HANDS OF TWO EVIL GANGS. DODO AND I HAD BEEN ACTIVELY INVOLVED IN BREAKING UP THESE GANGS. THE POWER VACUUM WAS FILLED BY AN UPSTART WHO MADE HIS FORTUNE MAINLY FROM HUMAN TRAFFICKING.

HE CALLS HIMSELF THE "DON" AND PRETENDS TO BE A REAL MAFIA GODFATHER. I THINK HE'S A TOTAL JOKE. BUT AS LONG AS MY BABY HAS TO GO THROUGH DRUG REHAB, I'LL BE THE GOFER.



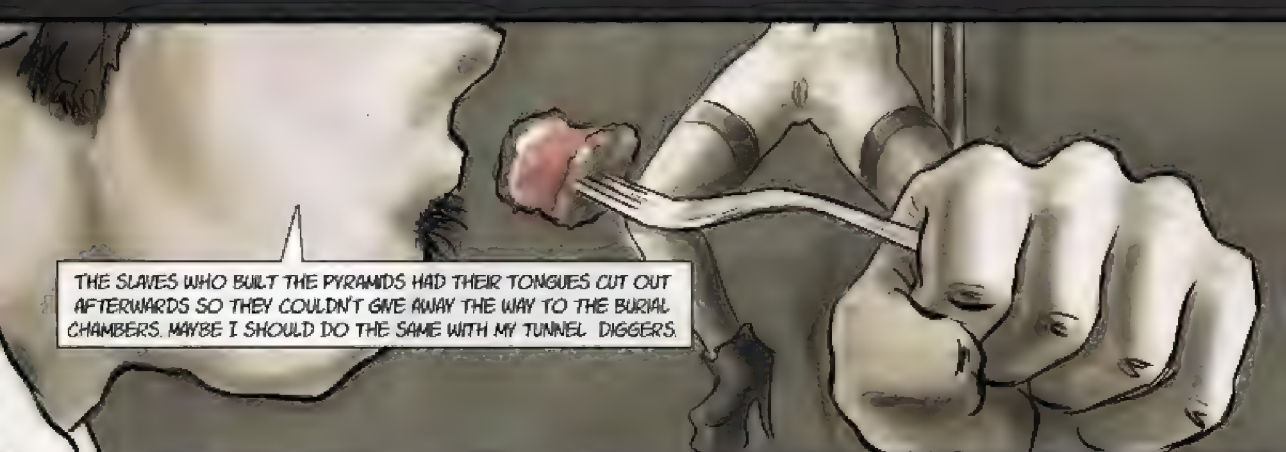
I CAN'T IMAGINE THAT MY TUNNEL IS READY YET. SO WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?



WE WERE DISTURBED BY THE BORDER PATROL. BUT BEFORE THAT, WE SLAVED AWAY FOR FIVE HOURS. WE WANT OUR WAGES.

AHA LUGI, ENLIGHTEN ME! HAS SKUNK PAID HIS DEBT YET? NO, HE HASN'T? AND HE STILL COMES HERE DEMANDING MONEY FROM ME?





THE SLAVES WHO BUILT THE PYRAMIDS HAD THEIR TONGUES CUT OUT AFTERWARDS SO THEY COULDN'T GIVE AWAY THE WAY TO THE BURIAL CHAMBERS. MAYBE I SHOULD DO THE SAME WITH MY TUNNEL DIGGERS.



DON'T MAKE ME ANGRY!



SVETLANA, STOP THAT SILLY HOPPING AROUND AND GET YOUR DESSERT!



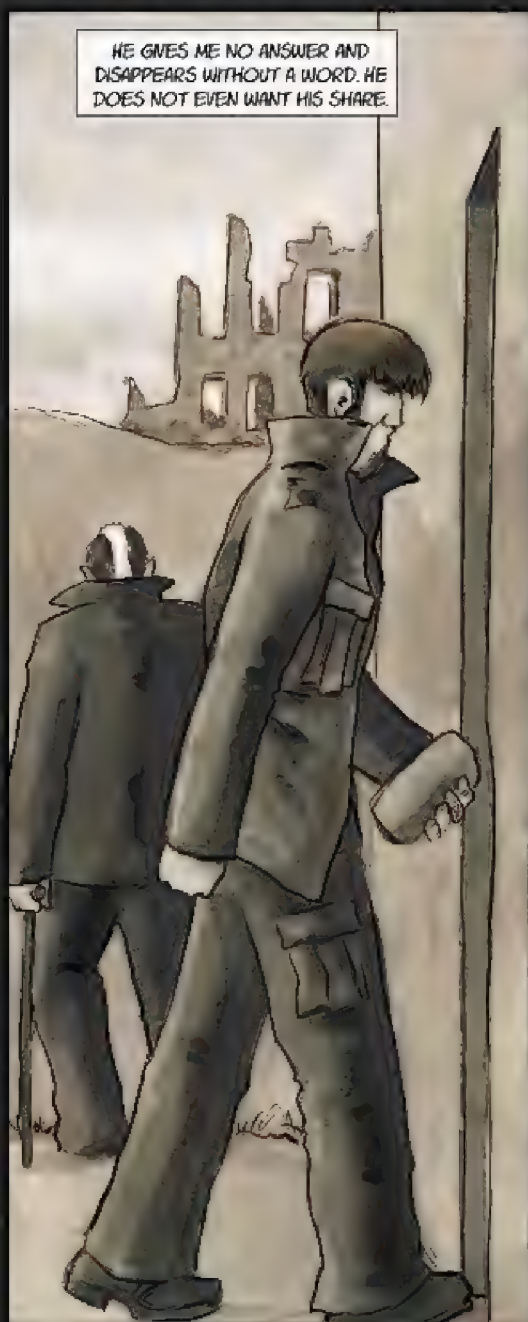
NOW KICK THOSE TWO BUMS OUT BEFORE I GET MAD. NUKE CAN TAKE A PIECE OF MEAT WITH HIM WHEN HE GOES.



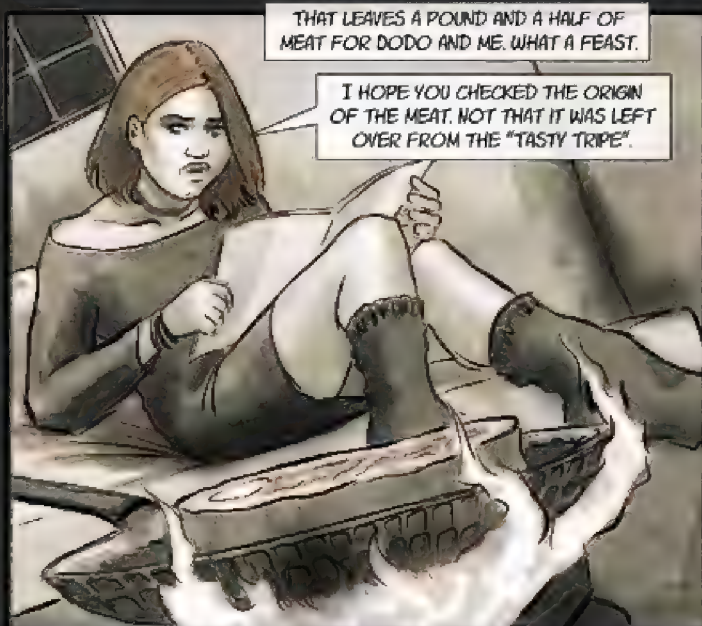
TAKE A PIECE OF MEAT WITH YOU, NUKE! THIS WEIRDO HAS SEEN TOO MANY SCORSESE MOVIES.



JOKING ASIDE. HOW MUCH DO YOU OWE THE DON?



HE GIVES ME NO ANSWER AND DISAPPEARS WITHOUT A WORD. HE DOES NOT EVEN WANT HIS SHARE.



THAT LEAVES A POUND AND A HALF OF MEAT FOR DODO AND ME. WHAT A FEAST.

I HOPE YOU CHECKED THE ORIGIN OF THE MEAT. NOT THAT IT WAS LEFT OVER FROM THE "TASTY TRIPE".



DON'T REMIND ME!

COME ON. IT WAS ACTUALLY QUITE FUNNY.*

*THAT'S ANOTHER STORY. TNA UNITED - THE LAST GEEK

TWO WEEKS LATER. THE DON IS HOLDING A GRUDGE. SKUNK AND I ARE OUT OF THE TUNNEL PROJECT. SKUNK DISAPPEARS FOR A FEW DAYS, AND I DO ODD JOBS SO DODO AND I CAN SURVIVE.



THIS GOES BEYOND THE SCALE. EVEN VERY FAR!

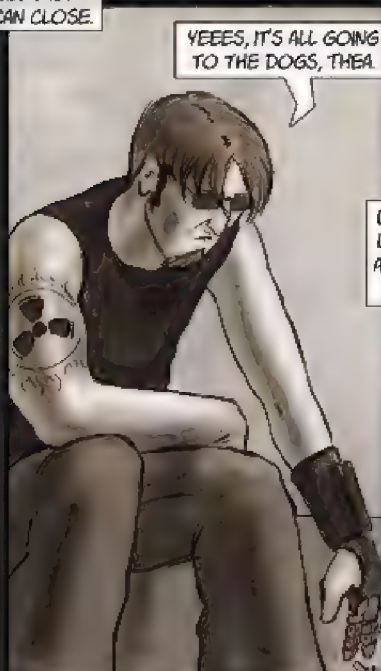
YOU WANT TO SELL ME CONTAMINATED WOOD FROM THE FORBIDDEN ZONE!



IF YOU DON'T WANT MY HIGH QUALITY WOOD, FINE. I WILL GET RID OF IT ANYWHERE.

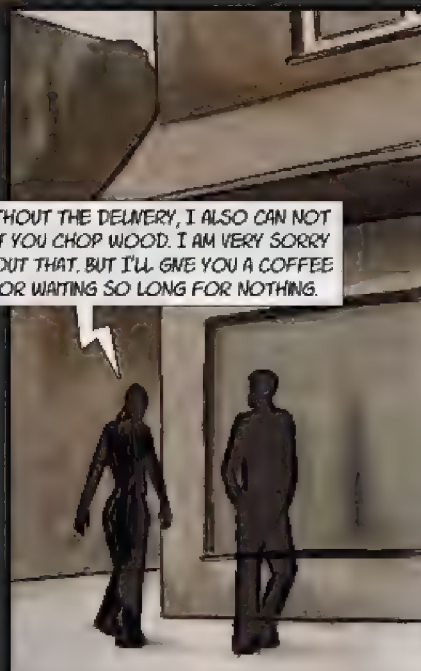
IF I BURNED YOUR HIGH QUALITY WOOD IN MY BAKERY, MY CUSTOMERS AND I WOULD BE DEAD IN A FEW DAYS, SO GET OUT.

UNCONTAMINATED FIREWOOD IS NO LONGER AVAILABLE. MY STOCK WILL LAST FOR TWO MORE YEARS. THEN I CAN CLOSE.



YEEES, IT'S ALL GOING TO THE DOGS, THEA.

WITHOUT THE DELIVERY, I ALSO CAN NOT LET YOU CHOP WOOD. I AM VERY SORRY ABOUT THAT. BUT I'LL GIVE YOU A COFFEE FOR WAITING SO LONG FOR NOTHING.



IN THE CAFE TWO HOOKERS ARE HAVING
THEIR LUNCH BREAK AND ARE SWEARING.

THE SAME AS ALWAYS, WITH SHOT?



SURE. WHAT ARE THEY
BITCHING ABOUT?

THIS MORNING TWO WOMEN FOUND
ANOTHER DEAD GIRL IN THE DITCH.



DAMN! APPARENTLY
THE DEARHUNTER
HAS STRUCK AGAIN.

YOU'RE NUKE, RIGHT? WE
HAVE A JOB FOR YOU.

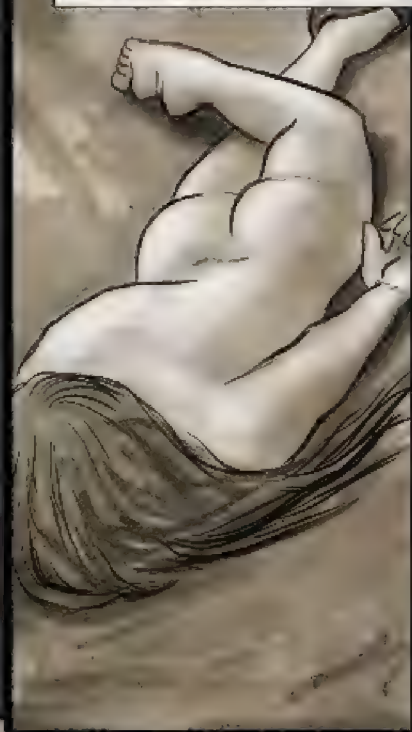


MANY OF US HAVE POOLED OUR
MONEY. YOU DON'T HAVE TO
WORRY ABOUT OUR LIQUIDITY.



I AM SPOKEN FOR YOU CAN'T
PAY ME WITH A FREE FUCK DO
YOU HAVE MONEY?

THE HOOKERS WANT TO HIRE ME TO TRACK DOWN THE DEARHUNTER. THE DEARHUNTER IS A SERIAL KILLER WHO HAS BEEN HAUNTING THE QUARANTINE ZONE FOR MONTHS. HE MURDERS YOUNG PROSTITUTES. SO FAR, NINE BODIES HAVE BEEN FOUND (I MYSELF HAVE SEEN THREE LYING IN THE DITCH). THE PIMPS IN THE ZONE DON'T SEEM TO CARE ABOUT THE WELFARE OF THEIR GIRLS, AND THE GIRLS ARE NOW TAKING MATTERS INTO THEIR OWN HANDS



THE GIRLS ARE AFRAID OF SCARING AWAY THEIR CUSTOMERS. THAT'S WHY THEY DON'T PUT A PUBLIC BOUNTY ON THE DEARHUNTER. I AM NOT ONLY PROFESSIONAL, BUT ALSO DISCREET, AND THAT IS PROBABLY WHY THEY'RE CHOOSING ME.



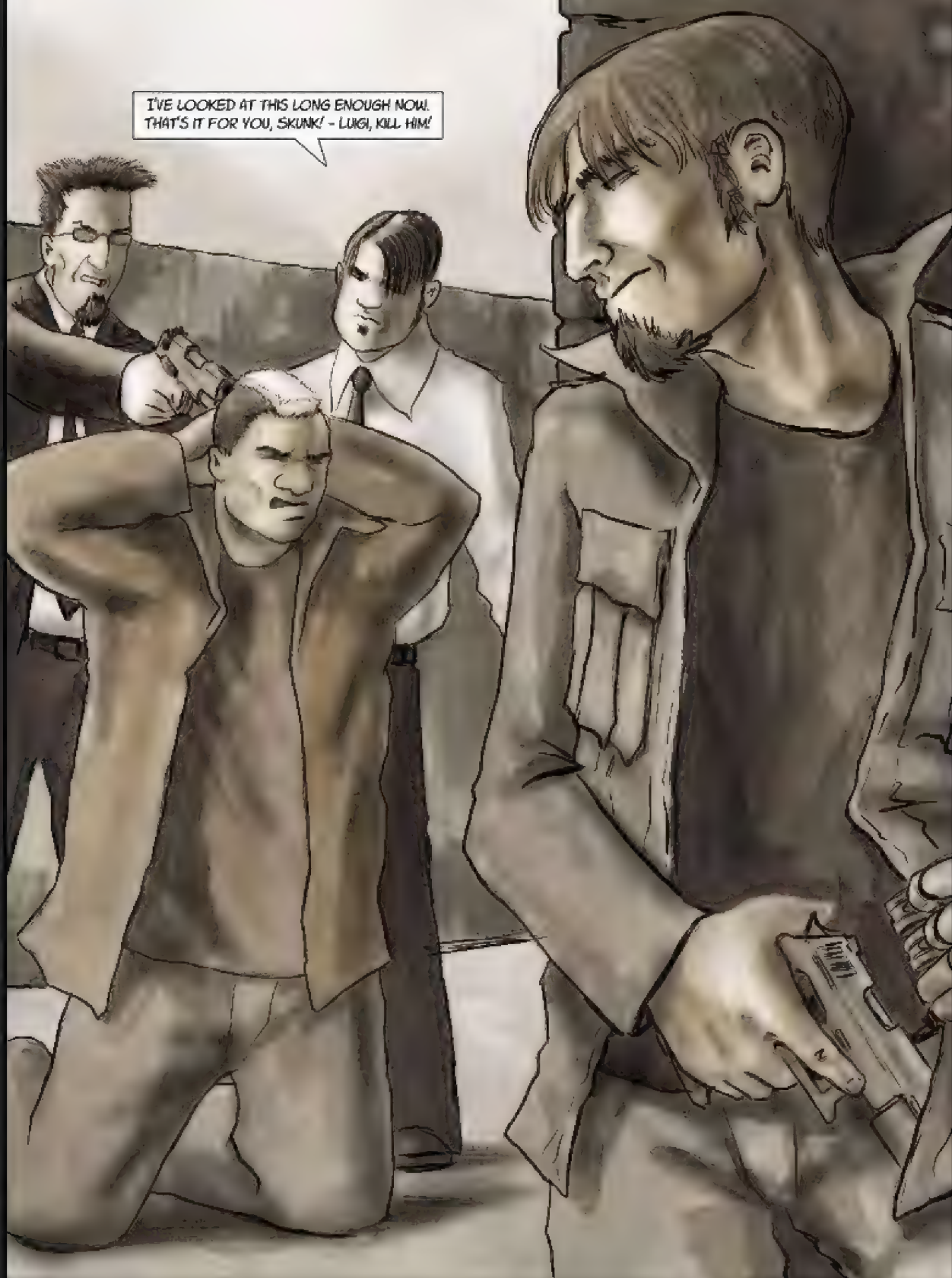
I AGREE ON THE CONDITION THAT THE GIRLS ALSO PAY MY PARTNER SKUNK, BECAUSE I OWE MY OLD BUDDY MORE THAN ONE FAVOR.



BESIDES, SKUNK IS A VERY CAPABLE BOUNTY HUNTER. TOGETHER WE'LL CATCH THIS PERVERT. AND MAYBE IF I DO SOMETHING GOOD FOR A CHANGE, THESE DAMN NIGHTMARES WILL STOP.

I GO IN SEARCH OF SKUNK SO THAT WE CAN GET STARTED RIGHT AWAY. WHEN I FIND HIM, HOWEVER, I REALIZE THAT WE HAVE TO SOLVE OTHER PROBLEMS FIRST.

I'VE LOOKED AT THIS LONG ENOUGH NOW.
THAT'S IT FOR YOU, SKUNK! - LUGI, KILL HIM!



CHAPTER 3



DODO

THIS KILLER - WHOM EVERYONE CALLS DEARHUNTER - HAS NOW COMMITTED TEN MURDERS. I HAVE DECIDED TO HUNT DOWN THIS PERVERTED PIG. BUT BEFORE THAT, TELLIE MY NEW FRIEND AND I PUT THE DEARHUNTER'S LAST VICTIM IN THE GROUND.



ARE YOU RELIGIOUS?

BECAUSE OF THE CROSS? NO, NOT REALLY. BUT
MAYBE THE LITTLE GIRL BELIEVED IN SOMETHING.



BACK HOME I LOCK MYSELF UP AGAIN,
JUST IN TIME BEFORE NUKE IS BACK.

IN THE WEEKS THAT FOLLOW, I MOVE AROUND THE ZONE DURING
THE DAY WITH TALLIE AND DO RESEARCH ON THE VICTIMS.

AND IN THE EVENING I PLAY THE
BORED HOUSEMOM TO NUKE.

WHY DO YOU WANT TO KNOW
ALL THESE THINGS ABOUT THESE
HOOKERS? ARE YOU A COP?

NO, I AM A MUSICIAN.

DESPITE THE HEINOUS DETAILS I
LEARN ABOUT THE MURDER SERIES,
MY MENTAL STATE IMPROVES.

THE NIGHT I GOT HOOKED, A KNIFE
WAS PLUNGED THROUGH MY LEFT HAND.
SOMETHING WAS PERMANENTLY BROKEN.
ANYWAY, EVERY CHORD I PLAY BRINGS
TEARS TO MY EYES WITH PAIN, BUT IT
FEELS SO GOOD TO PLAY AGAIN.

AND THIS SOMEHOW HAS A POSITIVE
EFFECT ON NUKE, TOO, WHO
SURPRISES ME WITH A NICE GIFT.

THE NEXT DAY WE FIND
VICTIM NUMBER ELEVEN.

THEN I HAVE TO WATCH IDLY AS TALLIE IS BEATEN
UP BY HER PIMP. I WANT TO INTERFERE, BUT HE
HOLDS A GUN TO MY HEAD AND LAUGHS AT ME.

LATER, TALLIE CRIES IN MY ARMS LIKE A LITTLE CHILD.
WELL, ACTUALLY SHE IS STILL A CHILD. AND THAT'S
WHEN I REALIZE THAT I HAVE DEVELOPED SOMETHING
LIKE MATERNAL FEELINGS FOR THE LITTLE WHORE.

MY HOPE OF GETTING THE GIRL OFF THE STREET VANISHES INTO THIN AIR TWO HOURS LATER WITH A TEARFUL RECONCILIATION. I DON'T FEEL LIKE WATCHING THAT. SO I DEVOTE MYSELF TO MY NOTES ABOUT THE MURDERS.

WEEKS OF RESEARCH, BUT I STILL HAVEN'T MADE ANY PROGRESS. THERE IS NO DISCERNIBLE PATTERN. I DON'T EVEN KNOW IF THE KILLER STRIKES DURING THE DAY OR AT NIGHT.

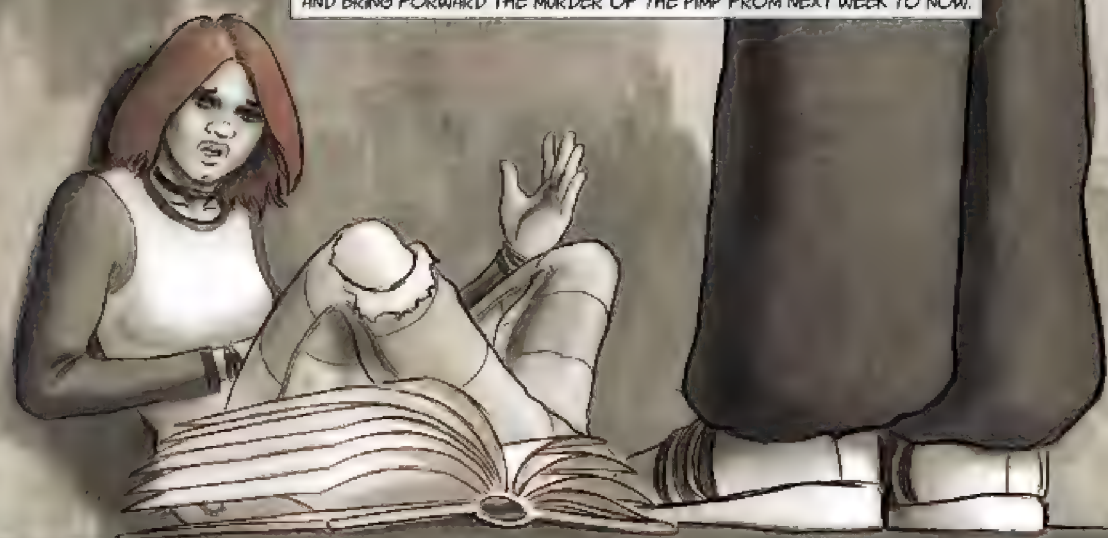
THAT TALLIE'S PIMP IS SO REMORSEFUL IS, OF COURSE, ONLY BECAUSE OF THE JOHN HE'S TRYING TO RIP OFF. DISGUSTED, I DECIDE THAT THE PIG WILL HAVE A FATAL ACCIDENT IN THE COURSE OF THE NEXT WE...

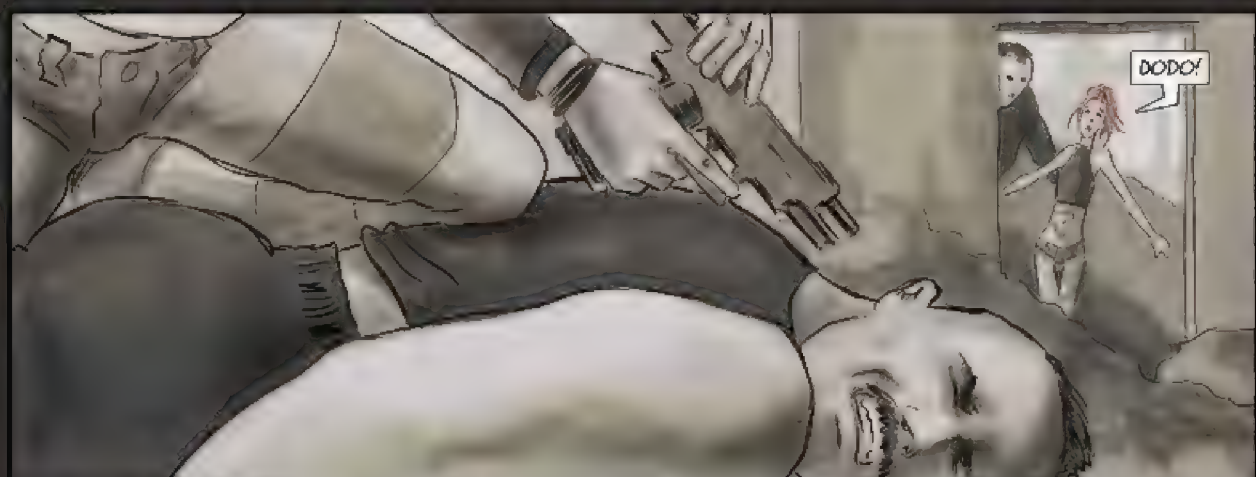
HEY, BITCH...

STAY AWAY FROM MY GIRL! YOU ARE A BAD INFLUENCE ON HER.

LOOK AT ME WHEN I'M TALKING TO YOU!

HE SHOULDN'T HAVE DONE THAT NOW. I DECIDE TO CHANGE THE SCHEDULE
AND BRING FORWARD THE MURDER OF THE PIMP FROM NEXT WEEK TO NOW.







GET AWAY FROM MY BOYFRIEND!



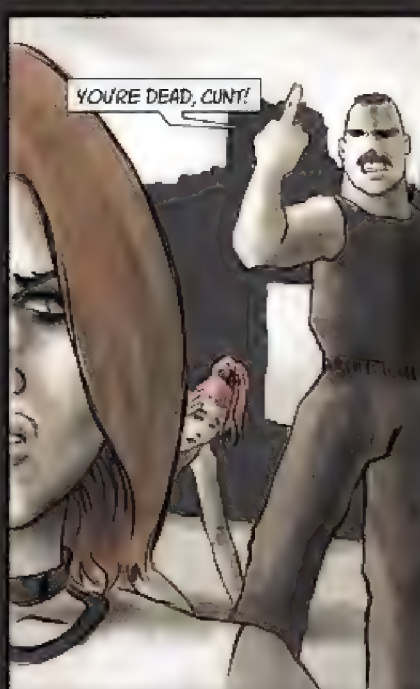
OH BABY, DID SHE HURT YOU?



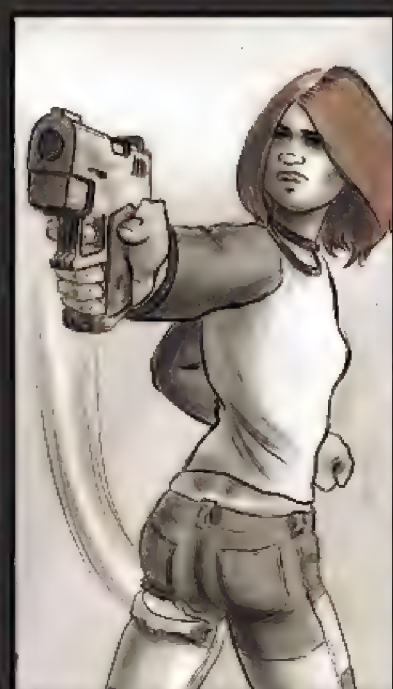
YOU'RE OUT OF YOUR MIND.



HOW DARE YOU LEAVE YOUR CUSTOMER ALONE?



YOU'RE DEAD, CUNT!

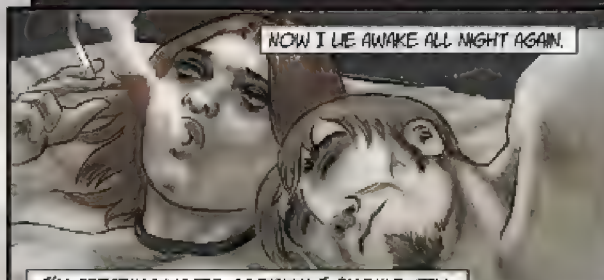


AT SUCH A SHORT DISTANCE SO FAR PAST THE HEAD. I NEED TO GO TO THE GUNSMITH AS SOON AS POSSIBLE AND HAVE THE SIGHTS READJUSTED.

AFTER THIS ESCAPEDE TALLIE AVOIDS ME FOR DAYS.



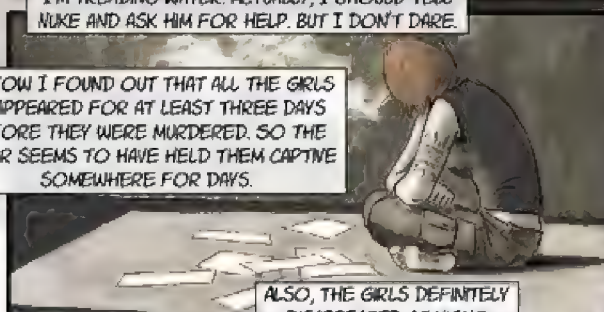
YOUR LITTLE FRIEND WHO ALWAYS WEARS SO LITTLE? SHE LEFT A MINUTE AGO.



NOW I LIE AWAKE ALL NIGHT AGAIN.

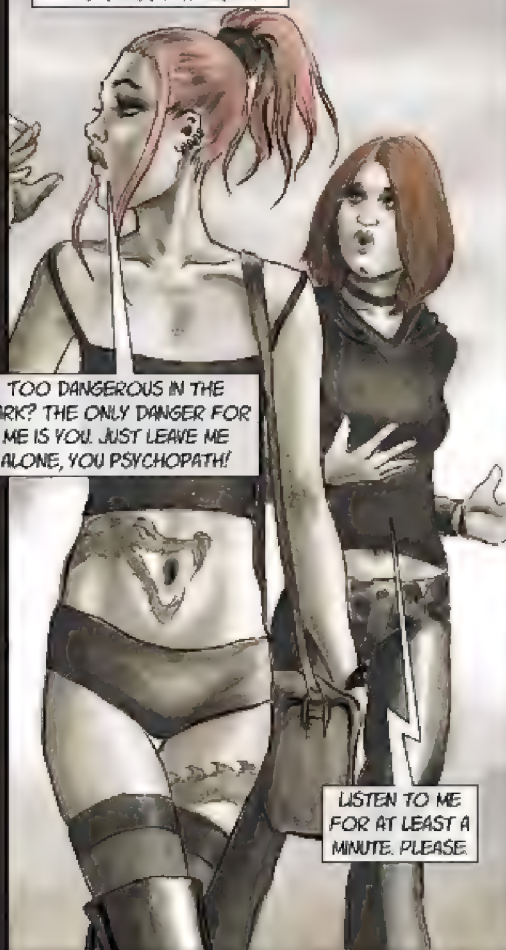
I'M TREADING WATER. ACTUALLY, I SHOULD TELL NUKE AND ASK HIM FOR HELP. BUT I DON'T DARE.

ANYHOW I FOUND OUT THAT ALL THE GIRLS DISAPPEARED FOR AT LEAST THREE DAYS BEFORE THEY WERE MURDERED. SO THE KILLER SEEMS TO HAVE HELD THEM CAPTIVE SOMEWHERE FOR DAYS.



ALSO, THE GIRLS DEFINITELY DISAPPEARED AT NIGHT.

I HAVE TO GET TALLIE OFF THE STREET AT NIGHT.

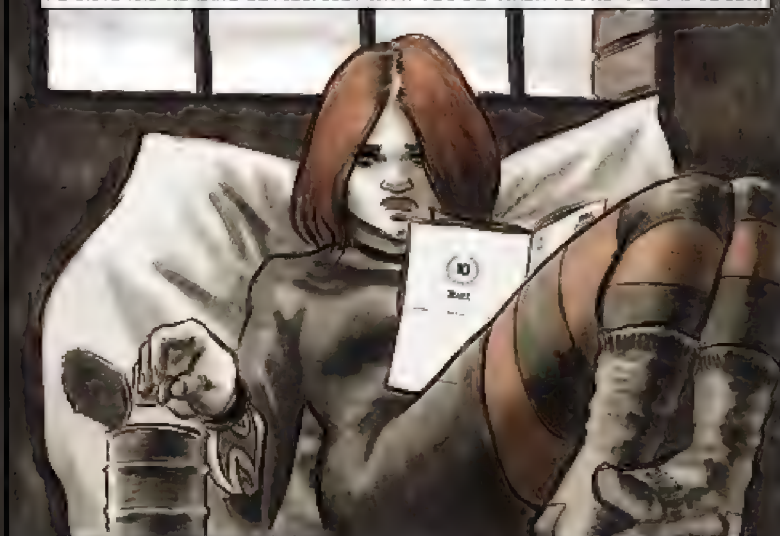


TOO DANGEROUS IN THE DARK? THE ONLY DANGER FOR ME IS YOU. JUST LEAVE ME ALONE, YOU PSYCHOPATH!

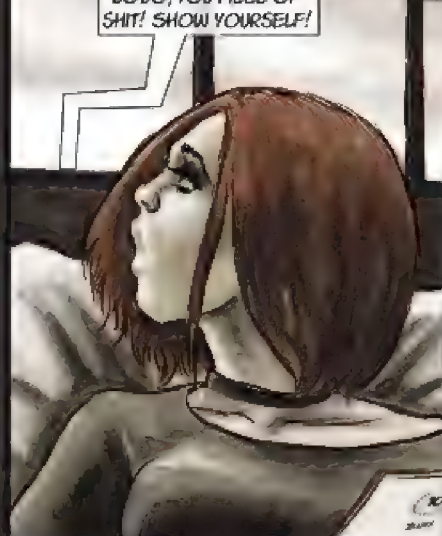
LISTEN TO ME FOR AT LEAST A MINUTE. PLEASE



I AM A BAD INVESTIGATOR. MY FRIEND DOESN'T TALK TO ME ANYMORE, NEITHER DOES MY BOYFRIEND. SO I STAY IN BED ALL DAY, STUFFING MYSELF WITH PEANUTS AND READING COMICS. JUST WHAT YOU DO WHEN YOU'RE A TOTAL LOSER.



DODO, YOU PIECE OF SHIT! SHOW YOURSELF!



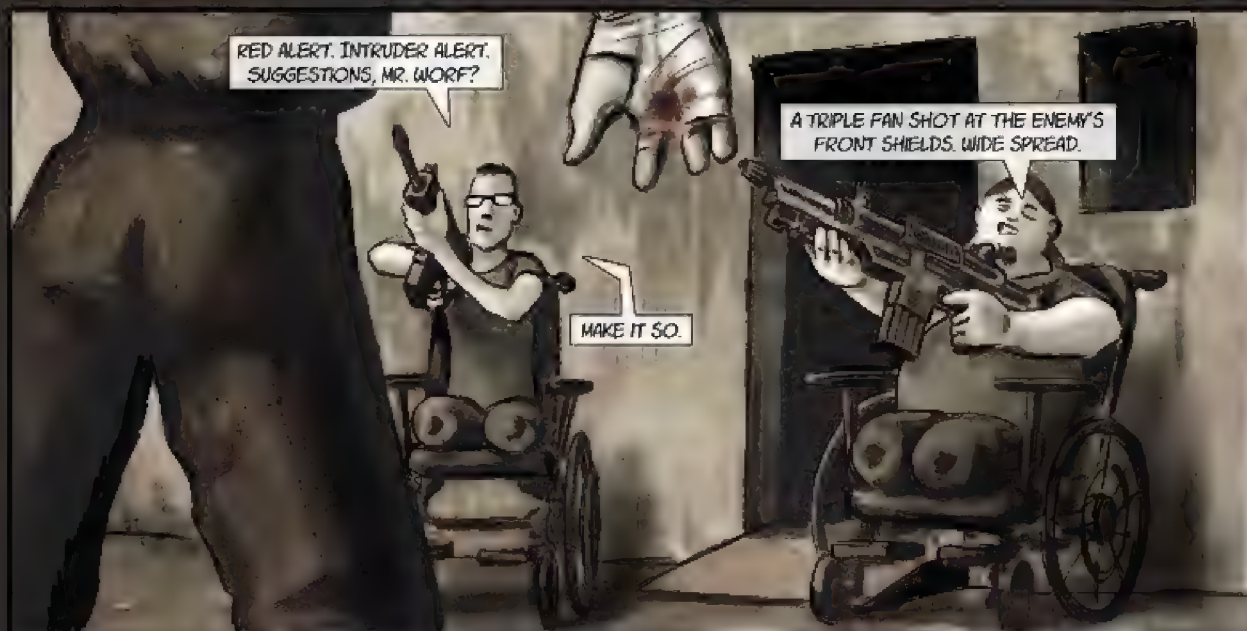
WHERE IS MY GIRL? SHE MUST BE HIDING WITH YOU.



TALLIE'S MISSING? SHE'S NOT HERE. AND I HAVEN'T SEEN HER FOR DAYS.



RED ALERT. INTRUDER ALERT. SUGGESTIONS, MR. WOLF?

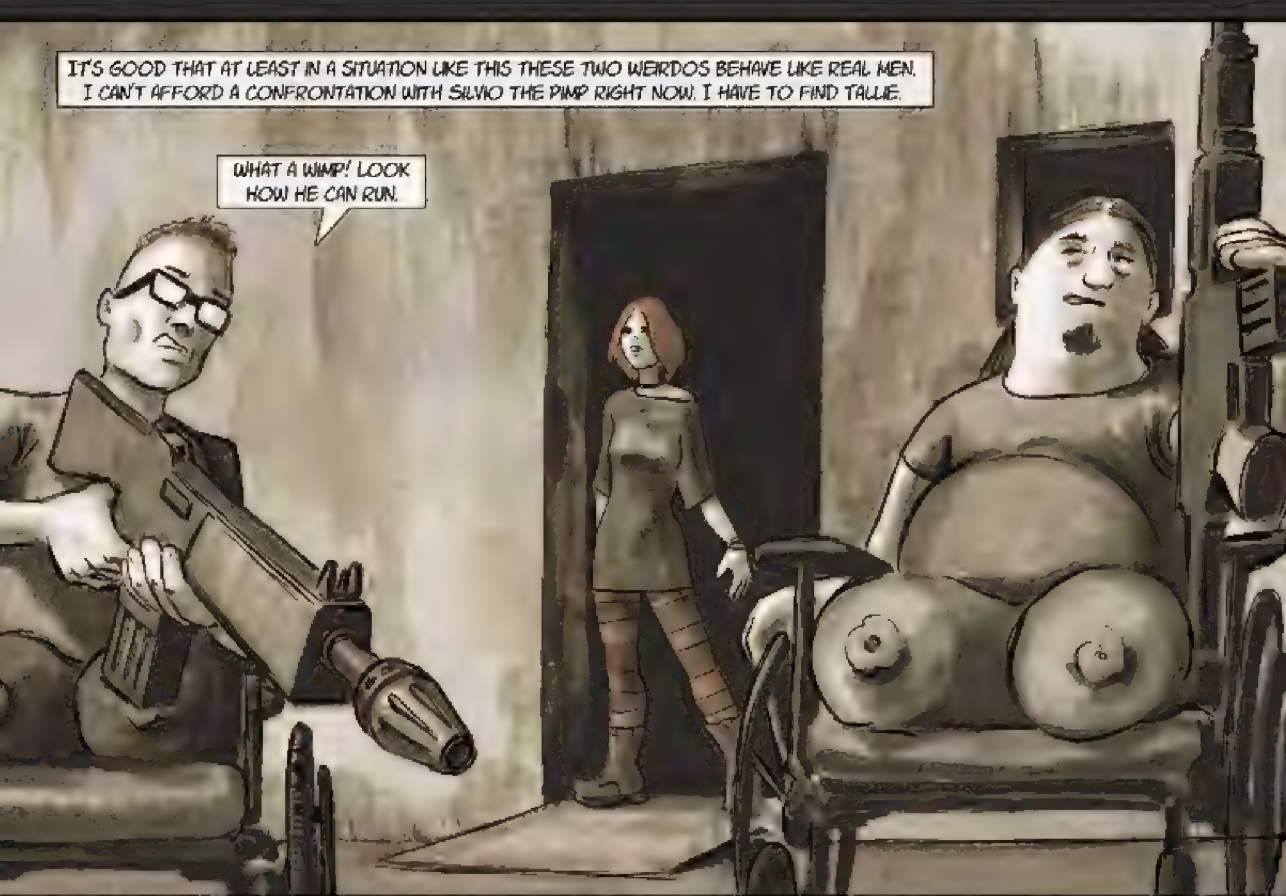


A TRIPLE FAN SHOT AT THE ENEMY'S FRONT SHIELDS. WIDE SPREAD.

MAKE IT SO.

IT'S GOOD THAT AT LEAST IN A SITUATION LIKE THIS THESE TWO WERDOS BEHAVE LIKE REAL MEN. I CAN'T AFFORD A CONFRONTATION WITH SILVIO THE PIMP RIGHT NOW. I HAVE TO FIND TALLIE.

WHAT A WIMP! LOOK HOW HE CAN RUN.



FOR THE NEXT FOUR DAYS, I WANDER THE ZONE IN A PANIC. BUT NO TRACE OF TALLIE. THEN A DEAD GIRL IS FOUND UNDER AN OLD BRIDGE.



GET LOST, BOY! AND STOP SNIFFING THAT STUFF!



HOW MANY TIMES ARE YOU GOING TO TELL ME THAT TODAY?



ACTUALLY, I KNEW IT BEFORE. BUT AS I GET CLOSER AND RECOGNIZE HER, IT HITS ME LIKE A DUM-DUM BULLET



GUILT.

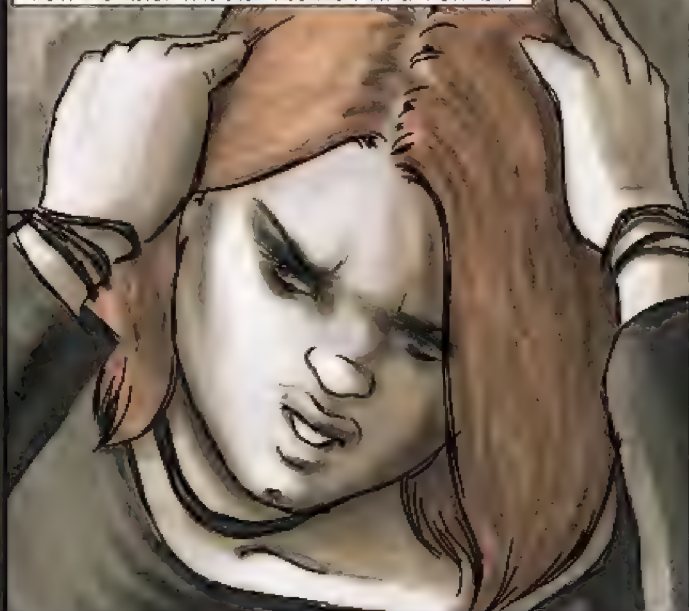
THIS IS MORE PAINFUL THAN
ANY INJURY I'VE EVER HAD.

IF I HADN'T LET MYSELF GO LIKE THAT WITH THE
PIMP, TALLIE WOULD HAVE LISTENED TO ME. MAYBE
I COULD HAVE TALKED HER INTO NOT WORKING
THE STREETS ALONE AT NIGHT. THEN MAYBE SHE
WOULD STILL BE ALIVE NOW.

I WANT TO CRY FOR MY DEAD FRIEND - AND I CAN'T. AND THAT MAKES THE GUILT EVEN WORSE.



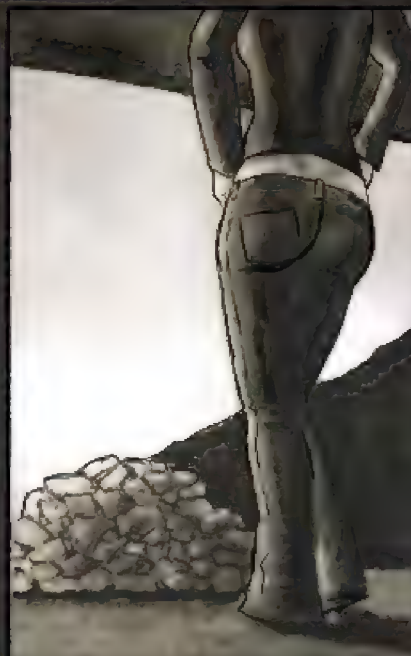
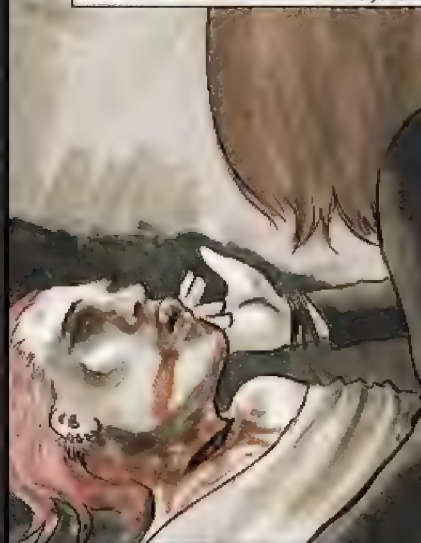
MY GAZE KEEPS FALLING ON THE MISSING SHOE. THOSE DAMN SHOES! TALLIE WAS SO PROUD OF THOSE THINGS. SHE TALKED ABOUT THEM FOR HOURS. ABOUT HOW SHE WOULDN'T EVEN TAKE THEM OFF WHEN SHE FUCKED, AND HOW SHE WANTED TO BE BURIED IN THEM SOMEDAY. AND NOW THE KILLER WAS EVEN FUCKING THAT UP FOR HER.



AND WITH THAT THOUGHT, A VERITABLE WATERFALL OF TEARS FINALLY BREAKS LOOSE. WAIT...

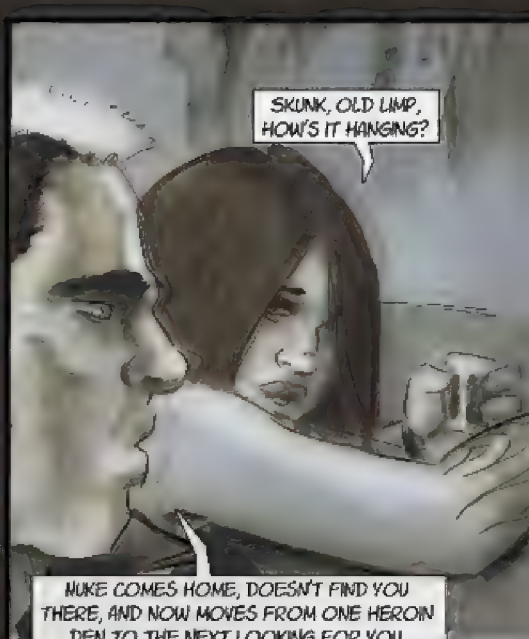


THE OTHER DEAD GIRLS I SAW WERE ALSO MISSING THEIR LEFT SHOES. FINALLY, I HAVE SOMETHING. THE KILLER COLLECTS TROPHIES! I DON'T KNOW HOW THIS IS GOING TO HELP ME. BUT IF I TELL MYSELF THAT MY DEAD FRIEND GAVE ME AN IMPORTANT CLUE, I CAN MOVE ON WITHOUT GOING CRAZY.





COULD NOT GO HOME. GOT TOTALLY DRUNK INSTEAD.



SKUNK, OLD LUMP,
HOW'S IT HANGING?

NUKE COMES HOME, DOESN'T FIND YOU
THERE, AND NOW MOVES FROM ONE HEROIN
DEN TO THE NEXT LOOKING FOR YOU



I DIDN'T HELP YOU WITH THE DUPLICATE KEY
SO YOU COULD PULL A STUNT LIKE THAT.



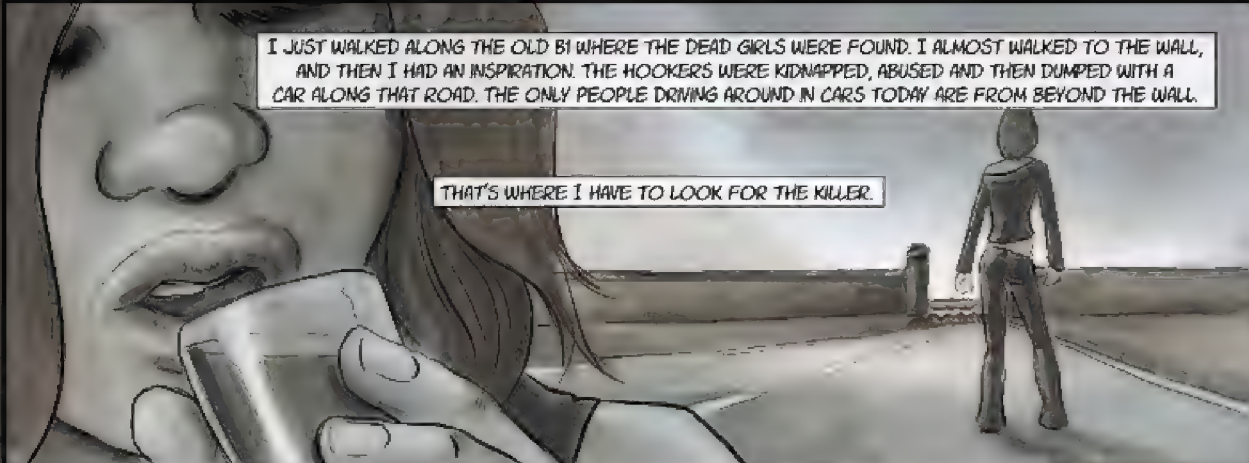
I KNOW. I'M A BAD GIRL. AND I'M GOING TO BE
GROUNDED FOR A LONG, LONG TIME FOR THAT.

THAT'S WHY I SHOULD STILL USE THIS
NIGHT. I WANT TO KILL A GUY WHO
COLLECTS LEFT WOMEN'S SHOES.
DO YOU KNOW SOMEONE LIKE THAT?



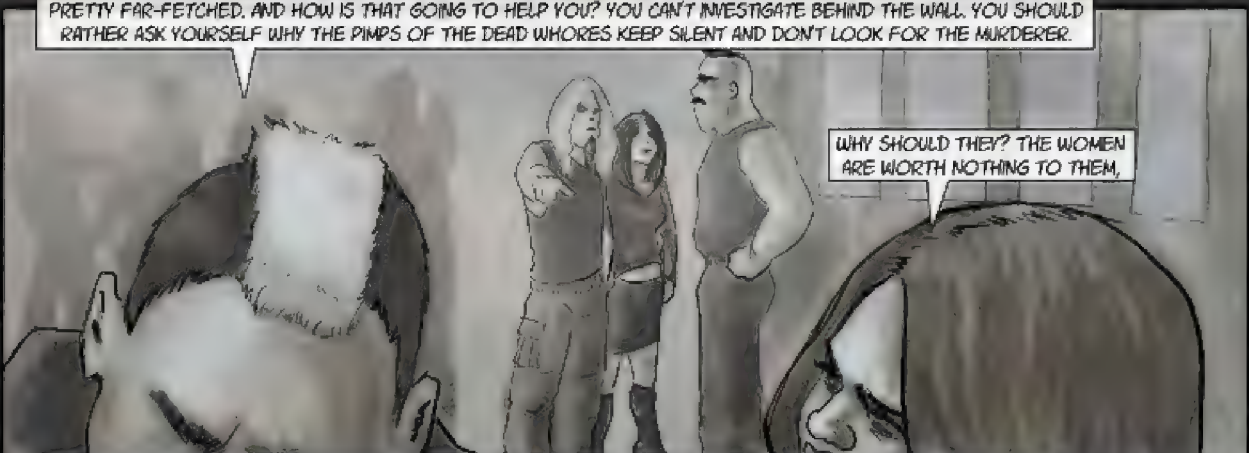
YES, ME. I HAVE A WHOLE CLOSET FULL OF
THEM YOU WANT TO MESS WITH ME NOW?

VEEEERY FUNNY! BUT YOU
DON'T MATCH THE PROFILE.



I JUST WALKED ALONG THE OLD BI WHERE THE DEAD GIRLS WERE FOUND. I ALMOST WALKED TO THE WALL, AND THEN I HAD AN INSPIRATION. THE HOOKERS WERE KIDNAPPED, ABUSED AND THEN DUMPED WITH A CAR ALONG THAT ROAD. THE ONLY PEOPLE DRIVING AROUND IN CARS TODAY ARE FROM BEYOND THE WALL.

THAT'S WHERE I HAVE TO LOOK FOR THE KILLER.

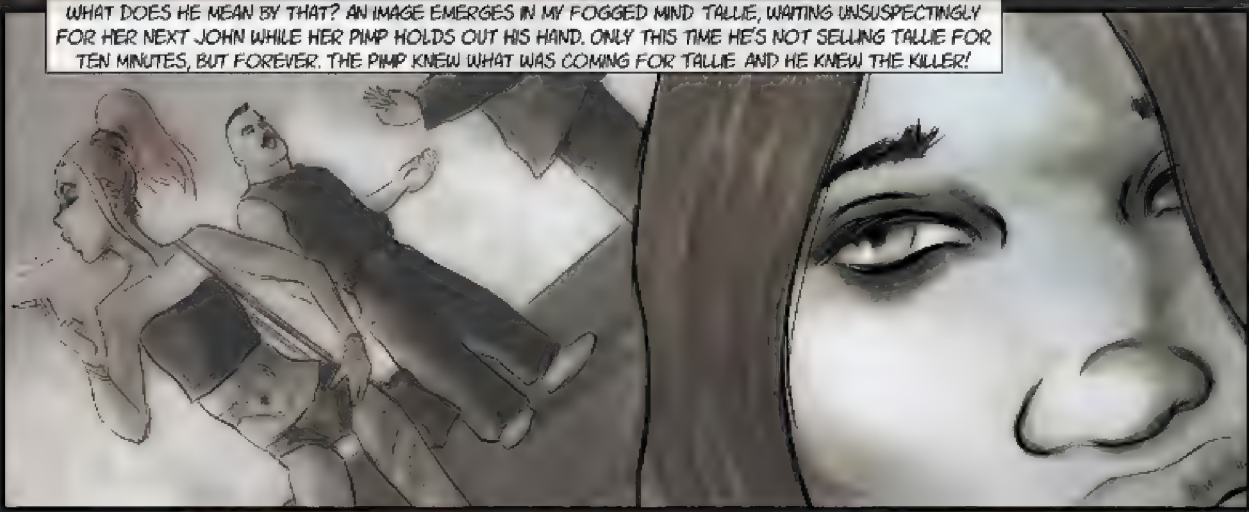


PRETTY FAR-FETCHED. AND HOW IS THAT GOING TO HELP YOU? YOU CAN'T INVESTIGATE BEHIND THE WALL. YOU SHOULD RATHER ASK YOURSELF WHY THE PIMPS OF THE DEAD WHORES KEEP SILENT AND DON'T LOOK FOR THE MURDERER.

WHY SHOULD THEY? THE WOMEN ARE WORTH NOTHING TO THEM,



WRONG THE WHORES ARE WORTH PURE MONEY, AND IF THE PIMPS LET THEMSELVES BE ROBBED OF THEIR MONEY SOURCES JUST LIKE THAT, WHAT DOES THAT MEAN? I'M GOING TO FIND NUKE SO WE CAN TAKE YOU HOME.



WHAT DOES HE MEAN BY THAT? AN IMAGE EMERGES IN MY FOGGED MIND TALLIE, WAITING UNSUSPECTINGLY FOR HER NEXT JOHN WHILE HER PIMP HOLDS OUT HIS HAND. ONLY THIS TIME HE'S NOT SELLING TALLIE FOR TEN MINUTES, BUT FOREVER. THE PIMP KNEW WHAT WAS COMING FOR TALLIE AND HE KNEW THE KILLER!

HOWEVER, I CAN SAVE MYSELF THE TROUBLE
OF LOOKING FOR THE SON OF A BITCH.

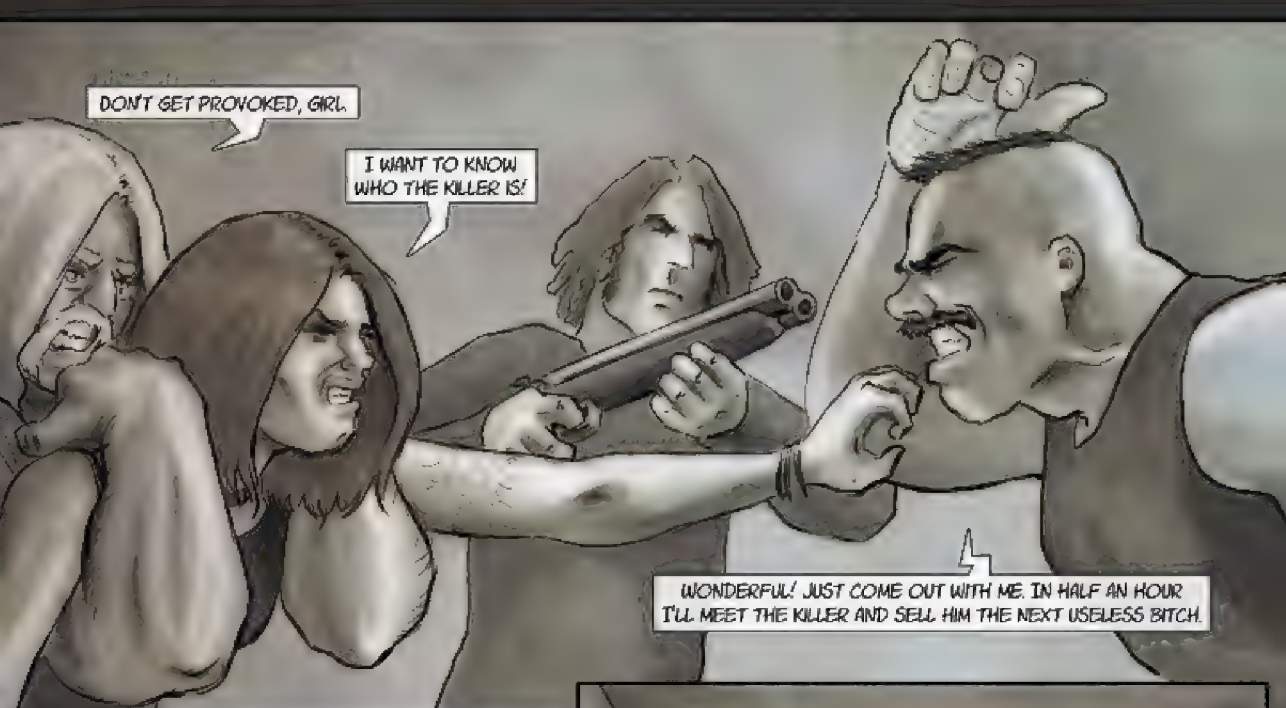


OUT ALONE TONIGHT?
THAT CAN END BADLY.



IT'S NOT OFTEN THAT I HAVE TO TAKE SO MUCH.
BUT WELL, I'M COMPLETELY DRUNK AND STILL
TOTALLY EXHAUSTED FROM THE WITHDRAWAL.

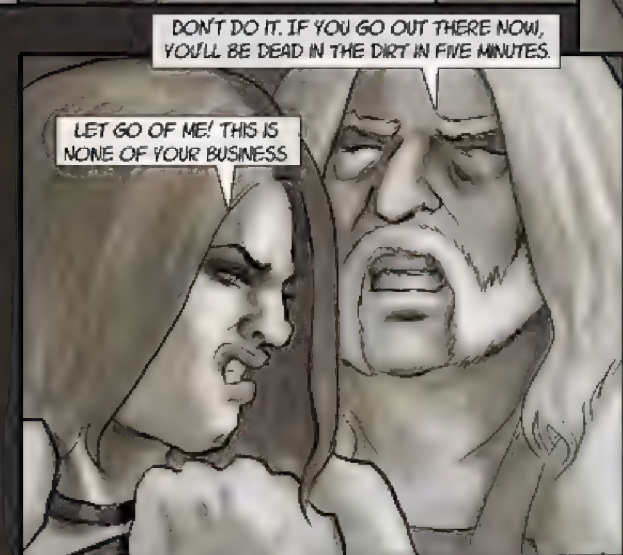




DON'T GET PROVOKED, GIRL.

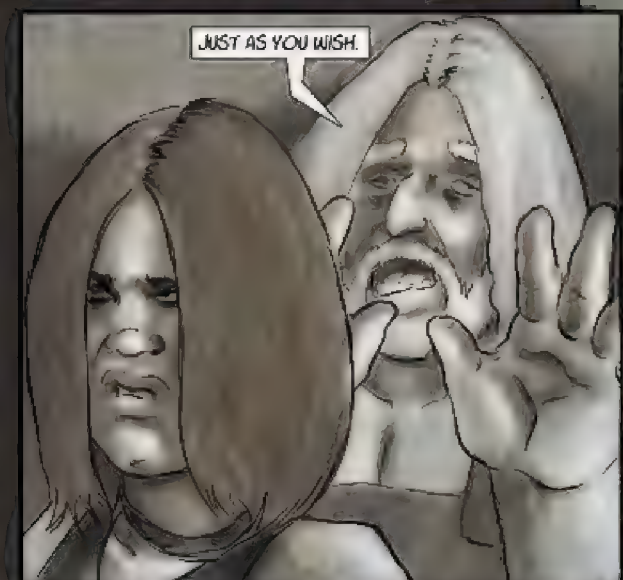
I WANT TO KNOW
WHO THE KILLER IS!

WONDERFUL! JUST COME OUT WITH ME IN HALF AN HOUR
I'LL MEET THE KILLER AND SELL HIM THE NEXT USELESS BITCH.

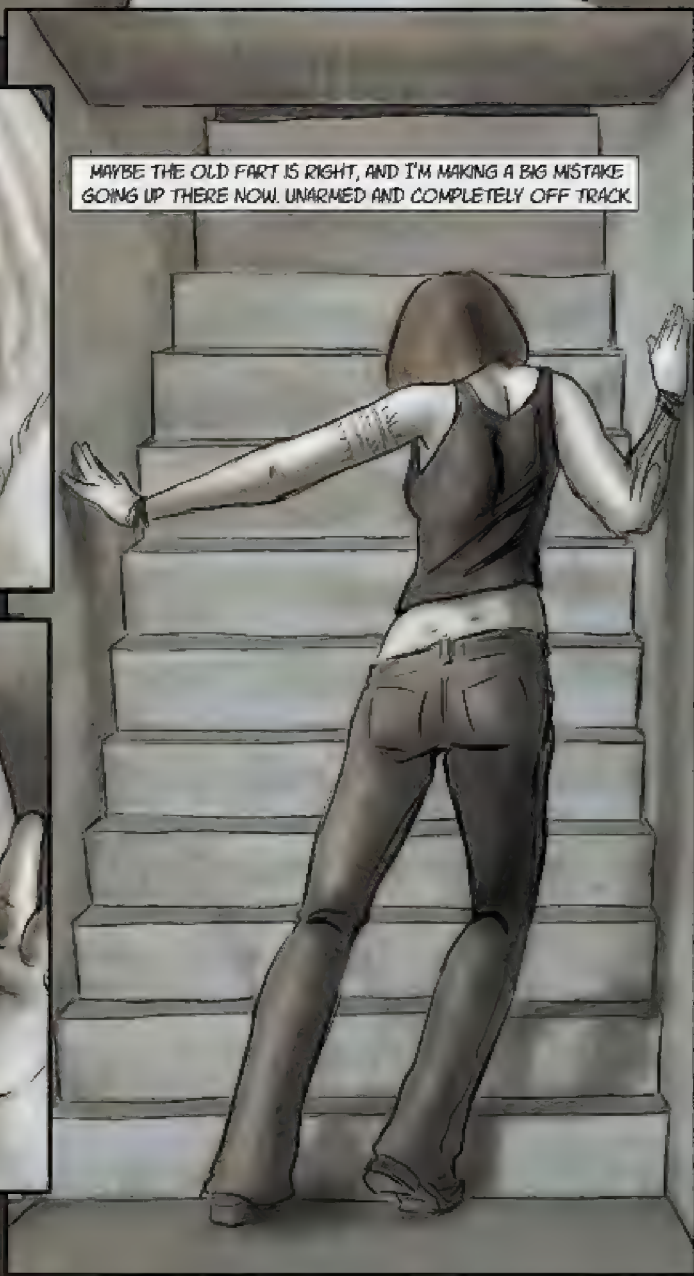


DON'T DO IT. IF YOU GO OUT THERE NOW,
YOU'LL BE DEAD IN THE DIRT IN FIVE MINUTES.

LET GO OF ME! THIS IS
NONE OF YOUR BUSINESS



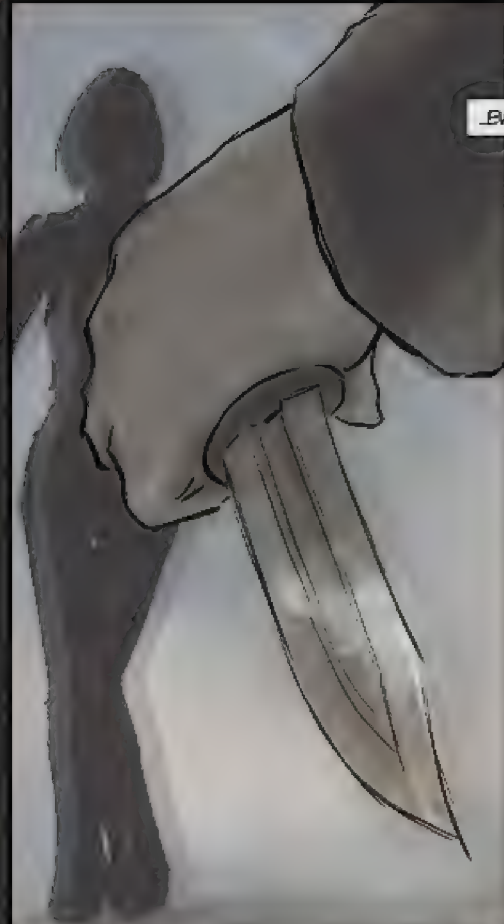
JUST AS YOU WISH.



MAYBE THE OLD FART IS RIGHT, AND I'M MAKING A BIG MISTAKE
GOING UP THERE NOW. UNARMED AND COMPLETELY OFF TRACK

BUT I HAVE TO KNOW WHAT AWAITS ME UP THERE...





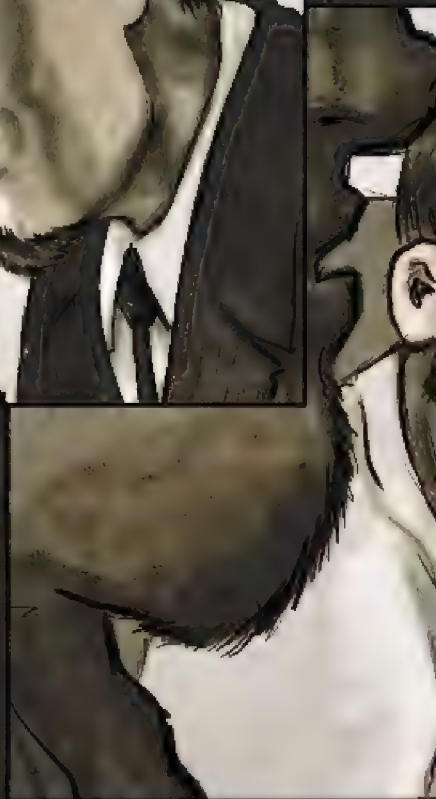
...EVEN IF IT COSTS ME MY LIFE!



CHAPTER 4



NUKE



MY RAY BAN.

LUIGI, I ALWAYS KNEW YOU WERE
AN IDIOT. BUT FOR YOU TO HAVE
SUCH AN EMPTY HEAD...



THAT GUY SHOT
MY RAY BAN!



LUIGI, YOU'RE A PAIN.



IS THIS THE THANKS I GET FOR FEEDING
YOU AND YOUR DRUG SLUT FOR MONTHS?

INSULT MY WIFE AGAIN AND I'LL
GIVE YOU A THIRD NOSTRIL!



NOW TELL THOSE TWO CLOWNS
TO PUT THEIR GUNS DOWN!

DO AS HE SAYS.

CONVINCING SKUNK TO HELP ME HUNT THE
DEARHUNTER TAKES ONE DRINK. WE GET TO WORK.



WE ASK THE QUESTIONS. NOW TALK
OR I'LL PUNCH YOU IN THE FACE!

WHY ARE YOU SO INTERESTED IN
HOW I FOUND THIS DEAD HOOKER?



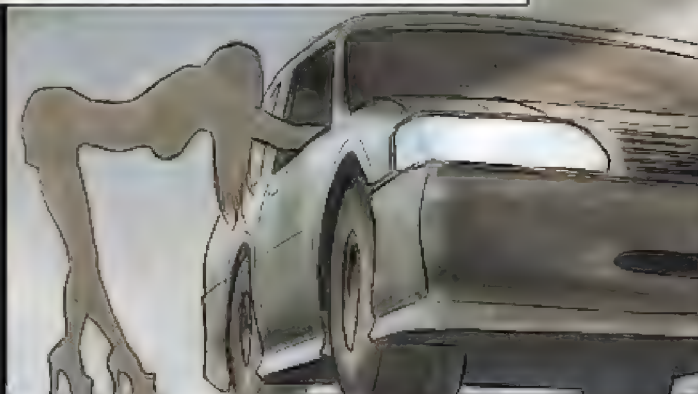
.. SHE WAS NAKED UNDERNEATH. .. WAS SHE WEARING SHOES? .. YES, BUT..
ONE OF HER SHOES WAS MISSING. - WHICH ONE? - I THINK THE LEFT ONE.



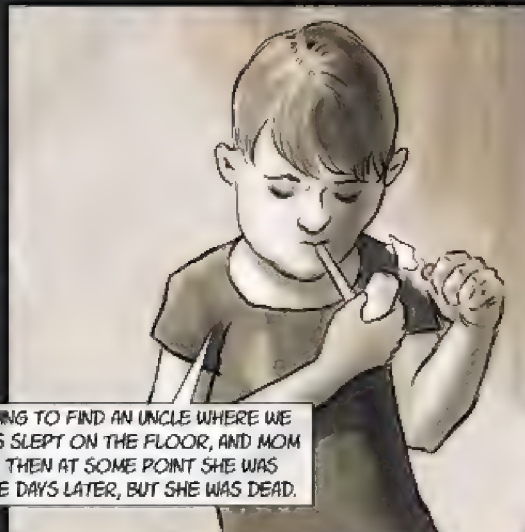
I CARRY THINGS AROUND FOR OTHER PEOPLE.
THAT'S WHY I COME DOWN THIS ROAD QUITE
OFTEN. IT'S BEEN THREE WEEKS SINCE I FOUND
A WOMAN'S BODY IN THAT DITCH.



NATASHA? SHE'S DEAD, ISN'T SHE? NO, SHE DIDN'T WALK FOR ME ANYMORE. THE DON BOUGHT HER FROM ME WHEN SHE TURNED SIXTEEN. SHE WAS TOO OLD FOR MY CUSTOMERS. - YES, SHE ALWAYS WORKED THE STREETS AT NIGHT.



MY MOM ALWAYS WENT OUT IN THE EVENING TO FIND AN UNCLE WHERE WE COULD SPEND THE NIGHT. THEN I ALWAYS SLEPT ON THE FLOOR, AND MOM WRESTLED WITH THE UNCLE ALL NIGHT. THEN AT SOME POINT SHE WAS GONE. I DIDN'T FIND HER AGAIN UNTIL FIVE DAYS LATER, BUT SHE WAS DEAD.

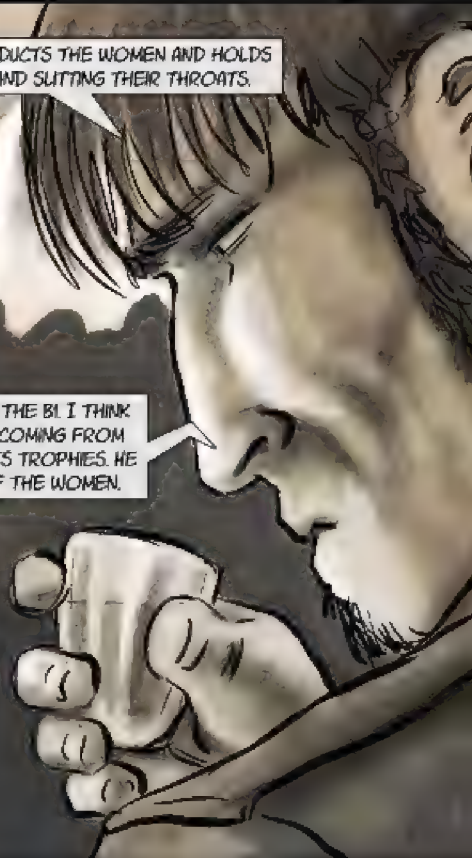


TIME TO DELIVER A STATUS REPORT. WE MEET AT CROSSFIRE, WHERE SOME UNTALENTED METALHEADS ARE SCREWING UP A SONG DODO WROTE LAST YEAR FOR THE IWO JIMA GIRLS. SUCH A BITTER IRONY!

THE DEARHUNTER STRIKES AT NIGHT. HE ABDUCTS THE WOMEN AND HOLDS THEM CAPTIVE FOR DAYS, RAPING THEM AND SLITTING THEIR THROATS.



THEN HE DUMPS THE BODIES ALONG THE BL I THINK HE USES A CAR. SO HE'S PROBABLY COMING FROM BEYOND THE WALL HE ALSO COLLECTS TROPHIES. HE ALWAYS TAKES THE LEFT SHOE OFF THE WOMEN.





I'M IMPRESSED. COME WITH ME. YOU EARNED AN ADVANCE.

I TOLD YOU, I DON'T WANNA BE PAID IN SEX

DON'T FLATTER YOURSELF, SWEETIE. IN MY SPARE TIME, I PICK MY OWN MEN. AND YOU'RE REALLY NOT MY TYPE!

WE OFTEN GET PAID IN KIND. IN THE LAST TRAILER WE HAVE A SMALL STASH. ALCOHOL, WEAPONS. ALL KINDS OF THINGS.

YOU WANT CREDIT?!? ARE YOU STUPID OR WHAT? FUCK OFF!!!



AT LEAST GIVE ME BACK MY GUITAR!

GIVE ME MY MONEY AND I'LL GIVE YOU YOUR GUITAR. BUT DO THE WORLD A FAVOR AND SADDLE UP. YOU'RE A PATHETIC MUSICIAN!

A GUITAR! I'LL TAKE IT.



DODO WILL BE HAPPY ABOUT THAT.

HOW COOL!
A GUITAR!

WILL YOU PLAY
SOMETHING FOR ME?

I'VE ONLY HEARD MY BABY PLAY ONCE. AT THE
LAST GIG OF THE TWO JIMA GIRLS. * AFTERWARDS
SHE TRADED HER LES PAUL FOR DRUGS.



"HADES SYNDROME - THE LAST GIG"

WHILE SHE'S PLAYING FOR ME, SHE'S CRYING HER
EYES OUT. PARTLY FROM JOY, PARTLY FROM PAIN IN
HER HAND. AND SHE CRIES FOR HER DEAD FRIENDS.



THEN, AFTER AN HOUR, SHE PUTS THE
GUITAR DOWN AND IS ALL OVER ME.



WELL, MANY PEOPLE THINK I'M A TWO-DIMENSIONAL VIOLENT PERSON. BUT IN REALITY I UNDERSTAND WOMEN.
WITH THE CIGARETTE AFTERWARDS SHE PLAYS AGAIN. AND I PROMISE HER THAT EVERYTHING WILL BE ALL RIGHT.



A man and a woman are lying in bed, looking at each other. The man is on the right, shirtless, and the woman is on the left, wearing a dark top. They are both looking at each other with a slight smile. A speech bubble from the man says, "A FEW MORE DAYS, BABY, THEN YOU CAN GO OUT AGAIN." Another speech bubble from the woman says, "IT'S OKAY. I CAN PLAY THE GUITAR NOW." A small electronic device with a keypad and a screen is on the bed between them.

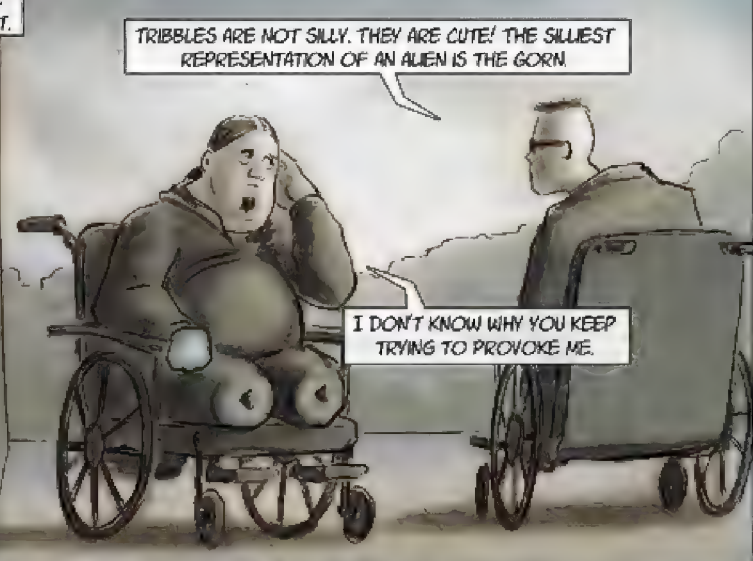
A FEW MORE DAYS, BABY,
THEN YOU CAN GO OUT AGAIN.

IT'S OKAY. I CAN
PLAY THE GUITAR NOW.

AS DODO IS SOUND ASLEEP AND SNORING, I FEEL A GREAT RELIEF. IT WOULDN'T HAVE TAKEN MUCH LONGER FOR MY BABY TO FIND A WAY TO BREAK OUT OF HERE, AND KNOWING DODO, IT WOULDN'T TAKE HER TWO HOURS TO GET INVOLVED IN THE DEARHUNTER CASE HERSELF.



AFTER MONTHS ONCE AGAIN A NIGHTMARE-FREE NIGHT, THE NEXT MORNING SKUNK MAKES ME WAIT.



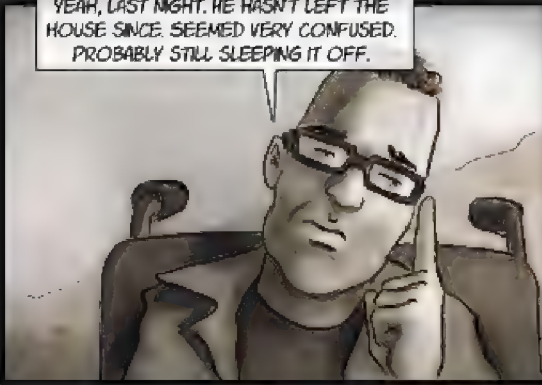
TRIBBLES ARE NOT SILLY. THEY ARE CUTE! THE SILLIEST REPRESENTATION OF AN ALIEN IS THE GORN.

I DON'T KNOW WHY YOU KEEP TRYING TO PROVOKE ME.



GUYS, ARE YOU REALLY GOING TO DO THIS FOR THE REST OF YOUR LIVES? GROW UP!

DID YOU SEE SKUNK?



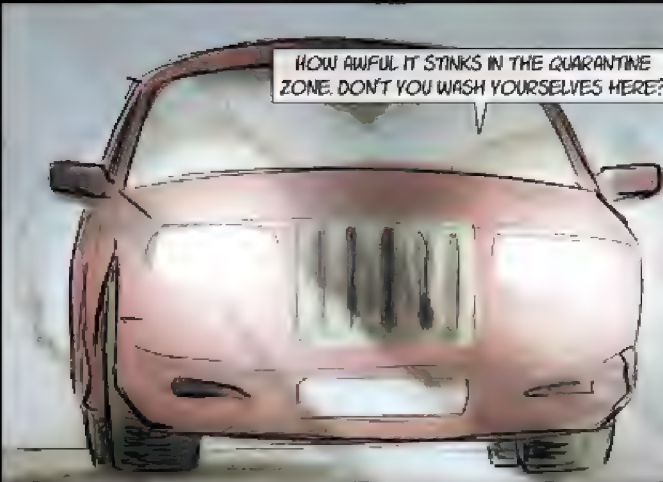
YEAH, LAST NIGHT. HE HASN'T LEFT THE HOUSE SINCE. SEEMED VERY CONFUSED. PROBABLY STILL SLEEPING IT OFF.

THANKS.



NO WONDER DODO IS SO UPSET ABOUT THE CRIPPLES. EVERYONE KNOWS THAT THE CARDBOARD-MADE HORTA IS THE DUMBEST STAR TREK ALIEN. THEY REALLY HAVE NO IDEA!

IT'S DISTURBING HOW OFTEN SKUNK IS OUT LATELY. I'LL HAVE TO GO ALONE FOR NOW.



HOW AWFUL IT STINKS IN THE QUARANTINE ZONE. DON'T YOU WASH YOURSELVES HERE?



ONLY ON SATURDAYS. PRETTY BIG CAR FOR A LOSER LIKE YOU.



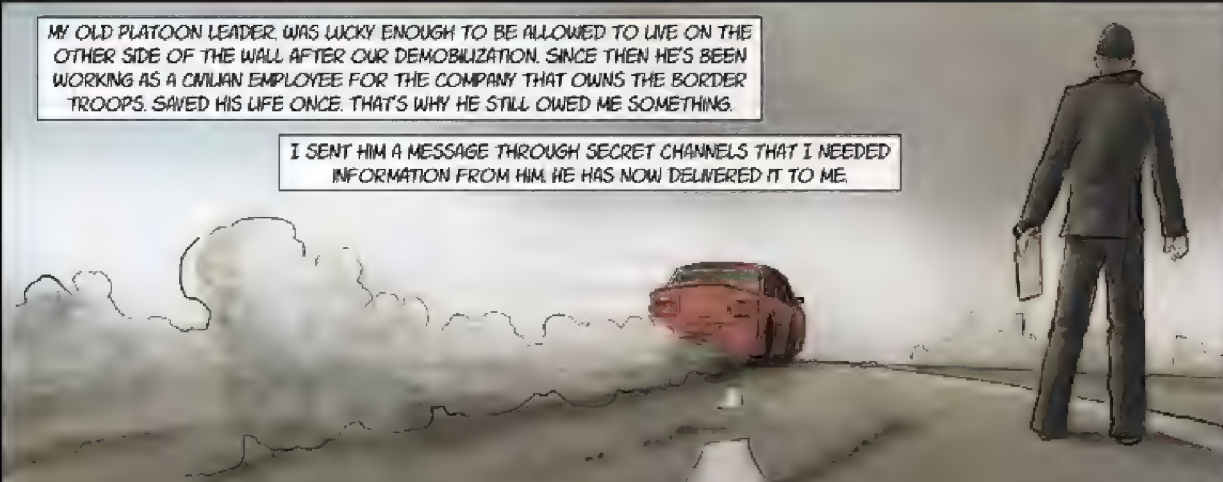
AND THAT FROM SOMEONE WHO WAS NOT EVEN PROMOTED TO LANCE CORPORAL IN EIGHT YEARS OF WAR SERVICE. EVEN HITLER WAS A BETTER SOLDIER THAN YOU.



LET'S CUT THE CRAP. YOU GOT SOMETHING FOR ME?



I'M COMMITTING TREASON. IT COULD COST ME MY HEAD. THAT MAKES US EVEN. DON'T EVER CONTACT ME AGAIN.



MY OLD PLATOON LEADER. WAS LUCKY ENOUGH TO BE ALLOWED TO LIVE ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE WALL AFTER OUR DEMOBILIZATION. SINCE THEN HE'S BEEN WORKING AS A CIVILIAN EMPLOYEE FOR THE COMPANY THAT OWNS THE BORDER TROOPS. SAVED HIS LIFE ONCE. THAT'S WHY HE STILL OWED ME SOMETHING.

I SENT HIM A MESSAGE THROUGH SECRET CHANNELS THAT I NEEDED INFORMATION FROM HIM. HE HAS NOW DELIVERED IT TO ME.

INFO ABOUT THE BORDER TRAFFIC OF THE LAST MONTHS, AND NOW IT'S TIME TO STUDY THE FILES! MATCH THE DATES WITH THE APPROXIMATE TIMES WHEN THE MURDERS TOOK PLACE.

ONE MORE! AND THEN OFF TO THE CANAL. ANOTHER DIRTY WHORE HAS BEEN BROUGHT TO A DIGNIFIED END.

PROSTITUTES ARE ALSO PEOPLE WHO SHOULD BE TREATED WITH RESPECT!

WHO ALLOWED THIS SAVAGE TO ADDRESS A WHITE MAN?

STUPID NAZI PIG!

SAY THAT AGAIN!

HEY YOU!



LATER AT THE CRIME SCENE...

THE QUARANTINE ZONE IS A COMPLETELY LAWLESS AREA. ACTUALLY, IT IS IMPOSSIBLE TO MESS WITH A LAW ENFORCEMENT AGENCY HERE. BUT YOU CAN DO IT ANYWAY. YOU ARE THE ONLY TRUE ANARCHIST!

IS IT ALREADY GOING AROUND THAT I PUNCHED THIS WANNABE SHERIFF IN THE FACE? I SHOULD HAVE DONE IT THE OTHER DAY WHEN HE STRUNG UP THAT LITTLE THIEF.

BOYS, CAN YOU GIVE US A HAND?

SURE - SKUNK, WHERE WERE YOU THIS MORNING? I COULD'VE USED SOME BACKUP.

FOR OLD SCARFACE?! COME ON.

OUR OLD BOSS MIGHT NOT HAVE COME ALONE. I'M STILL WANTED FOR DESERTION.



WE HELP WITH THE RECOVERY
AND THEN EXAMINE THE BODY.
EVERYTHING FITS.

THE LEFT BOOT IS MISSING THROAT CUT, RAPED,
DUMPED NEAR THE BI. THE DEARHUNTER HAS STRUCK
AGAIN, WE FINISH A BOTTLE OF VODKA AFTERWARDS

I WONDER WHAT'S UP WITH THE LEFT
SHOE. IS THERE A MEANING BEHIND IT?

MAYBE THE HUNTER HAS A BADLY INJURED LEFT
LEG LIKE YOU. AND MAYBE HE BLAMES WOMEN IN
GENERAL AND TAKES REVENGE THAT WAY.

SOUNDS
FAR-FETCHED.

ON THE OTHER HAND, WHEN I LOOK AT
MY HALF-ROTTEN LEG LIKE THAT, THE
RAGE I HAVE BECAUSE OF IT WOULD BE
ENOUGH FOR THREE SERIES OF MURDERS.

THERE YOU GO. LOOK
WHAT I FOUND OUT.

THERE'S A VEHICLE THAT COMES
INTO THE Q-ZONE SOMEWHAT
EVERY 14 DAYS AND RETURNS
THREE DAYS LATER. IT MATCHES
THE TIMING OF ALL THE MURDERS.

AND IT MATCHES THE LAST ONE, TOO. THE RIGOR MORTIS
WAS ALREADY GONE. SO THE LITTLE GIRL WAS HERE FOR
MORE THAN A DAY AND THE VEHICLE LEFT THE ZONE 27
HOURS AGO AFTER BEING HERE AGAIN FOR THREE DAYS.

I'M SURE I'M ON THE RIGHT TRACK. SO LET THE HUNT BEGIN! THE ONLY PROBLEM IS THAT WE CAN'T LIE IN WAIT AT THE BORDER POST WITHOUT GETTING INTO TROUBLE WITH THE ARMY. HOWEVER, MY CLIENTS HAVE A BRANCH OFFICE WITHIN SIGHT.

GIVE IT TO ME YOU WILD STALLION! HARDER! HARDER!

SEE YOU NEXT WEEK.

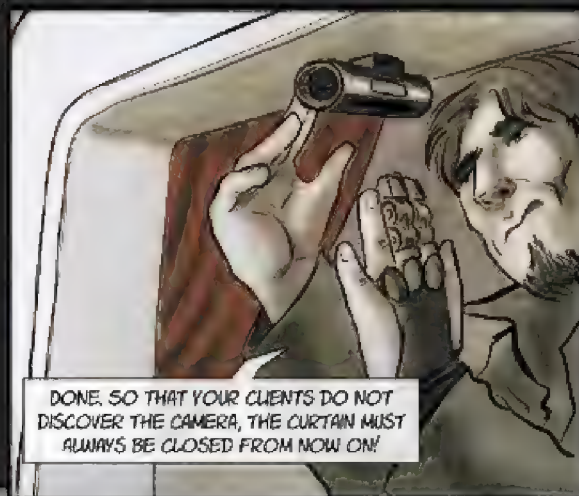
SIR, YES, SIR. SAME TIME, SAME PLACE.

THOUGHT HE WOULD NEVER FINISH. COME IN.

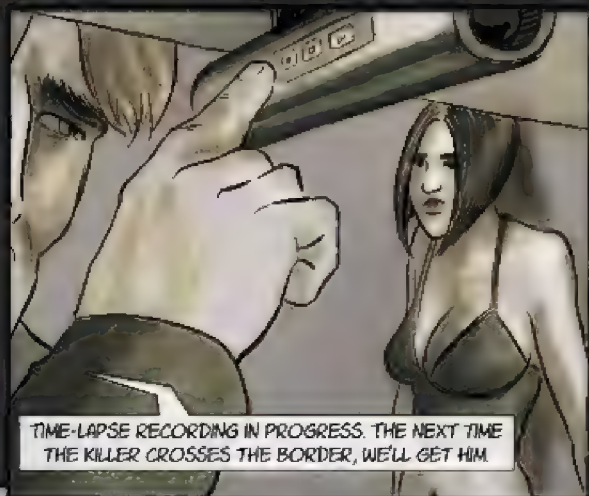
SO, HOW'S BUSINESS?

EXCELLENT. A PERFECT VIEW OF THE BORDER CROSSING.

SALES ARE DOWN. THE ORDINARY SOLDIERS HAVE BEEN ROBBED OF THEIR SEX DRIVE. SO ONLY A FEW OFFICERS ARE STILL COMING.



DONE. SO THAT YOUR CLIENTS DO NOT DISCOVER THE CAMERA, THE CURTAIN MUST ALWAYS BE CLOSED FROM NOW ON!



TIME-LAPSE RECORDING IN PROGRESS. THE NEXT TIME THE KILLER CROSSES THE BORDER, WE'LL GET HIM.

DAYS OF RUNNING TEN KILOMETERS TO THE WALL IN THE MORNING, REPLACING THE CAMERA'S MEMORY CARD AND BATTERY. THEN VIDEO STUDY IN SKUNK'S PAD. MATCHING THE LICENSE PLATES OF ALL THE CARS ENTERING THE ZONE. TEDIOUS AND MINDLESS!

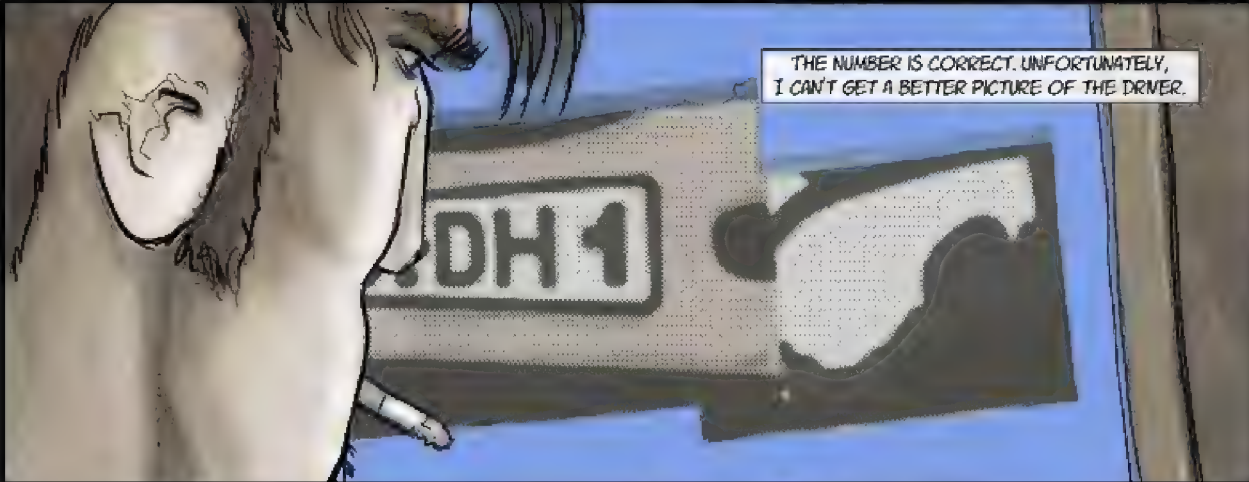
WHY DOES THIS GUY HANG OUT HERE WITH US EVERY DAY NOW?

NONE OF YOUR BUSINESS, BUT NUKE DOESN'T HAVE HIS OWN COMPUTER. AND AS LONG AS YOU'RE MOOCHING THROUGH HERE, YOU SHUT UP!

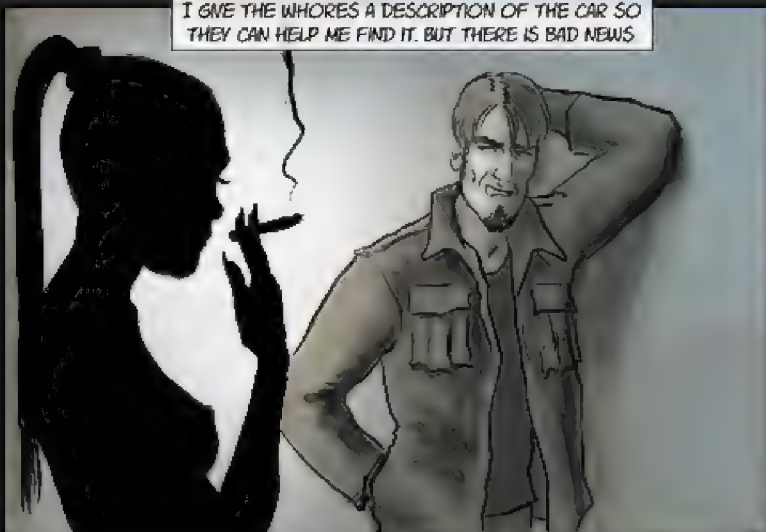
BY THE WAY, PIG PEN'S CANCER IS VERY ADVANCED. HE WON'T LAST MUCH LONGER. THAT MEANS THAT THE PLACE NEXT DOOR WILL BE AVAILABLE SOON. FULLY FURNISHED, AND THERE'S A PC THERE, TOO. I'LL MAKE SURE THAT YOU AND DODO GET IN THERE.

SCORE!

WOULD BE COOL TO GET OUT OF THAT RAT HOLE DOWN THERE. WAIT A MINUTE.



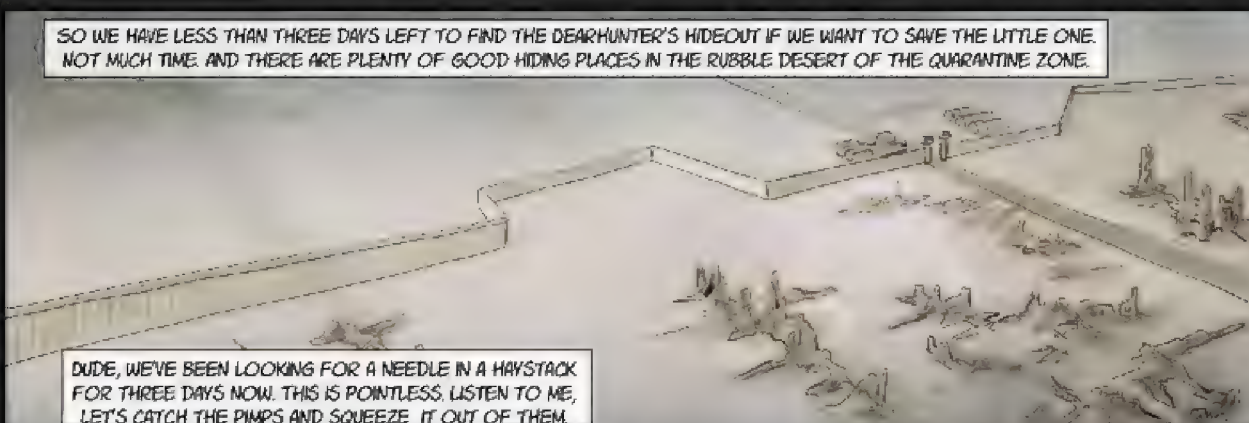
THE NUMBER IS CORRECT. UNFORTUNATELY, I CAN'T GET A BETTER PICTURE OF THE DRIVER.



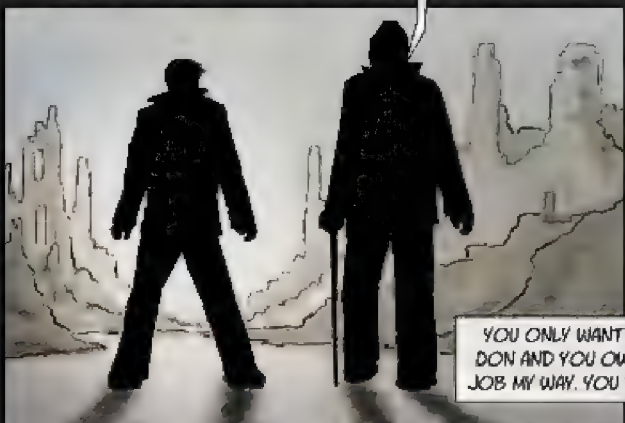
I GIVE THE WHORES A DESCRIPTION OF THE CAR SO THEY CAN HELP ME FIND IT. BUT THERE IS BAD NEWS.



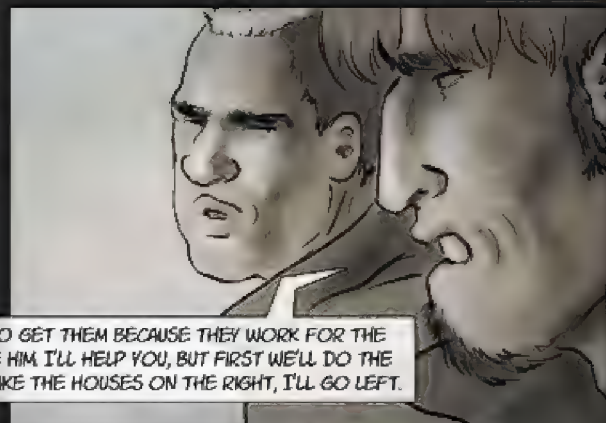
LITTLE CHANTALLE FROM THE CHILD PROSTITUTION HAS BEEN GONE FOR TEN HOURS. THE HUNTER HAS STRUCK AGAIN.



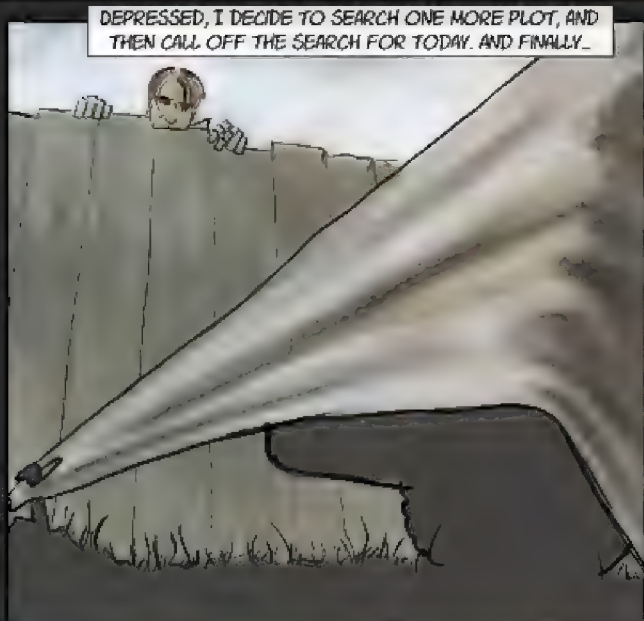
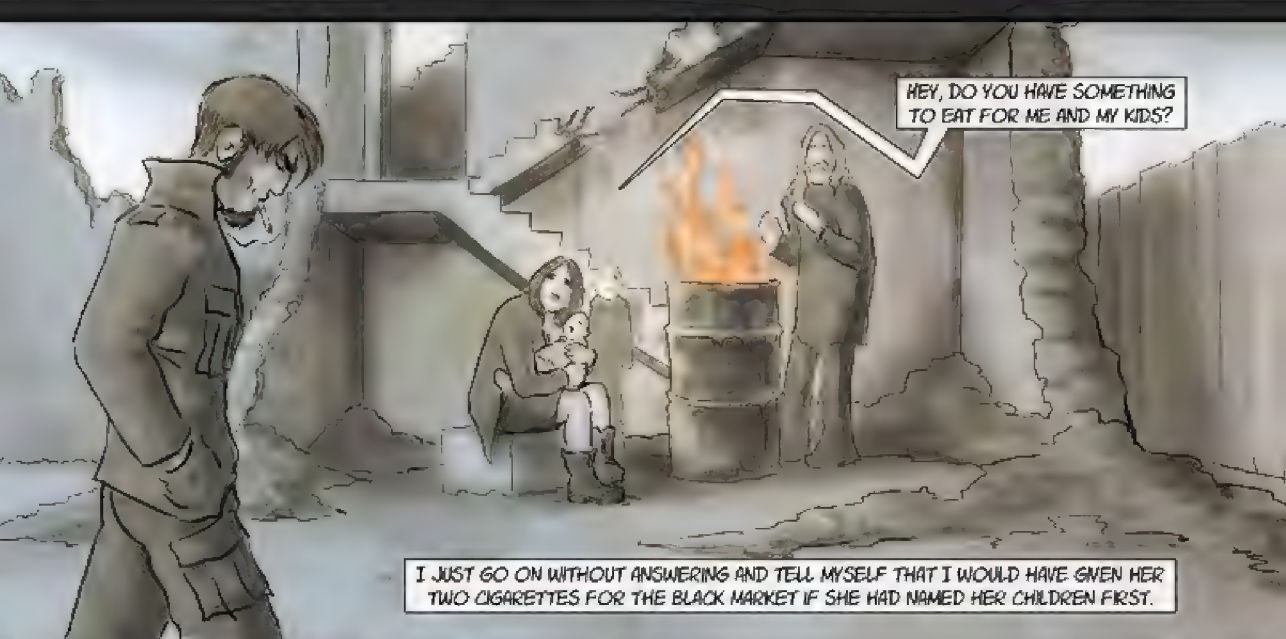
SO WE HAVE LESS THAN THREE DAYS LEFT TO FIND THE DEARHUNTER'S HIDEOUT IF WE WANT TO SAVE THE LITTLE ONE. NOT MUCH TIME. AND THERE ARE PLENTY OF GOOD HIDING PLACES IN THE RUBBLE DESERT OF THE QUARANTINE ZONE.

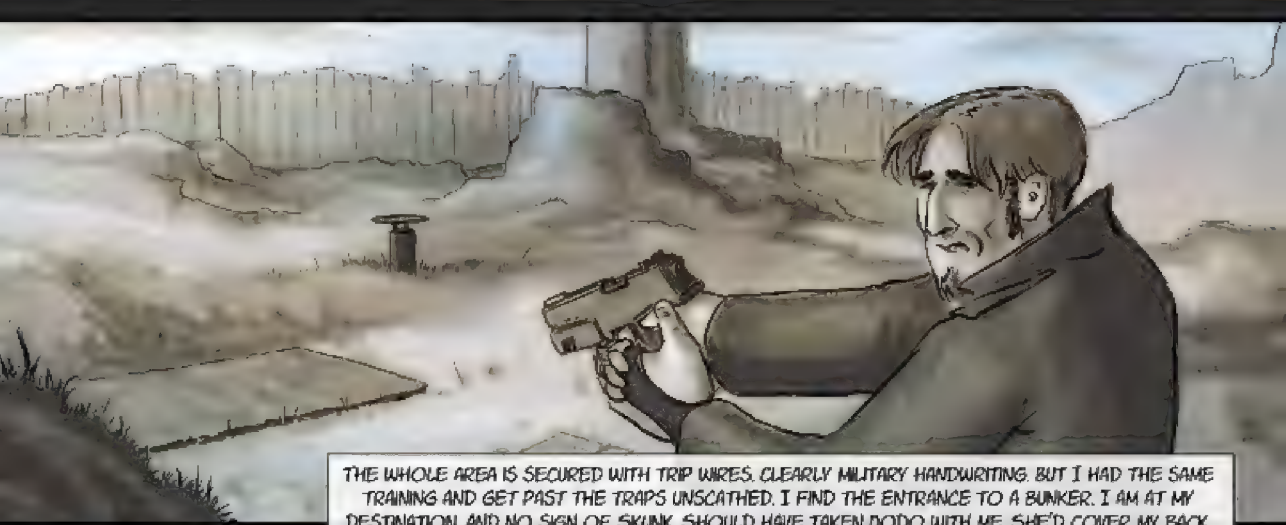


DUDE, WE'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR A NEEDLE IN A HAYSTACK FOR THREE DAYS NOW. THIS IS POINTLESS. LISTEN TO ME, LET'S CATCH THE PIMPS AND SQUEEZE IT OUT OF THEM.

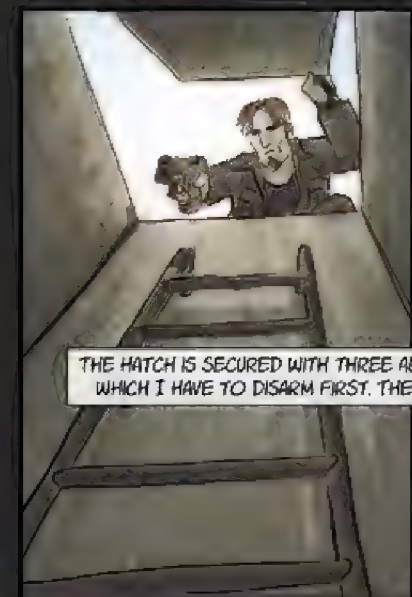


YOU ONLY WANT TO GET THEM BECAUSE THEY WORK FOR THE DON AND YOU OWE HIM. I'LL HELP YOU, BUT FIRST WE'LL DO THE JOB MY WAY. YOU TAKE THE HOUSES ON THE RIGHT, I'LL GO LEFT.

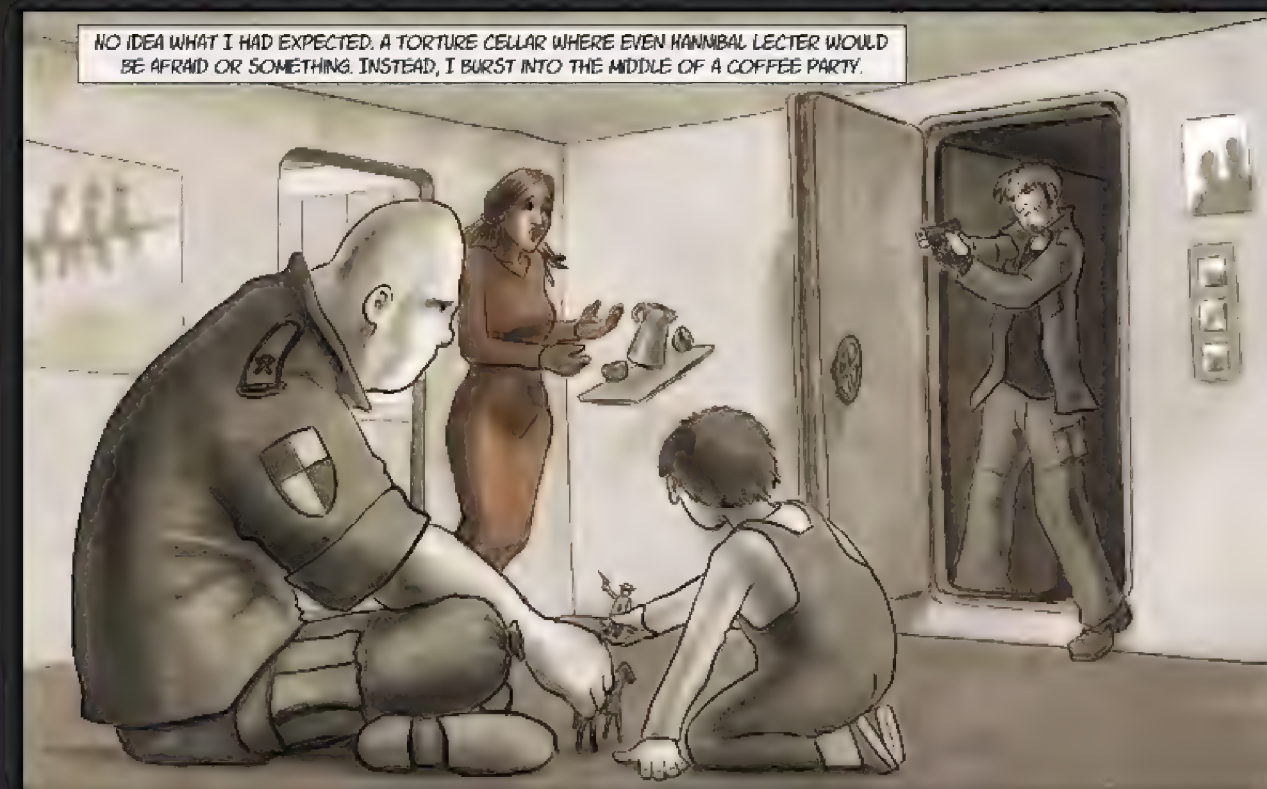




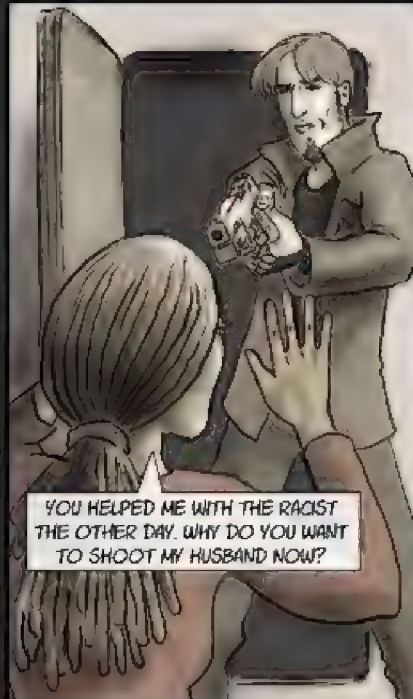
THE WHOLE AREA IS SECURED WITH TRIP WIRES. CLEARLY MILITARY HANDWRITING. BUT I HAD THE SAME TRAINING AND GET PAST THE TRAPS UNSCATHED. I FIND THE ENTRANCE TO A BUNKER. I AM AT MY DESTINATION. AND NO SIGN OF SKUNK. SHOULD HAVE TAKEN DODO WITH ME. SHE'D COVER MY BACK.



THE HATCH IS SECURED WITH THREE ALARM WIRES, WHICH I HAVE TO DISARM FIRST. THEN I GO IN.



NO IDEA WHAT I HAD EXPECTED. A TORTURE CELLAR WHERE EVEN HANNIBAL LECTER WOULD BE AFRAID OR SOMETHING. INSTEAD, I BURST INTO THE MIDDLE OF A COFFEE PARTY.



YOU HELPED ME WITH THE RACIST THE OTHER DAY. WHY DO YOU WANT TO SHOOT MY HUSBAND NOW?

THE OLD SOLDIER HAD NOT ONLY LOST HIS LEG IN AFRICA, BUT ALSO HIS HEART. HOWEVER, THE NEW RACE LAWS DID NOT ALLOW HIM TO TAKE HIS FAMILY HOME. THEREFORE HE HAD MADE A SAFE HOME HERE IN THE QUARANTINE ZONE. FOR THE TIME UNTIL HE IS MUSTERED OUT, HE NOW SHUTTLES BACK AND FORTH BETWEEN THE BARRACKS AND HIS FAMILY.



STUPID COINCIDENCE THAT HIS DAYS OFF WITH THE HUNTER'S HUNTING SCHEDULE. AS SURREAL AS THIS BUNKER IDYLL SEEMS TO ME IN THE MIDST OF ANARCHY, I BELIEVE THEIR STORY. AND THAT MEANS ALL OUR INVESTIGATIVE WORK IS USELESS.

I WANTED TO DO SOMETHING GOOD, BUT INSTEAD I PUT A HAPPY FAMILY IN FEAR OF THEIR LIVES. ASHAMED, I LEAVE THE BUNKER.



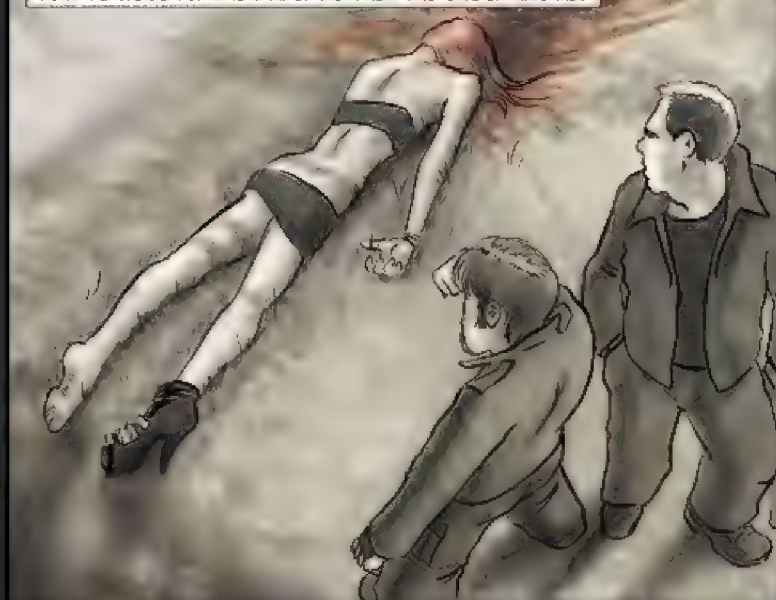
I NEED A DRINK.



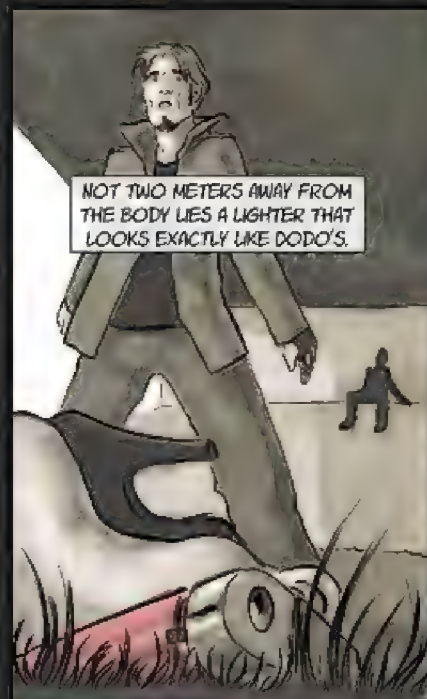
THERE YOU ARE. THEY FOUND THE GIRL. SHE'S DEAD.



WE GO TO THE SITE. IT'S CLEAR THE GIRL IS VICTIM NUMBER 12. AFTER MY PLAN HAS FAILED COMPLETELY, I AGREE TO SKUNK'S PLAN TO ROUGH UP THE PIMPS. AND THEN THE SHOCK HITS ME.



NOT TWO METERS AWAY FROM THE BODY LIES A LIGHTER THAT LOOKS EXACTLY LIKE DODO'S.



SURELY THERE ARE A MILLION GOOD EXPLANATIONS FOR THIS LIGHTER HERE, BUT THE ONLY THING THAT COMES TO MY MIND IS THAT AFTER KILLING THE LITTLE GIRL, THE DEARHUNTER IS NOW MOVING ON TO DODO.

NUKE, JUST WAIT - AND YOU, STOP INHALING THIS STUFF. YOU'RE TOO YOUNG FOR THAT!

TO CALM DOWN, I IMAGINE WHAT I WILL FIND AT HOME.

JUDGING BY THE LAST FEW WEEKS, IT'S MOST LIKELY THAT DODO IS SOUND ASLEEP.

IT'S ALSO NOT UNLIKELY THAT MY BABY WILL GO OFF ON ME LIKE A FURY, ESPECIALLY NOW THAT HER PRE-MENSTRUAL PHASE IS STARTING.

BUT THE REALITY IS FRIGHTENINGLY DIFFERENT. BECAUSE OUR DESOLATE PLACE IS DESERTED. NO TRACE OF DODO.

OR DODO COULD PLAY A WELCOMING SONG FOR ME LASCIVIOUSLY WIGGLING HER BUTT.

SO I KEEP RUNNING. I DON'T CARE HOW MURDEROUS THE SIDE STITCH BECOMES.

FIRST I SEARCH THE MEETING PLACES OF THE KNOWN JUNKIES, BUT HERE I DON'T FIND HER (FORTUNATELY).

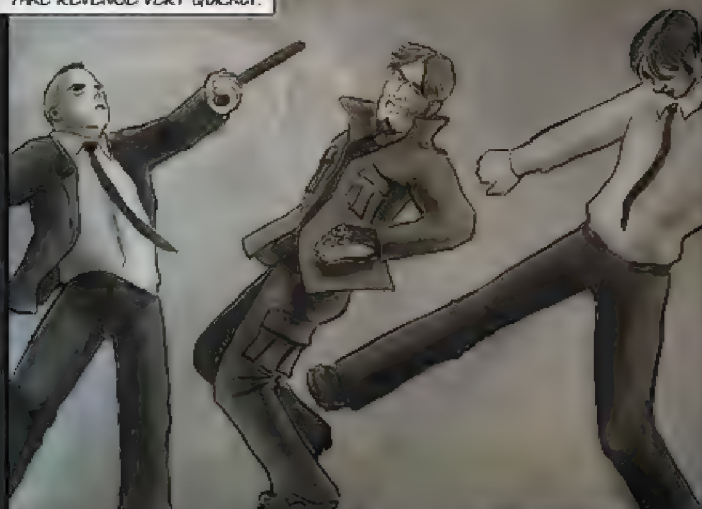
THEN I SEARCH THE MORGUES WITHOUT FINDING DODO. GOOD. THAT REDUCES THE PANIC A BIT.

I STORM THE STAGE AT CROSSFIRE AND YELL INTO THE MIKE TO FIND OUT IF ANYONE HAS SEEN DODO. BUT THE DRUNKEN AUDIENCE JUST ROARS AND LAUGHS.

THEN SKUNK SUDDENLY STANDS IN FRONT OF ME.

NOW CALM DOWN, DUDE! I FOUND DODO. SHE IS TOTALLY DRUNK IN THE BUNKER. COME WITH ME!

THE RELIEF MAKES ME INATTENTIVE FOR A MOMENT.
SUCH THINGS USUALLY TAKE REVENGE VERY QUICKLY.



TIME TO SETTLE
SOME SCORES.



WANNA WATCH US BUTCHER YOUR GIRL?



CHAPTER 5

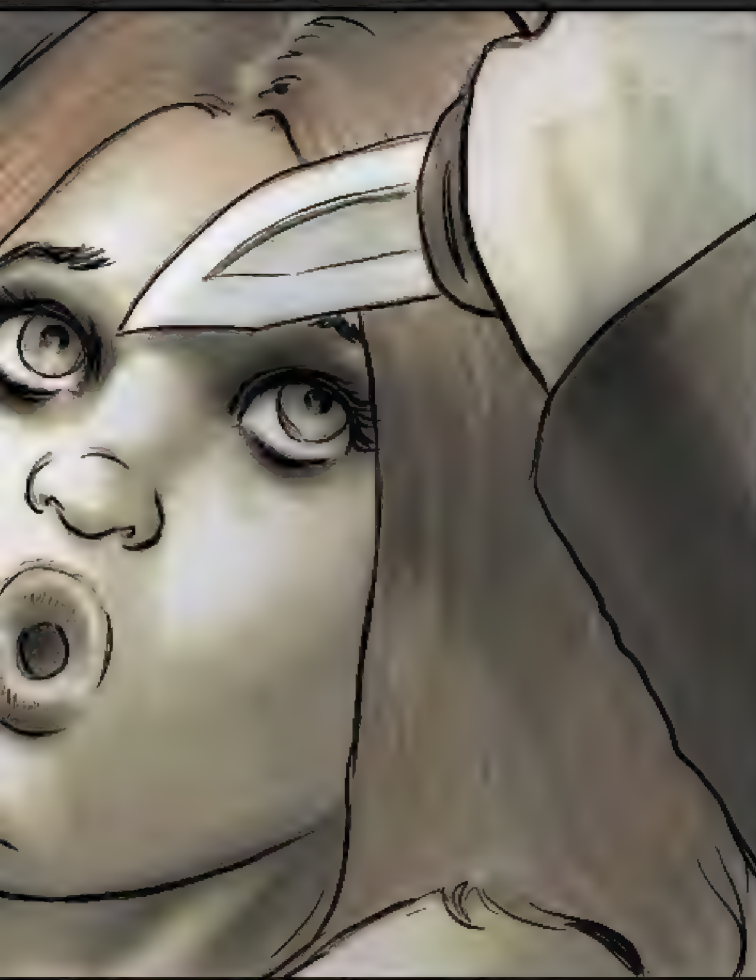


DODO

FOR BETTER UNDERSTANDING:
THE READING DIRECTION FOR THIS CHAPTER IS FROM LEFT TO RIGHT,
NOT FROM TOP TO BOTTOM. (AUTHOR'S REMARK)



NUKE





NO TIME FOR COOL TALK. WE FIGHT SILENTLY. UNTIL DEATH.

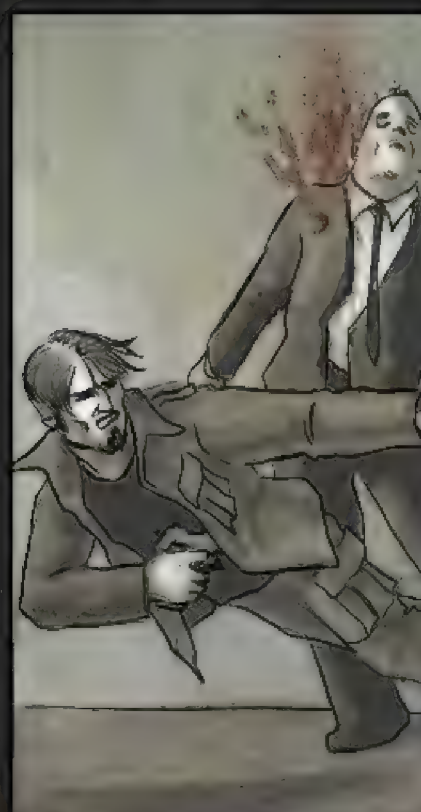
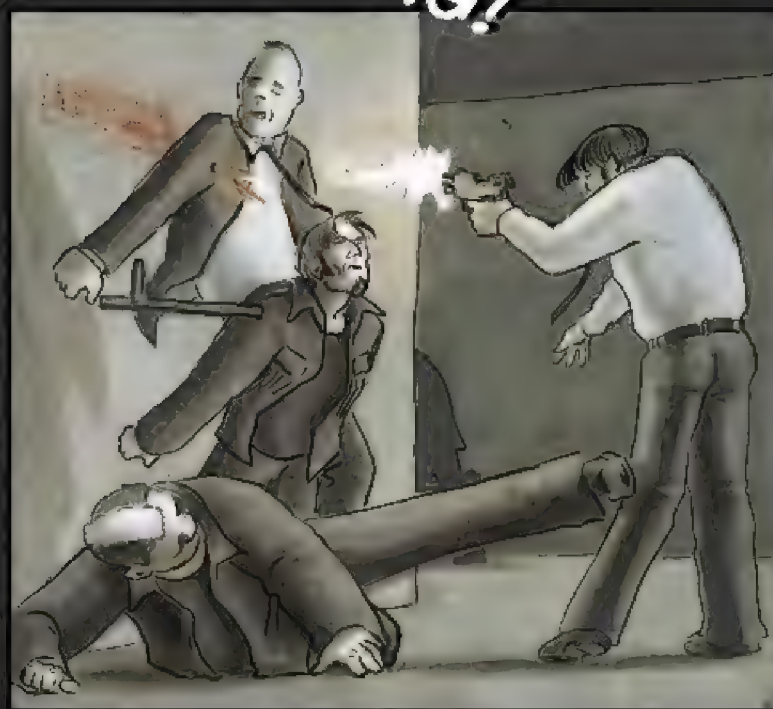


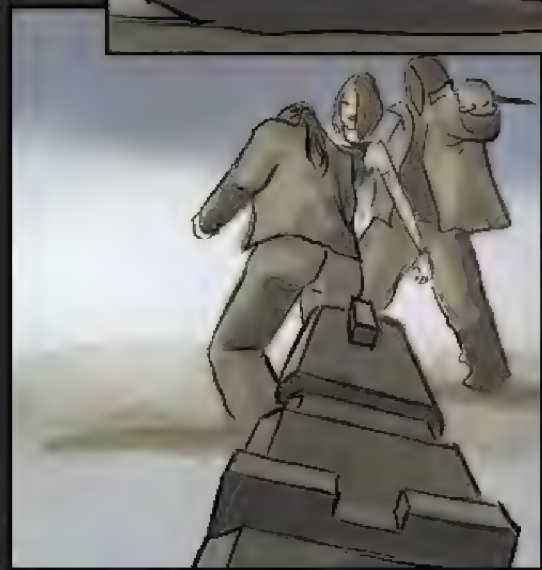
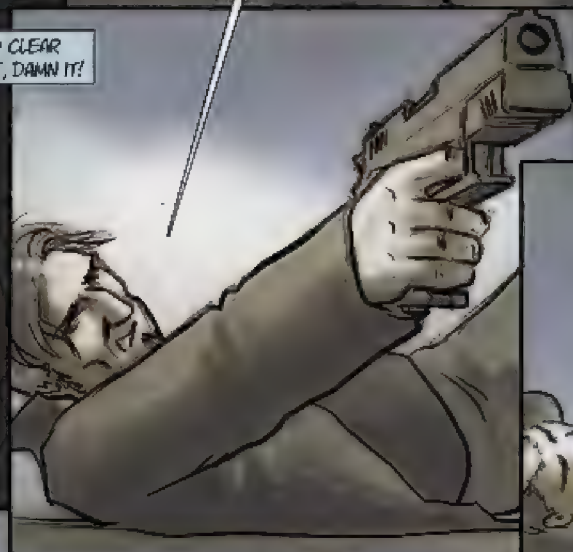
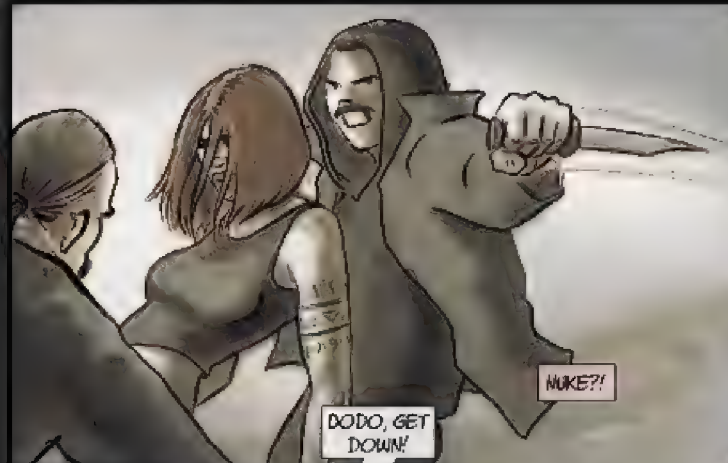
MY EYES GO BLACK. A FEW MORE SECONDS UNTIL I LOSE CONSCIOUSNESS
IT'S TIME SOMEONE CAME TO MY RESCUE, OTHERWISE THAT'S IT...





BANG!









AK - AK

ALL RIGHT, BUDDY!



I'M TOO DRUNK FOR THIS DISTANCE...



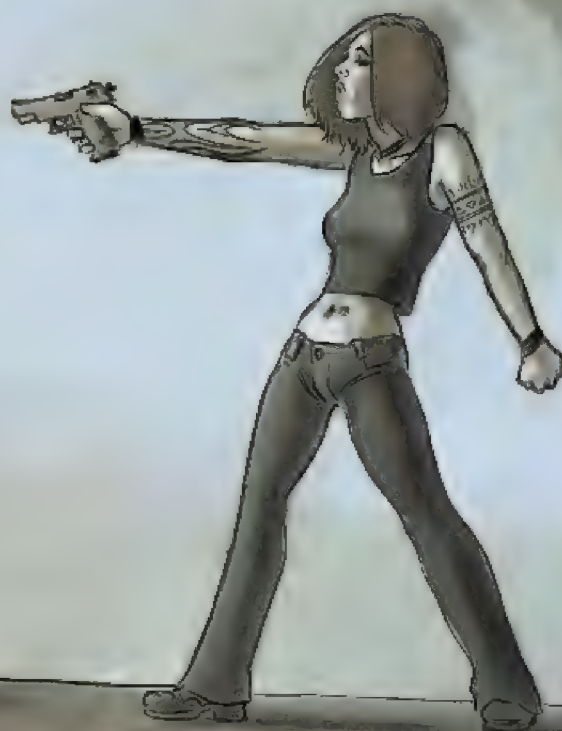
DROP IT!



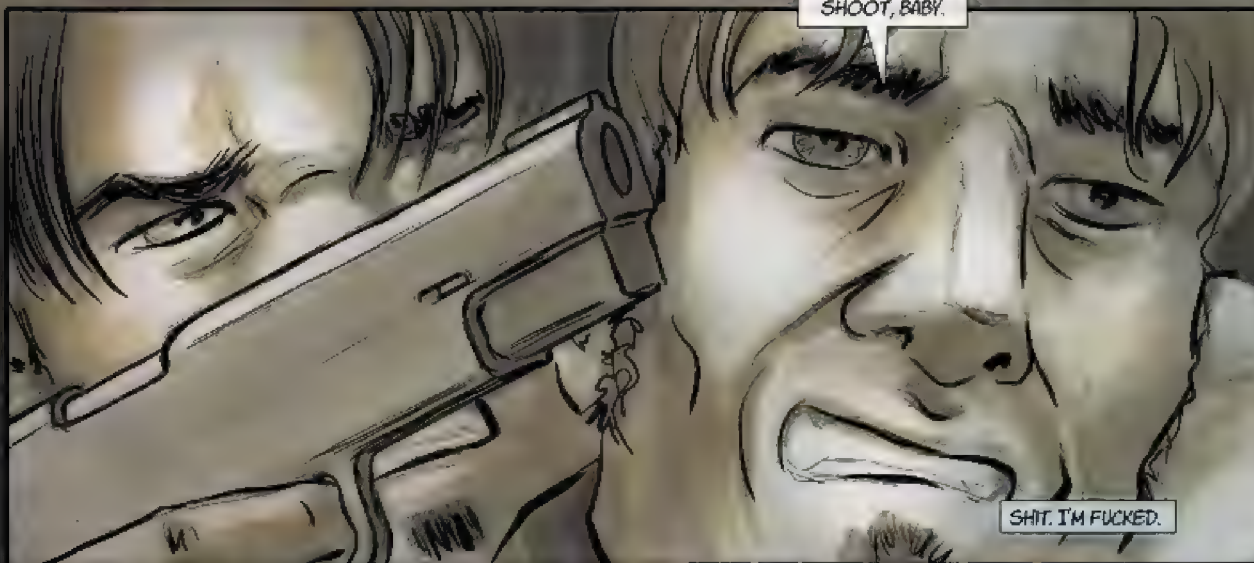
FUCK! I SEE EVERYTHING THREE TIMES.

LET GO OF MY FRIEND!

DON'T TAKE ANOTHER STEP,
AND PUT THE GUN DOWN!



SHOOT, BABY.







THANKS. I CAN MANAGE THE LAST FLIGHT OF STARS ON MY OWN. SEE YOU TOMORROW.

BACK HOME. I'M GETTING A HEADACHE. I DON'T WANT TO BE SCOLDED. BUT I DON'T THINK I DESERVE ANYTHING ELSE. STILL, HE DOESN'T HAVE TO MAKE SUCH A FUSS

YOU KNOW HOW WORRIED I WAS?

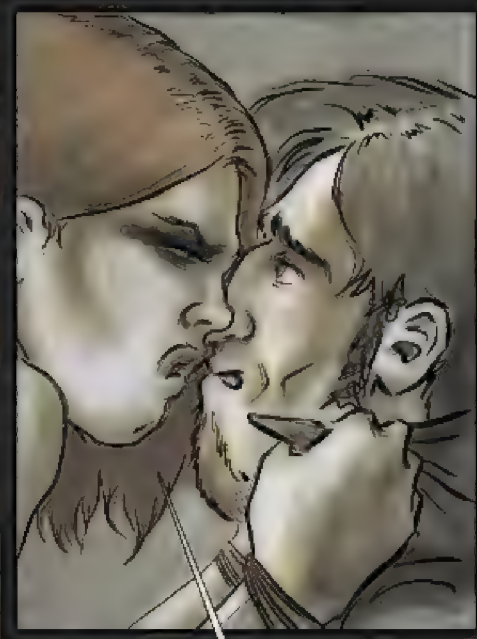


I SHOULD SHOOT A HOLE IN YOUR KNEE TO MAKE SURE YOU DON'T ESCAPE AGAIN!!!



RELIEF GIVES WAY TO UNBRIDLED RAGE AT DODO'S STUPIDITY. I PULL MYSELF TOGETHER UNTIL WE GET HOME. BUT THEN I GO COMPLETELY CRAZY...

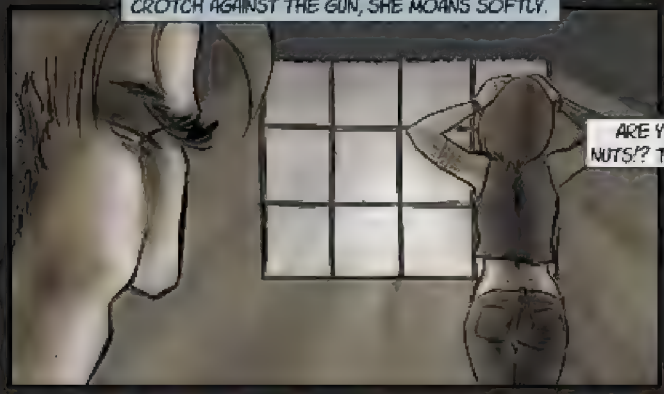
NO DOUBT I'VE OVERSHOT THE MARK A BIT. BUT DODO? SHE APPROACHES ME WITH HER HANDS UP, STARES AT ME, AND AS SHE PRESSES HER CROTCH AGAINST THE GUN, SHE MOANS SOFTLY.



ARE YOU COMPLETELY NUTS?? THE GUN IS LOADED!

IT'S NOT ME WHO'S IN ACUTE MORTAL DANGER HERE RIGHT NOW, SWEETIE. SO...

...EITHER YOU PULL THE TRIGGER NOW, OR YOU TEAR OFF MY CLOTHES AND FUCK ME!





WE DO IT HARD AND FAST. THAT'S WHY NUKE IS READY
PRETTY EARLY. I LOVE IT WHEN HE IS SO HELPLESS UNDER
ME AND TRIES TO DELAY HIS CLIMAX EVEN A LITTLE.

ON OTHER DAYS, I HELP HIM WITH THAT. THAT IS GOOD
FOR THE MALE EGO. BUT THAT HE THREATENED ME WITH
A WEAPON MUST BE PUNISHED. SO I INCREASE THE
PRESSURE OF MY LOINS AND FINISH IT WITH ONE MOVEMENT.



_TANGO, UNIFORM, VICTOR, WHISKY, ZULU... NOT RIGHT, WHISKY, X-RAY,
YANKEE, ZULU. FROM THE BEGINNING: ALPHA, BRAVO... DAMN, THAT'S IT.

I SAY, "THAT WAS GOOD, BABY." BUT I'M THINKING,
YOU DUMBASS DIDN'T PULL IT OUT IN TIME AGAIN!



I SAY, "OKAY, YOU WIN. I'VE LOCKED YOU
UP LONG ENOUGH" BUT I'M THINKING,
I'M STILL MAD AS HELL, AND YOU CAN'T
CHANGE THAT WITH A LITTLE BIT OF SEX.



AFTER SHE FINISHES HER CIGARETTE, SHE
PROVES ME WRONG WITH HER MOUTH.

THE DAY AFTER AT LEAST I'M FREE!!!
DODO AND NUKE ARE A TEAM AGAIN.

AND THE FIRST THING WE'RE GOING TO DO IS GRAB
THAT SON OF A BITCH SILVIO. NUKE AND I WILL COME
FROM THE FRONT WHILE SKUNK HAS OUR BACKS.



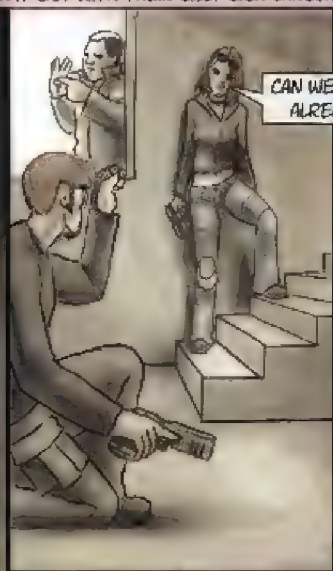
YOU HEAR THAT? HE'S
GOT A GIRL IN THERE.

OKAY, WE'RE GOING IN.

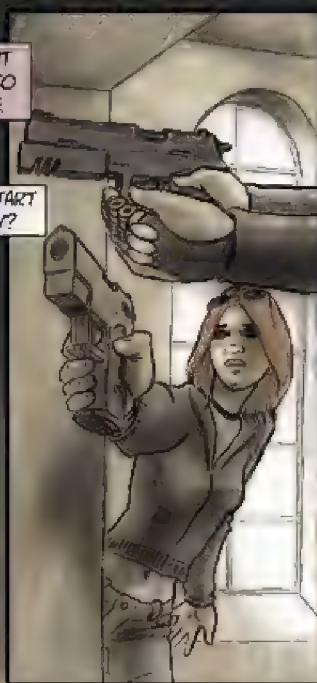


DODO IS PRETTY EXCITED AND TALKATIVE. A HUGE DIFFERENCE TO SKUNK, WITH WHOM
YOU CAN BE SILENT FOR HOURS. STILL, IT'S GREAT TO BE WORKING WITH MY BABY AGAIN.

ACCORDING TO THE PLAN, SKUNK SHOULD WAIT HERE. NEVERTHELESS, THE BOYS STILL HAVE TO TALK IT OUT WITH THEIR SILLY SIGN LANGUAGE.



CAN WE START ALREADY?



WE HAVE FOUND HIM. I'M COUNTING TO THREE.



WE SLOWLY WORK OUR WAY FORWARD. WHEN DODO IS QUIET FOR A MOMENT, CRIES FOR HELP REACH US.

WHY DID YOU THINK I FELL INTO THE HANDS OF THE HUNTER?

(WHISPERING) YOUR LIGHTER WAS NEXT TO TALLIE'S BODY.

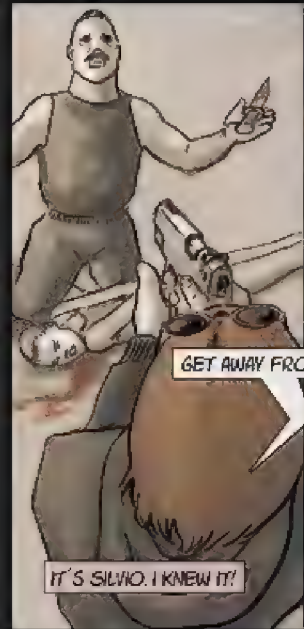
HUH? WHAT LIGHTER?



QUIET NOW. HE'S CLOSE

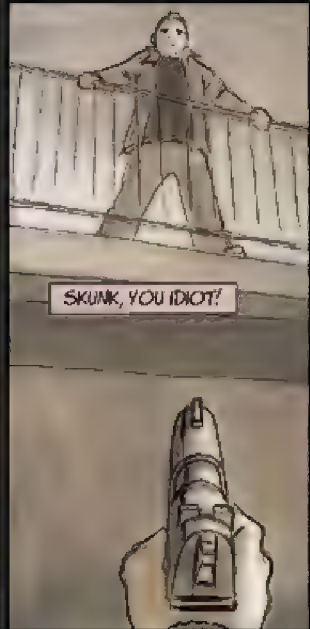
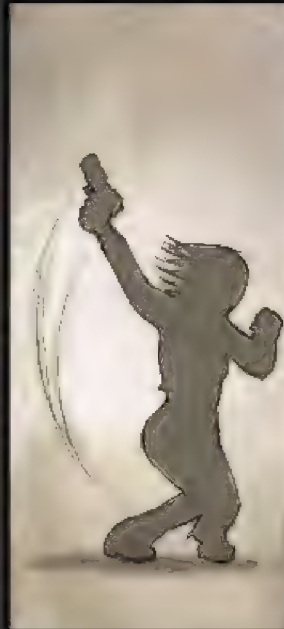


DON'T MOVE, ASSHOLE!

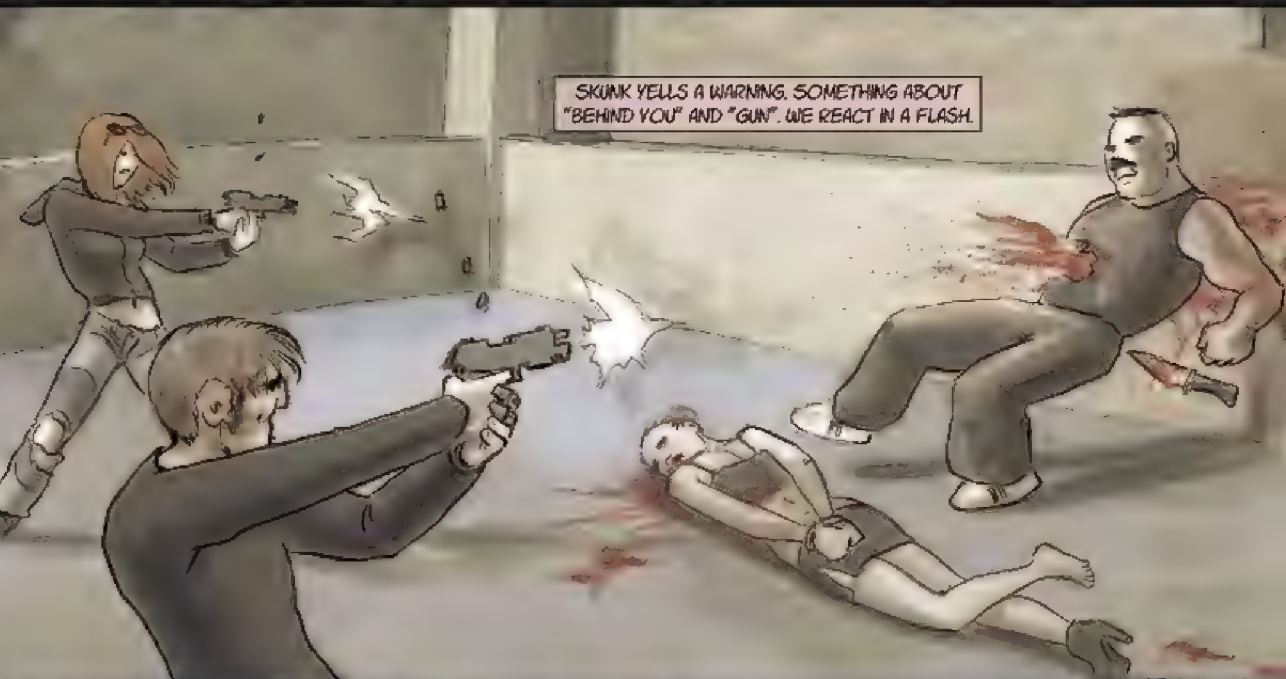


GET AWAY FROM HER!!!!

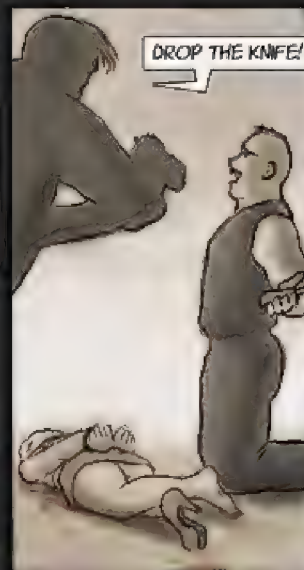
IT'S SILVIO. I KNEW IT!



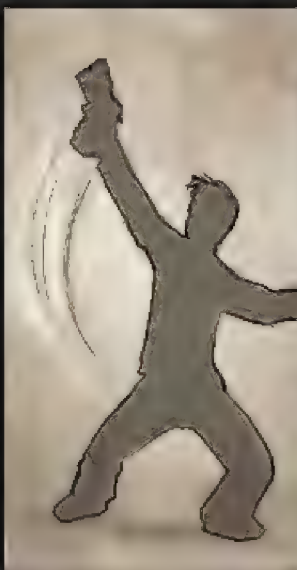
SKUNK, YOU IDIOT?



SKUNK YELLS A WARNING, SOMETHING ABOUT "BEHIND YOU" AND "GUN". WE REACT IN A FLASH.



DROP THE KNIFE!



LOOK OUT! BEHIND YOU.

I TRY FOR A FEW MORE MINUTES TO GET THE GIRL BACK, EVEN THOUGH I KNOW IT'S POINTLESS.



SHIT. SHE'S DEAD.



HOW FUCKING STUPID ARE YOU?
YOU SHOULD HAVE STAYED
OUTSIDE. WE ALMOST SHOT YOU!

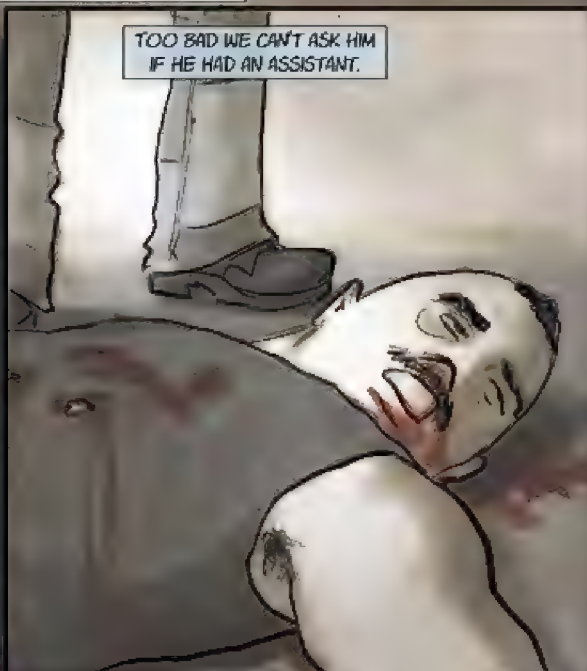
I THOUGHT I HAD HEARD
SOMEONE ELSE. I
WANTED TO WARN YOU.

SILVIO DIDN'T STAB THE GIRL HERE. AFTER DODO FINISHES THE PRESSURE MASSAGE, WE FOLLOW THE HUGE BLOOD TRAIL... AND FIND A ROOM FULL OF LEFT WOMEN'S SHOES.

I THOUGHT SILVIO WOULD ONLY KNOW THE DEARHUNTER. INSTEAD,
HE WAS THE KILLER HIMSELF. SKUNK WAS RIGHT ALL ALONG.



TOO BAD WE CAN'T ASK HIM
IF HE HAD AN ASSISTANT.



IN THE END, WE ONLY STUMBLED UPON THE DEARHUNTER BY ACCIDENT. I CAN'T BELIEVE THE RESOLUTION OF THE CASE IS SUPPOSED TO BE SO SIMPLE. ANYWAY, WE'VE AVENGED TALLIE.

I PICKED UP HER MISSING SHOE FROM THE TROPHY COLLECTION AND TOOK IT TO TALLIE'S GRAVE. I FEEL BETTER NOW.

KIND OF WEIRD TO DO SOMETHING GOOD FOR A CHANGE.

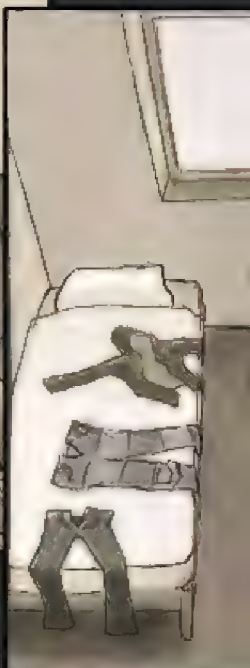
THAT'S RIGHT. SHALL WE GO FOR A DRINK?

I DON'T THINK SO. I SHOULD CUT DOWN ON THE DRINKING A LITTLE.



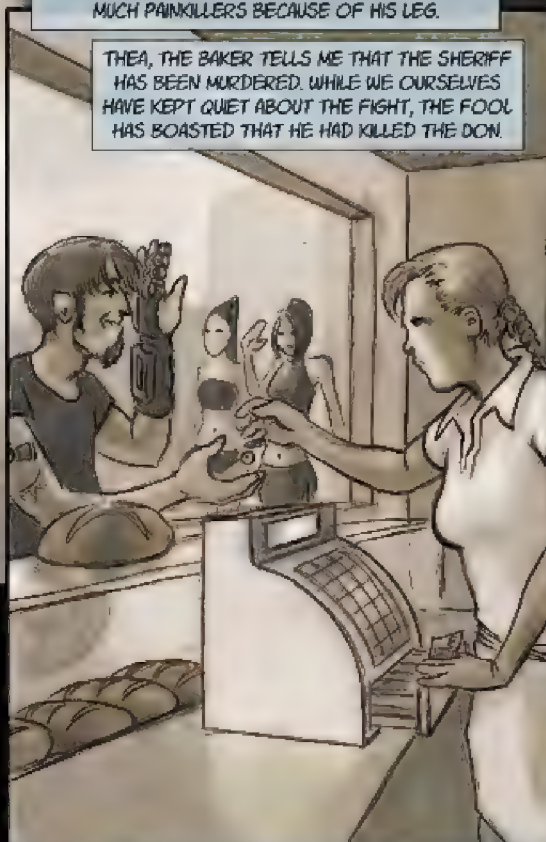
MAYBE THE NIGHTMARES WILL STOP NOW. AND MAYBE I'LL REALLY MANAGE TO STOP DRINKING. BUT SOMEHOW I DOUBT THE SIMPLE SOLUTION OF THE CASE. BUT IT WILL SOON BECOME CLEAR WHETHER THE SERIES OF MURDERS WILL STOP OR NOT.

SEVEN WEEKS LATER, THE MURDERS HAVE STOPPED. AND NUKE AND I HAVE MOVED. FINALLY, NO MORE BARS ON THE WINDOWS.

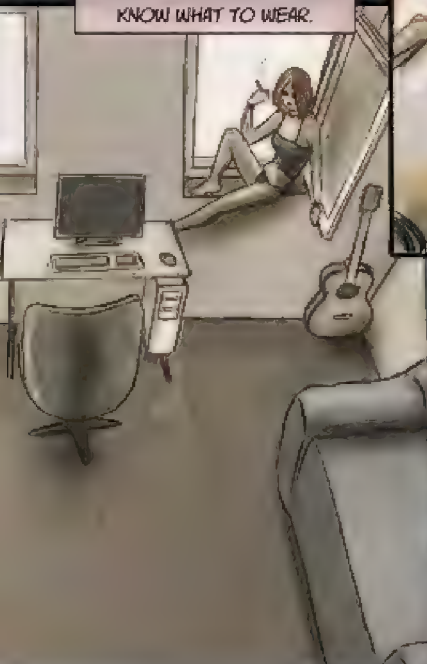


SEVEN WEEKS LATER, THE HOOKERS PAY THE BOUNTY. SO FOR A CHANGE, THERE'S REAL BREAD FOR US. AND TONIGHT WE'RE GONNA PARTY. IT'S JUST A SHAME SKUNK'S GONE ALL TO POT IN THE LAST FEW WEEKS. I GUESS HE SWALLOWS TOO MUCH PAINKILLERS BECAUSE OF HIS LEG.

THEA, THE BAKER TELLS ME THAT THE SHERIFF HAS BEEN MURDERED. WHILE WE OURSELVES HAVE KEPT QUIET ABOUT THE FIGHT, THE FOOL HAS BOASTED THAT HE HAD KILLED THE DON.



WE NOW HAVE A REAL BED,
A SOFA, EVEN A COMPUTER.
NUKE JUST GOT THE
BOUNTY FOR THE HUNTER,
SO WE'RE GOING TO HAVE A
BLAST TODAY. I JUST DON'T
KNOW WHAT TO WEAR.



FIRST, MAKE MY EYES BEAUTIFUL.



AS I'M PUTTING AWAY THE MAKEUP STUFF, MY EYES
FALL ON THE TAMPONS, AND IT OCCURS TO ME THAT
THE LAST TIME I HAD MY PERIOD WAS WHEN TALLIE
WAS ALIVE. THAT MUST HAVE BEEN EIGHT WEEKS AGO.



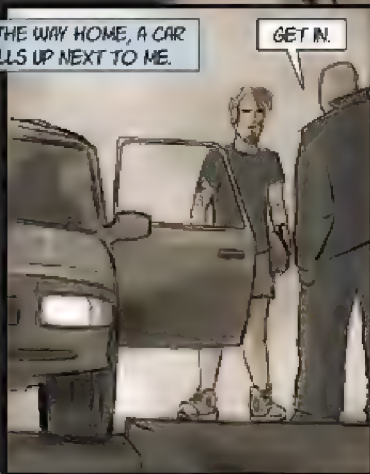
I'LL HAVE TO DO THE MATH.
BUT THEN NUKE COMES HOME
AND I FORGET ABOUT IT AGAIN.



AND OBVIOUSLY HE HAS
PAID FOR HIS BIG MOUTH
NOW. BETTER HIM THAN US.



ON THE WAY HOME, A CAR
PULLS UP NEXT TO ME.



GET IN.

TAKE YOUR HAND OFF ME!

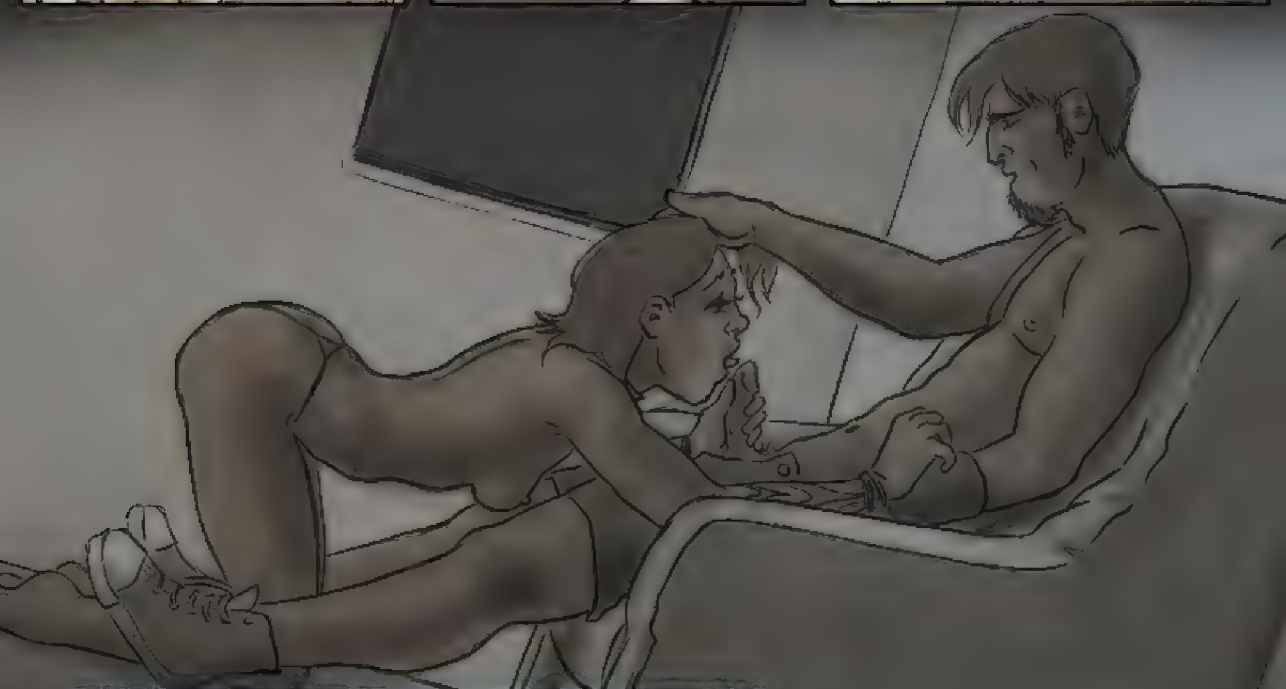
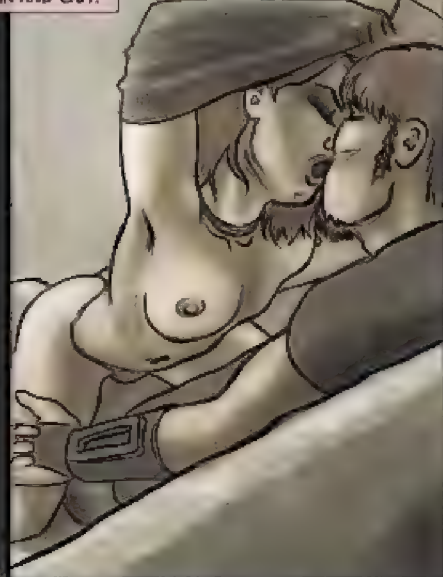
YOU'RE FEARLESS.
I LIKE THAT.



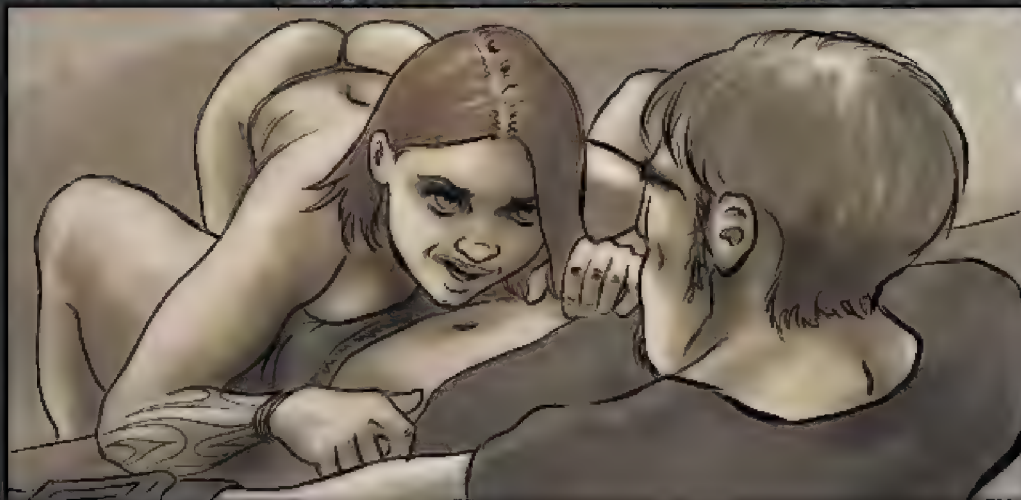
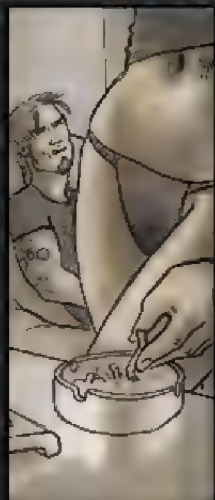
FUCK! THE MAFIA HAS ENTERED
THE QUARANTINE ZONE.

THE DON WAS THE NEPHEW OF A REAL MAFIA GODFATHER, WHO PROBABLY
WANTS TO TAKE OVER THE BUSINESS NOW. AND COLLECT THE DEBTS FROM SKUNK.
BECAUSE SKUNK'S TOTALLY FUCKED AT THE MOMENT, I'LL VOUCH FOR HIM

NORMALLY IT'S REALLY ANNOYING WHEN NUKE STARTS CLEANING OUR WEAPONS AT EVERY OPPORTUNITY. BUT EVER SINCE THAT WEIRD THING THE OTHER DAY, I GET ALL HORNY EVERY TIME HE PUSHES THE SLIDE BACK AND FORTH, MAGAZINE IN AND OUT.



WHEN DODO IS THAT WASTEFUL WITH TOBACCO, YOU USUALLY HAVE TO WATCH OUT. HOWEVER, SHE DOESN'T GIVE THE IMPRESSION OF BEING QUARRELSOME



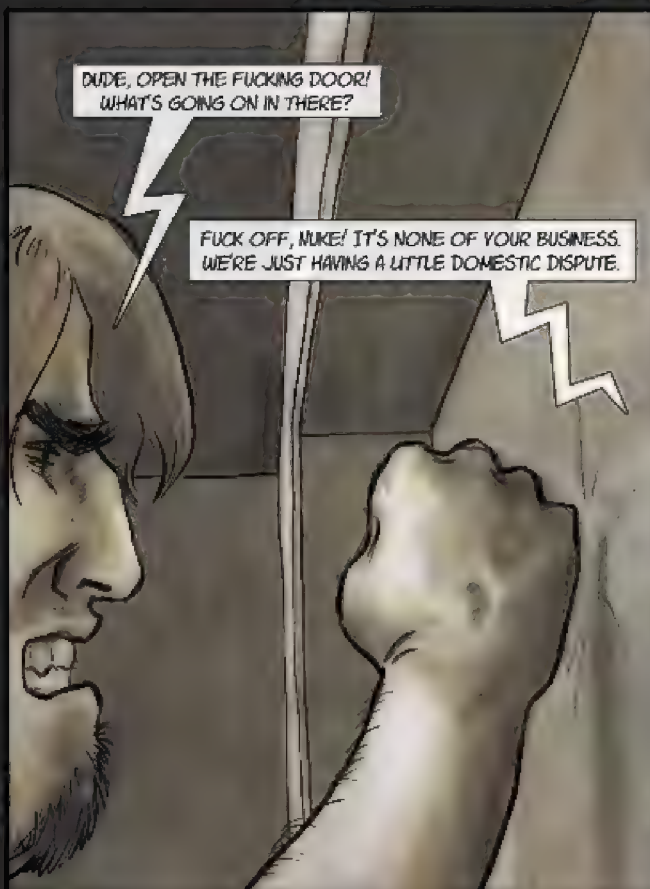
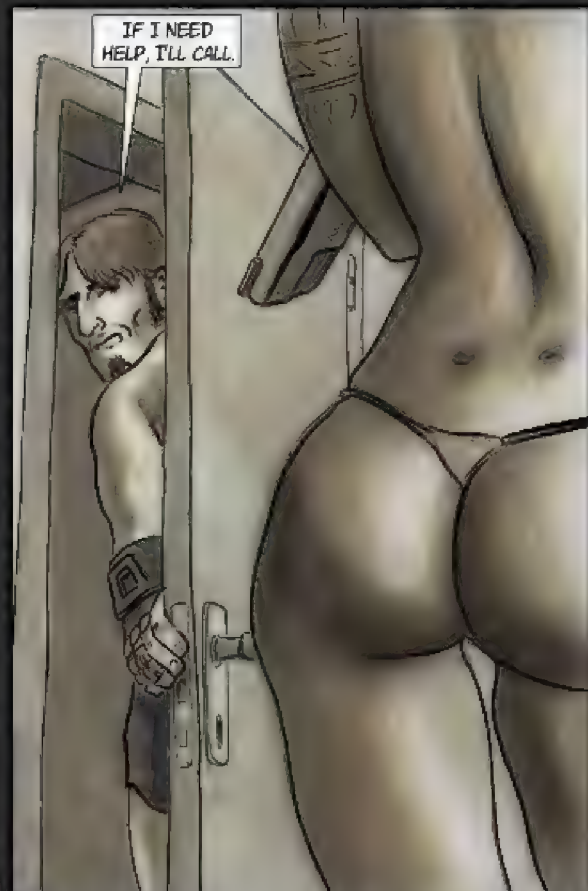
I'LL KILL YOU, BITCH!!!

NO! DON'T!
AAARGHH!!!

YEAH, PROBABLY.

I SHOULD PROBABLY GO
CHECK THE OTHER ROOM.

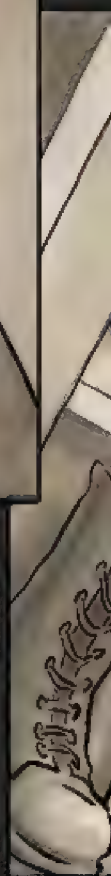




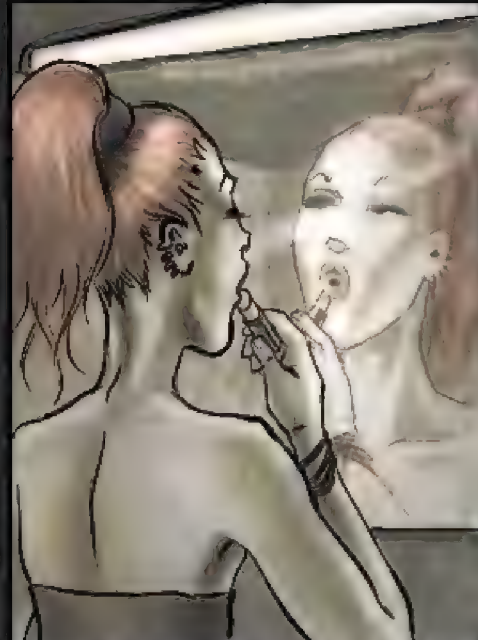
CHAPTER 6



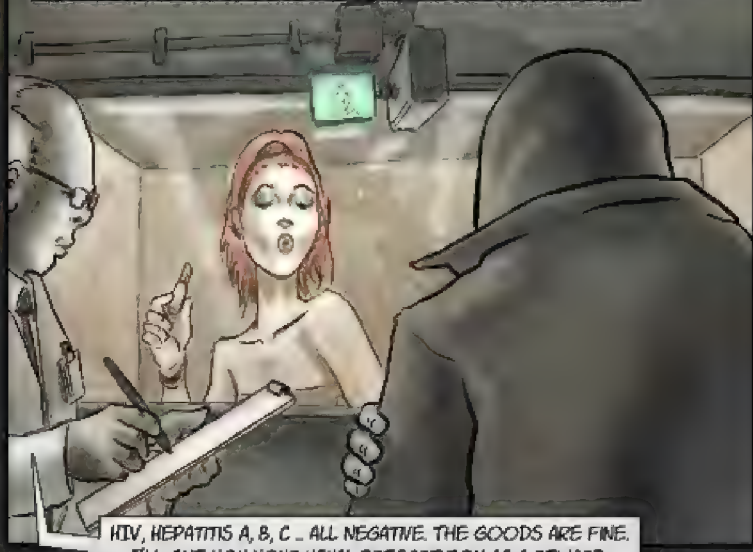
DEARHUNTER







...BUT BEFORE THAT ME AND MY PARTNERS PLAY A LITTLE BIT WITH THEM. THREE DAYS BEFORE SOMEWHERE IN SECURITY SECTOR IV..



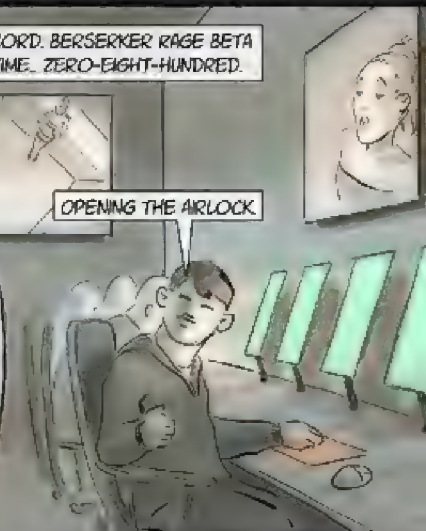
HIV, HEPATITIS A, B, C - ALL NEGATIVE. THE GOODS ARE FINE. I'LL GIVE YOU YOUR USUAL PRESCRIPTION AS A REWARD.



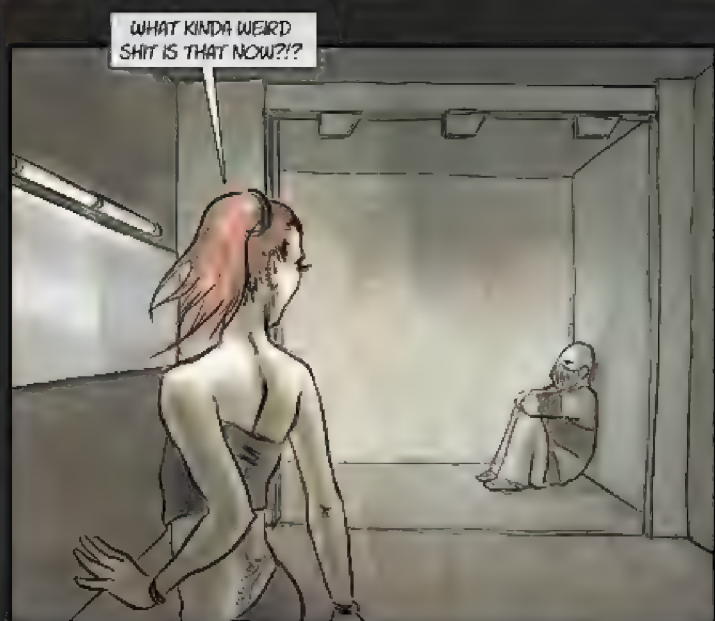
NUMBER SIX IS OPERATIONAL AND IN POSITION. ALL SYSTEMS GO.



VERY GOOD. FOR THE RECORD. BERSERKER RAGE BETA TEST #26 STARTS AT 2 TIME. ZERO-EIGHT-HUNDRED.



OPENING THE AIRLOCK.



WHAT KINDA WEIRD SHIT IS THAT NOW???



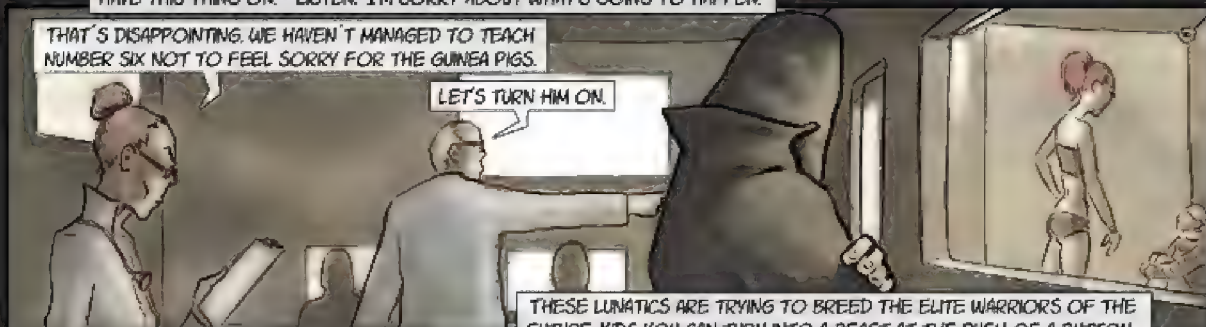
HEY, KIDDO.
WHO ARE YOU?

NUMBER SIX.



STRANGE NAME. WHY ARE
YOU WEARING A MUZZLE?

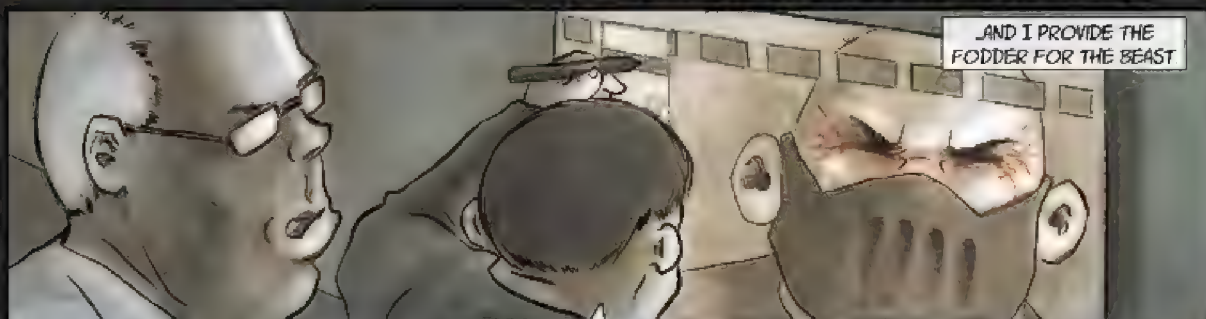
BECAUSE IT'S TOO FAST FOR THE BAD MEN IN THE WHITE COATS IF I DON'T
HAVE THIS THING ON. - LISTEN! I'M SORRY ABOUT WHAT'S GOING TO HAPPEN.



THAT'S DISAPPOINTING. WE HAVEN'T MANAGED TO TEACH
NUMBER SIX NOT TO FEEL SORRY FOR THE GUINEA PIGS.

LET'S TURN HIM ON.

THESE LUNATICS ARE TRYING TO BREED THE ELITE WARRIORS OF THE
FUTURE. KIDS YOU CAN TURN INTO A BEAST AT THE PUSH OF A BUTTON.



AND I PROVIDE THE
FODDER FOR THE BEAST



ADRENALINE LEVEL AT 1200 PERCENT ABOVE NORMAL.
I TRIGGER THE PAIN IMPULSE IN THREE... TWO... ONE...

RAAAAAH!!!!



HE STARTS LIKE THE DEVIL.
I REDUCE THE AGGRESSION
LEVEL BY 30 PERCENT..

COMMAND INPUT TO HIT
ONLY EXTREMITIES IS
COMPLETELY IGNORED..

GAMMA AMPLITUDE IS FLUCTUATING TOO
MUCH. THAT'S WHY WE'RE NOT GETTING
THROUGH. I'M COMPENSATING DIRECTLY
FROM THE TRANSMIT MODULE..



GET THIS MONSTER OFF ME!

IV

GREEN GLASSES, HELLO. WHY AM
I BEING WATCHED ALL THE TIME?



BECAUSE YOU'RE A
PERVERTED LADY-KILLER?!
WHAT DO YOU THINK?

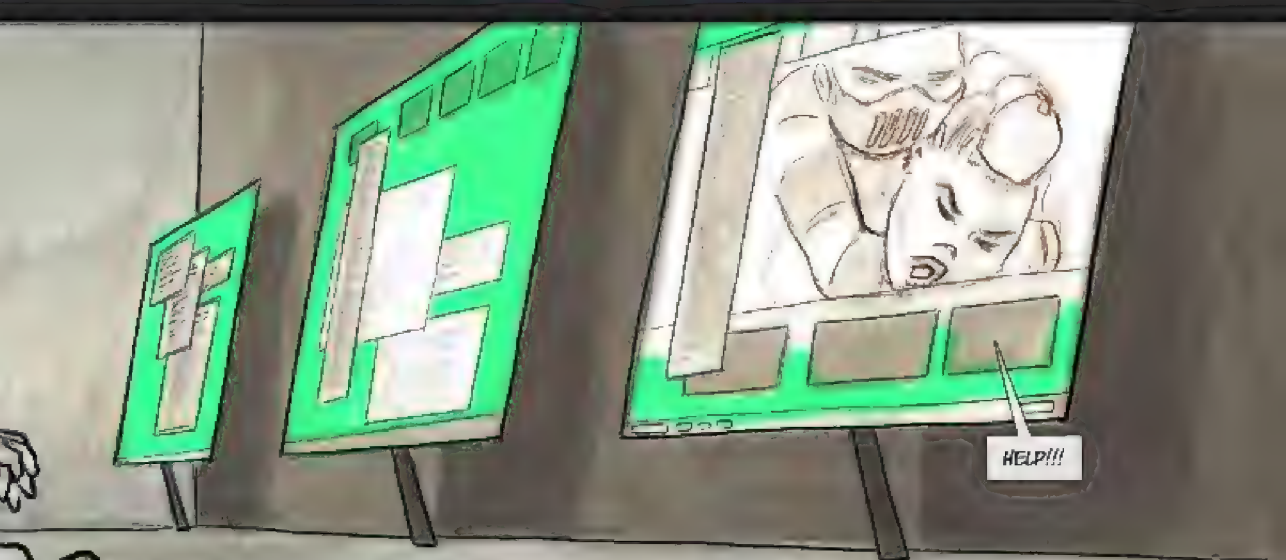


DAYS LATER.. MY EMPLOYERS ARE
DONE WITH THEIR EXPERIMENTS. TIME
TO ELIMINATE ANOTHER WITNESS.

SILVIO? GET ME OUT
OF HERE, PLEASE.

SURE,
SURE,
BABY.

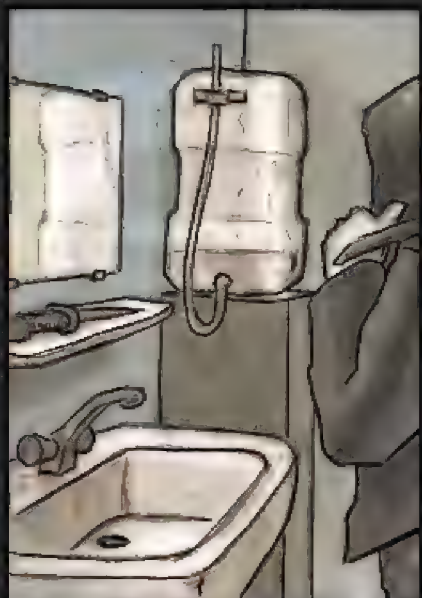




YOU HAVE TO TAKE ME TO A DOCTOR.
I'M IN PAIN. - WHAT ARE YOU DOING, SILVIO?
I DON'T WANT TO FUCK NOW! STOP IT,
PLEASE! DON'T! YOU'RE HURTING ME!!!!



PEOPLE THINK I'M A PERVERTED SEX MANIAC. BUT
THAT'S JUST A COVER. I HIDE THE FACT THAT IT IS A
SIMPLE CONTRACT KILLING IN THE SERVICE OF
FRONTEX INC. I LEAVE THE RAPING TO MY
ASSISTANT SILVIO. HE ENJOYS IT. I DO THE KILLING.
THAT IS MY DESTINY.



THEY CALL ME DEARHUNTER, THOUGH I DON'T LIKE THAT PUN WITH DEAR INSTEAD OF DEER.
THERE IS NOTHING LOVELY ABOUT THE WOMEN I HUNT. THEY ARE PREY. I HATE THEM.



SOME PEOPLE CALL ME DEARHUNTER. THE PEOPLE WHO KNOW ME CALL
ME SKUNK, BECAUSE OF THE ECCENTRIC WHITE STREAK ON MY HEAD.

THE OTHER DAY NUKE FORCED A CONVERSATION ON ME ABOUT THE DEARHUNTER'S MOTIVATION.

MAYBE THE HUNTER HAS AN INJURED LEFT LEG LIKE YOU... AND MAYBE HE BLAMES WOMEN IN GENERAL.

I THOUGHT NUKE'S HYPOTHESIS WAS PRETTY RIDICULOUS. ON THE OTHER HAND... THE OFFICER WHO SENT ME ON THE SUICIDE MISSION AND TO WHOM I OWE MY BROKEN LEG WAS A WOMAN.

THE GUNFIRE IS INEFFECTIVE. IF WE GO UP THE HILL, NONE OF US WILL COME BACK. YOU HAVE TO CALL OFF THE MISSION!

NO, I DON'T. YOUR PEOPLE ARE GETTING READY. THE ATTACK BEGINS IN FOUR MINUTES.

I ENDED UP IN THE HOSPITAL WITH MY LEG BLOWN OFF. IF I HAD BEEN TREATED IMMEDIATELY, EVERYTHING WOULD BE FINE NOW. BUT IT WAS NOT SORTED BY URGENCY, BUT BY SOCIAL RANK - BY A FEMALE STAFF DOCTOR.

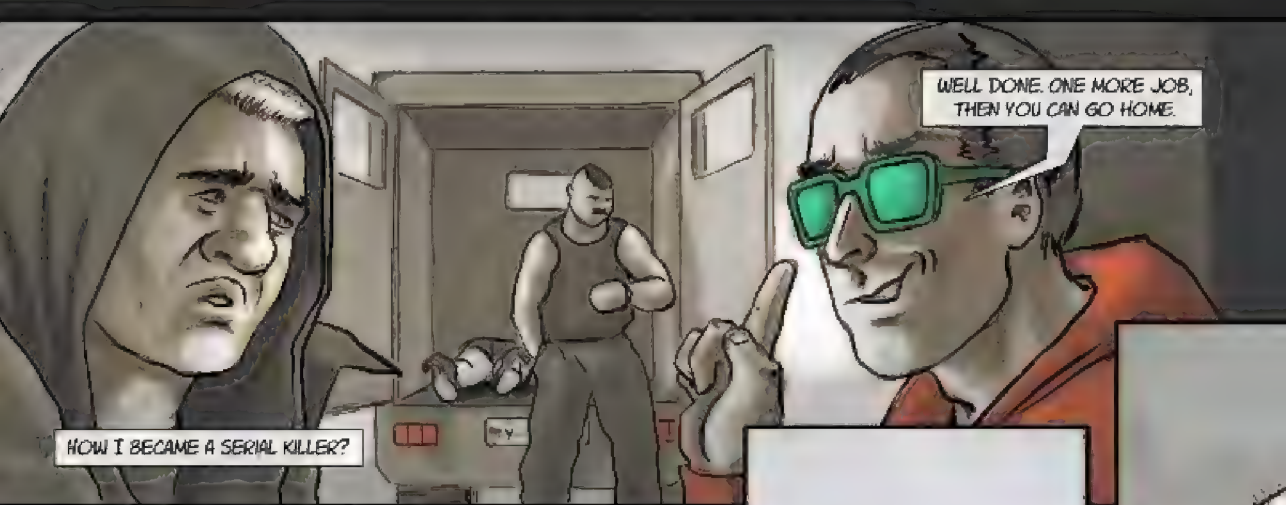
THE EYE INJURY IN OPERATING ROOM TWO. THE OTHERS BACK OUTSIDE.

WHEN I WAS FINALLY TREATED, IT WAS TOO LATE. THE DAMAGE TO MY LEG WAS IRREPARABLE. I WAS TAKEN OUT OF SERVICE AND ABANDONED LIKE A DOG IN THE QUARANTINE ZONE - BY A FEMALE FRONTX MANAGER.

**WE WILL PREVAIL
FRONTX INC.**

GRANTED, YOUR SERVICE RECORD IS ABSOLUTELY IMPECCABLE. BUT YOUR GENETIC ANALYSIS IS CLEAR. OUR ALGORITHM DOESN'T MAKE ANY MISTAKES. YOU ARE CLASSIFIED AS ANTI-SOCIAL. ACCEPT IT!

YOU ARE NOT ALLOWED TO ENTER THE SECURITY ZONE, BUT I'LL MAKE YOU A ONE-TIME OFFER. IF YOU DO SOME WORK FOR US IN THE QUARANTINE ZONE, WE WILL CONTINUE TO PROVIDE YOU WITH MEDICAL CARE.



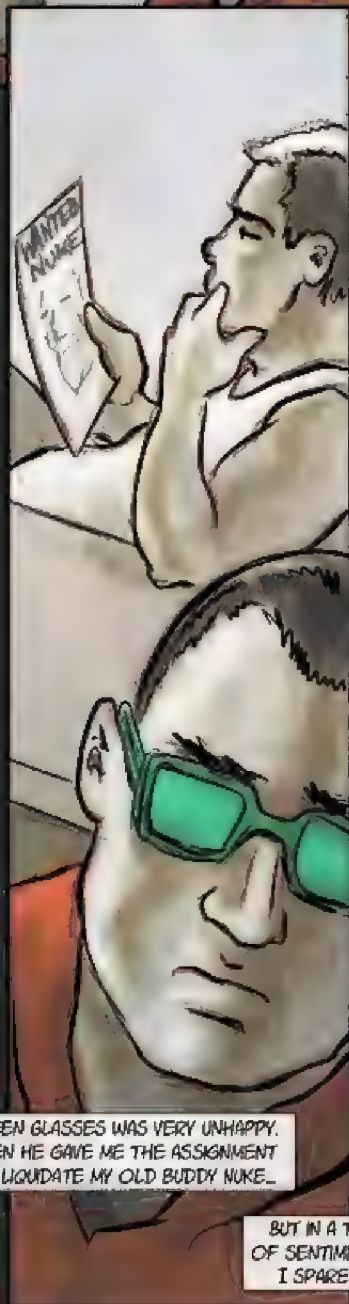
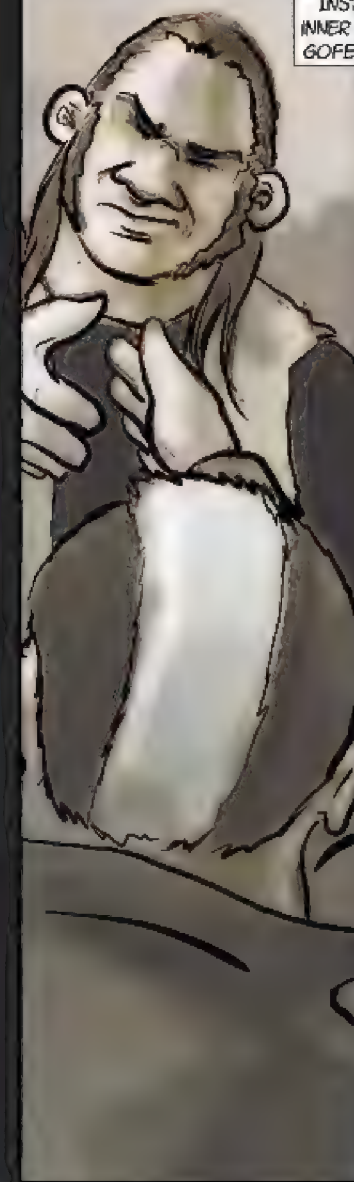
HOW I BECAME A SERIAL KILLER?

WELL DONE. ONE MORE JOB,
THEN YOU CAN GO HOME.

GREEN GLASSES' FIRST ASSIGNMENT FOR
ME WAS TO INFILTRATE THE ROUGH RIDERS.

HOWEVER, THANKS TO MY
BAD LEG, THEY DIDN'T TRUST
ME WITH ANY SERIOUS JOBS.

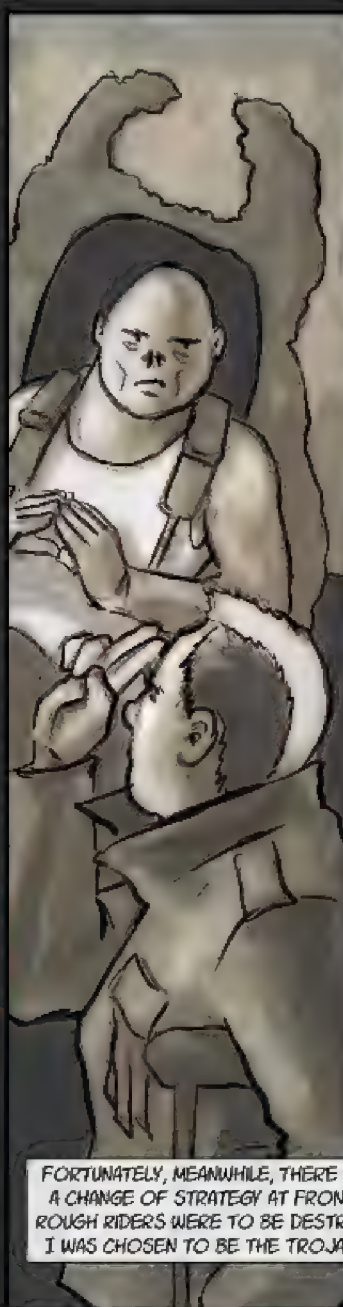
INSTEAD OF INFILTRATING THE
INNER CIRCLE, I BECAME JUST THE
GOFER FOR THEIR MUSIC EVENTS.



GREEN GLASSES WAS VERY UNHAPPY.
THEN HE GAVE ME THE ASSIGNMENT
TO LIQUIDATE MY OLD BUDDY NUKE..

BUT IN A TWINGE
OF SENTIMENTALITY,
I SPARED HIM.





FORTUNATELY, MEANWHILE, THERE HAD BEEN A CHANGE OF STRATEGY AT FRONTTEX. THE ROUGH RIDERS WERE TO BE DESTROYED AND I WAS CHOSEN TO BE THE TROJAN HORSE.

THE DESPERADOS' PLAN TO STORM THE ROUGH RIDERS' FORTRESS AFTER THE IWO JIMA GIRLS' GIG CAME FROM ME.

I FOUND A WILLING HELPER IN THE DRUG-ADDICTED BASSIST OF THE IWO JIMA GIRLS. THEN, ON THE DECISIVE NIGHT, ALL I HAD TO DO WAS NEUTRALIZE NUKE. THE BEST WAY TO DO THAT IS WITH TITS AND BEER.

FOR A BETTER UNDERSTANDING OF THE FLASHBACKS, SEE HADES SYNDROME - CROSSFIRE AND HADES SYNDROME - THE LAST GIG (AUTHOR'S NOTE)

THAT'S HOW I BROUGHT DODO AND NUKE
TOGETHER. AND THAT WAS MY WORST MISTAKE.

THAT REDHEAD IS
TOTALLY INTO YOU!

REALLY?!?



GREEN GLASSES' PLAN WAS FOR THE DESPERADOS
TO DEPOPULATE THE QUARANTINE ZONE AFTER THE
ROUGH RIDERS WERE CRUSHED. THIS WOULD HAVE
ALLOWED FRONTX TO RECAPTURE THE ZONE UNDER
THE GUSE OF A HUMANITARIAN MISSION. INSTEAD,
DODO AND NUKE HAD TO GET INVOLVED AND BLOW
UP ALL THE DESPERADOS.

NOW I ALSO HAVE TO PRETEND TO BE
GRATEFUL TO THESE TWO ANARCHISTS.



THANK YOU FOR PAYING FOR
MY SURGERY. HOW'S DODO
DOING WITH THE REHAB?

50-50.



...PRETENDING THE DEATH OF ONE OF
THOSE METAL BITCHES WOULD GET TO ME.



I HATE YOU!!!

A man with a mohawk and a woman being held by two men. The man with the mohawk is in the background, looking angry. The woman is in the foreground, looking down. She is being held by two men, one of whom is wearing a black tank top and a black glove. The woman is wearing a black tank top and jeans.



"GREENCARD? DON'T BE RIDICULOUS! YOU CAN BE GLAD IF WE LET YOU LIVE. ACCOMPLISH YOUR NEW MISSION AND THEN WE'LL SEE." - SO I STARTED TO KIDNAP WHORES FOR FRONTX AND KILL THEM AFTERWARDS.

A close-up of a man's face. He has a finger in his mouth. He is looking down. There is blood on his chin.



AND WITH EVERY WHORE WHOSE THROAT I CUT, I IMAGINE THAT IT'S THAT RED-HAIRED WITCH DODO!

A close-up of a woman's face. She has a finger in her mouth. She is looking down. There is blood on her chin.

EVERY MORNING I WAIT OUTSIDE THE DOOR OF MY ARCH-ENEMIES. READY TO PULL OUT MY KNIFE TO SLIT THEIR THROATS. BUT I'M STILL WAITING...



MY NEW FLAME IS FED UP WITH YOUR CONSTANT WHINING. SO HERE'S THE DUPLICATE KEY.

INSTEAD, I EVEN HELP DODO TO BREAK OUT OF HER PRISON. BUT WHY?



I WANT DODO OFF THE STREETS, AS LONG AS THIS PERVERSED WOMAN-KILLER IS RUNNING AROUND OUT THERE...

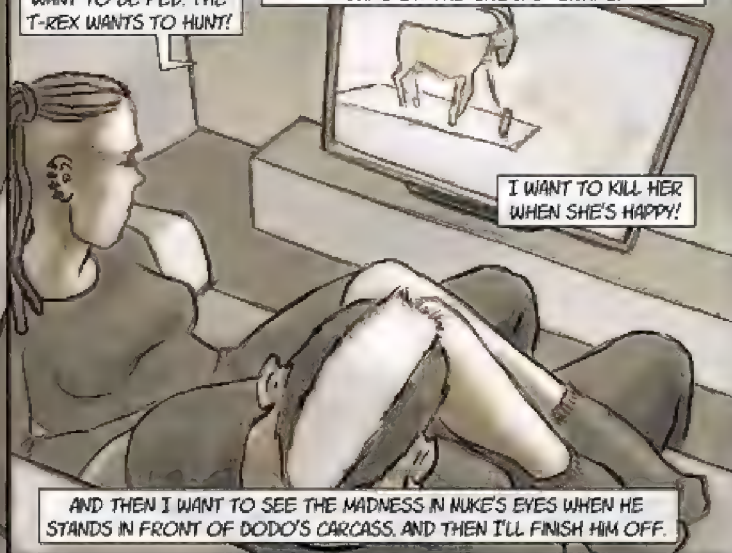
I'D GO CRAZY IF ANYTHING HAPPENED TO DODO.



UH-HUH.

THE T-REX DOESN'T WANT TO BE FED. THE T-REX WANTS TO HUNT!

I'M A HUNTER, TOO, LIKE THE T-REX IN JURASSIC PARK. I DON'T WANT TO KILL DODO WHILE SHE'S LYING ON THE GROUND CRYING.



I WANT TO KILL HER WHEN SHE'S HAPPY!

AND THEN I WANT TO SEE THE MADNESS IN NUKE'S EYES WHEN HE STANDS IN FRONT OF DODO'S CARCASS. AND THEN I'LL FINISH HIM OFF.



ON YOUR KNEES!

IF YOU HAVE TO KILL ALL
THE WOMEN YOU FUCK.

SELF-CRITICALLY I MUST SAY THAT MY HUNTING
SUCCESSSES LET ME BECOME A LITTLE CARELESS.



...SO THEY DON'T TELL
WHAT A PUNY DICK YOU
HAVE, THAT'S YOUR
BUSINESS.

BUT IF YOU KILL WOMEN WHO WERE BROUGHT
HERE FROM EASTERN EUROPE AT MY EXPENSE,
THEN WE BOTH HAVE A PROBLEM.

THE DON HAD FOUND OUT THAT I WAS THE DEARHUNTER AND
CHARGED ME FOR THE WOMEN HE HAD WORKING FOR HIM.
I COULDN'T PAY, OF COURSE. MY LUCK WAS THAT SUCH A DE
NIRO WANNABE ALWAYS HAS TO GIVE AN OSCAR SPEECH FIRST.



... LUNGI, KILL HIM!

YOU COULD SAY IT WAS LUCK THAT NUKE SHOWED UP AT THE RIGHT
MOMENT. BUT I KNOW IT WAS FATE, BECAUSE I AM THE CHOSEN ONE!





AFTERWARDS WE GO FOR A DRINK



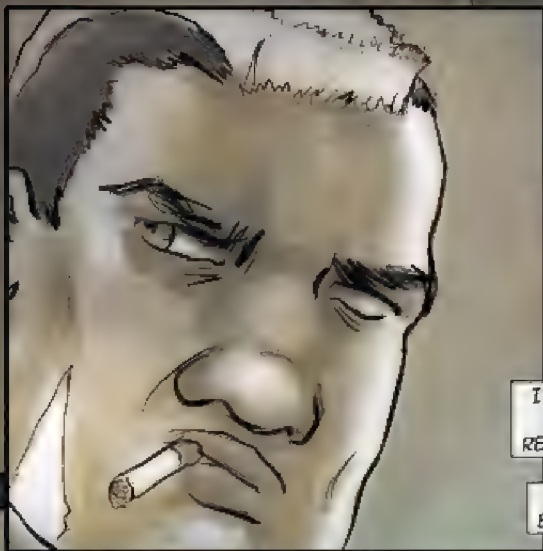
NUKE CHATS A BIT AND THEN MAKES THE SUGGESTION TO TRACK DOWN THE DEARHUNTER TOGETHER. THE IRONY LEAVES ME SPEECHLESS.



THINK ABOUT IT FOR A MINUTE.
I GO TO THE BATHROOM.

AFTER THE LAUGHTER, I GET THE IDEA TO USE NUKE TO PUT THE SOLE BLAME ON MY TROUBLESOME PARTNER SILVIO BEFORE ELIMINATING HIM.

BECAUSE WHEN WE DELIVERED VICTIM NUMBER SEVEN TO FRONTX, I HAD TO REALIZE THAT SILVIO IS A TRAITOR.



I DO ALL THE WORK ANYWAY. YOU DON'T NEED SKUNK. I'M CHEAPER AND MORE RELIABLE BECAUSE I DON'T DO NO DRUGS.

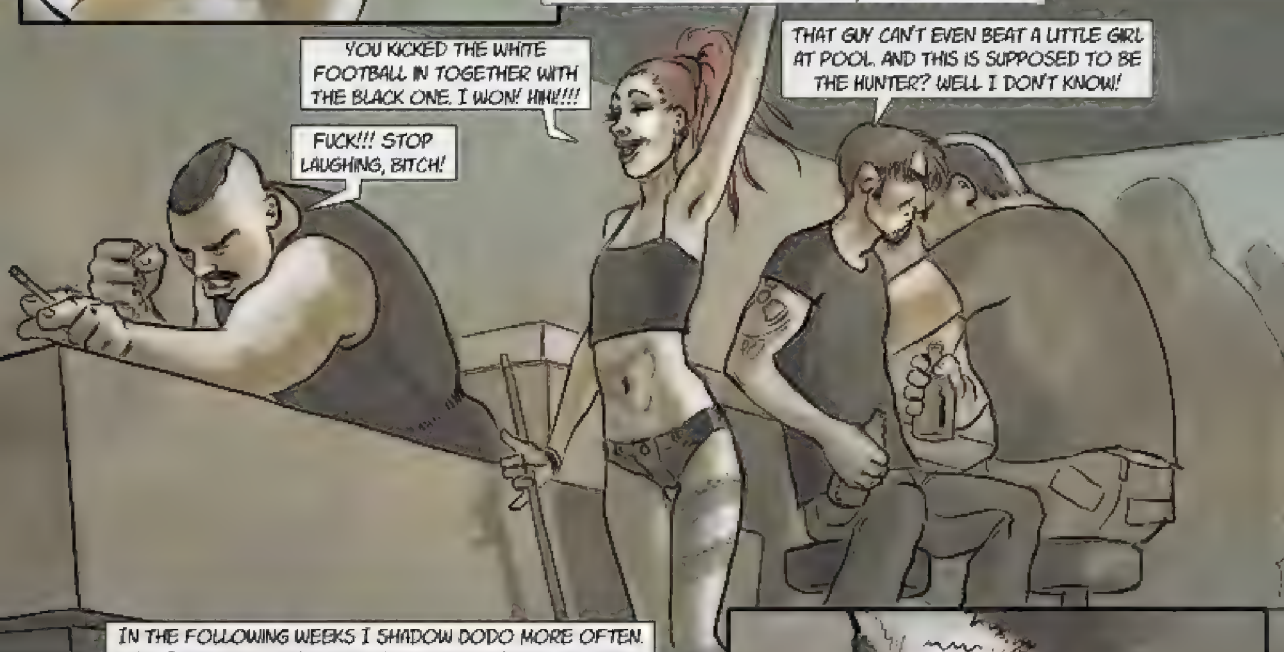
GOOD TO KNOW. MAYBE WE'LL GIVE YOU A LITTLE MORE RESPONSIBILITY SOON.

I AGREE TO PARTICIPATE IN THE HUNT AND TRY TO BLAME THE PIMPS. AS IF BY CHANCE, I POINT TO SILVIO...

YOU KICKED THE WHITE FOOTBALL IN TOGETHER WITH THE BLACK ONE. I WON! HIN!!!

FUCK!!! STOP LAUGHING, BITCH!

THAT GUY CAN'T EVEN BEAT A LITTLE GIRL AT POOL. AND THIS IS SUPPOSED TO BE THE HUNTER? WELL I DON'T KNOW!



IN THE FOLLOWING WEEKS I SHADOW DODO MORE OFTEN. SO I OVERHEAR AN ARGUMENT BETWEEN HER AND SILVIO.



STEP ASIDE, TALLIE!



UNFORTUNATELY, DODO IS CONTENT TO SHOOT SILVIO'S FINGER OFF. BUT I KNOW HOW TO GET HER TO DO THE JOB, NUKE IS UNWILLING TO DO FOR ME.



ONE MORE CUSTOMER, BABY, THEN YOU'RE DONE.

I'M REALLY INTO ORAL SEX. SHALL WE START WITH THAT? THE OTHER NIGHT I WENT OUT WITH A GUY WHO...

STOP TALKING AND HAVE A DRINK!



EASY GIRL, NOT SO MUCH!



IF YOU DON'T WAKE UP, YOU'RE USELESS TO MY PARTNERS.



WHERE AM I?

THREE DAYS LATER,
WE SET ABOUT
CLEANING UP.

GOOD NEWS. I'VE BEEN PROMOTED. I'M HEAD OF
SECURITY NOW. THE OLD BOSS IS NOW FISH FOOD.

NOW THE BAD NEWS. THE
OLD BOSS IS GONE BECAUSE
HE DIDN'T STOP OUR
SYSTEM FROM BEING HACKED.

A HACKER NAMED MÜLLER TWO
DOWNLOADED AND PUBLISHED THE
COMPLETE BERSERKER RAGE FILE.
THE PROJECT IS SHUT DOWN.

YOU ARE FIRED.

DO YOU WANT ME TO TRACK DOWN
AND KILL THIS MÜLLER TWO FOR YOU?

ALL IN GOOD TIME. YOU HAVE TO MAKE A CLEAN SWEEP ON
YOUR SIDE OF THE WALL FIRST. GET RID OF THE WOMAN AND
YOUR LACKEY! AND EVERYONE WHO STILL KNOWS SOMETHING.

ACTUALLY, I SHOULD GET RID OF YOU, TOO. BUT I NEED YOU FOR ANOTHER MISSION.
INFILTRATORS ARE ENTERING THE WALL MORE AND MORE OFTEN. SO WE'RE
GOING TO INFILTRATE THE TRAFFICKING GANGS OURSELVES. YOUR CONTACT FOR
THE NEW JOB IS MIKE. HE WORKS FROM A GUITAR STORE. GET IN TOUCH WITH HIM.

TIME TO BURY THE DEARHUNTER AND HIS CONFIDANTS. I LET THE DON KNOW WHERE AND WHEN HE CAN AMBUSH ME AND NUKE. AT THE SAME TIME SILVIO IS TO TAKE CARE OF DODO. IT WAS CLEAR THAT DODO COULD EASILY HANDLE THE CHILD Fucker. BUT THAT DODO WOULD LET HIM ESCAPE WAS NOT. ANYWAY.

MY PLAN IS FOR MY ENEMIES TO KILL EACH OTHER, WHILE I PLAY DEAD. WORKS WELL, TOO. I'M LOOKING FORWARD TO KILLING A CRAZED DODO AFTER SHE SHOOT'S DOWN NOT ONLY THE DON, BUT NUKE AS WELL.

BUT THEN SHE HESITATES.

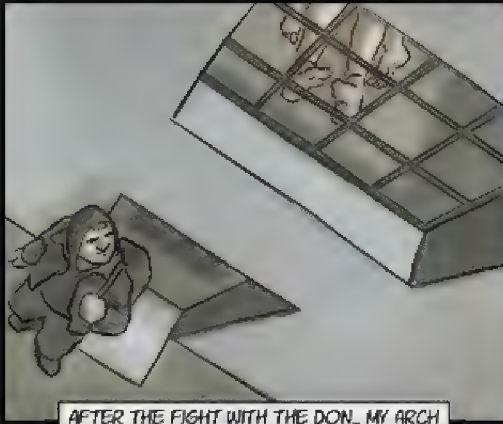
I, UH, I... CANT..

BITCH!

SO I HAVE TO INTERVENE AND SAVE MY ARCHENEMY NUKE. AFTER ALL, THE DON AND HIS THUGS ARE GONE.

THE NEXT DAY, DESTINY ONCE AGAIN INTERVENES IN MY FAVOR. THE RIDICULOUS SHERIFF CLAIMS THAT HE HUNTED DOWN THE DON AND HIS PEOPLE IN THE NAME OF THE LAW. HE CAN BOAST ABOUT IT FOR ALL I CARE. HE WILL SOON HAVE TO RECKON WITH A VISIT FROM SICILY AND I WILL NOT.





AFTER THE FIGHT WITH THE DON, MY ARCH ENEMIES AS ALWAYS IMMEDIATELY START TO FUCK. I SNEAK OUT AGAIN. IT'S TIME TO PART WITH MY SHOE COLLECTION.

BESIDES, THE HUNTER HAS TO HUNT ONCE AGAIN...



I PLACE THE SHOES AND THE HOOKER IN ONE OF MY HIDING PLACES. THEN I ORDER SILVIO TO WAIT FOR ME THERE THE NEXT MORNING.



THE BITCH GAVE ME QUITE A BUMP ON THE NOSE. I'LL BE THERE ON TIME.

THEN I MEET UP WITH DODO AND NUKE AND LEAD THEM BOTH TO SILVIO.



THE DREAM TEAM ON THE ROAD AGAIN! FANCY A LITTLE WALK?

WHILE DODO AND NUKE SLOWLY WORK THEIR WAY THROUGH THE BUILDING, I CLIMB UP THE FACADE AND OVERTAKE THEM.



IMPRESSIVE HOW YOU TOOK OUT THOSE TWO GUYS LAST NIGHT. WITHOUT WEAPONS. I'VE SEEN ISRAELI COMMANDOS IN ACTION, AND THEY WERE WORSE THAN YOU. WHERE DID YOU LEARN THIS KRAV MAGA SHIT?

I COULD TELL YOU, BUT THEN I'D HAVE TO KILL YOU.



REACHED MY PREY FROM LAST NIGHT.
HER PANIC IS RISING AS I CUT HER LOOSE.



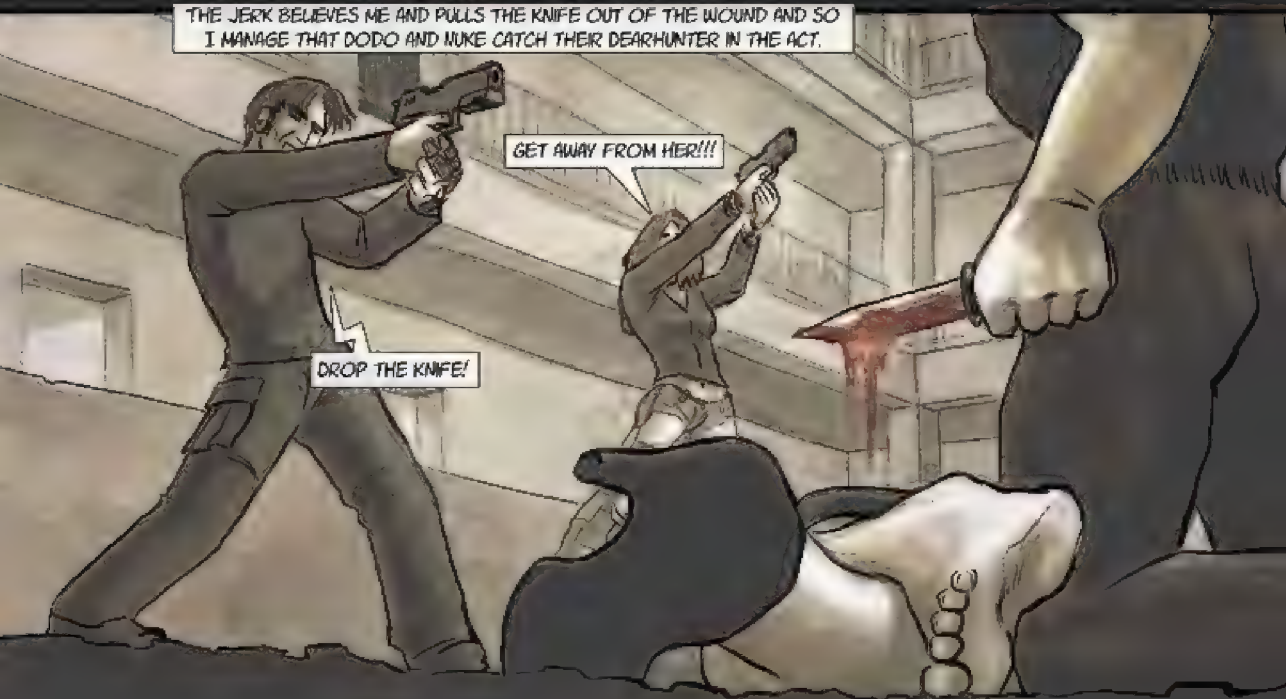
BEFORE I MAKE THE FATAL STAB, I CUT HER
SUPERFICIALLY SO THAT THERE IS A CLEARLY
VISIBLE TRAIL OF BLOOD WHEN I LET HER RUN.

THE PREY GETS AS FAR AS THE ATRIUM BEFORE SHE COLLAPSES. I CLIMB ONE FLOOR
HIGHER. SILVIO APPEARS AT EXACTLY THE RIGHT MOMENT. DESTINY IS ONCE AGAIN ON MY SIDE.



THEY COME, TAKE THE KNIFE AND DISTRACT
THEM. I'LL STAB THEM IN THE BACK.

THE JERK BELIEVES ME AND PULLS THE KNIFE OUT OF THE WOUND AND SO
I MANAGE THAT DODO AND NUKE CATCH THEIR DEARHUNTER IN THE ACT.



GET AWAY FROM HER!!!

DROP THE KNIFE!

THREE WEEKS LATER. I PAY MY
NEIGHBOR PIG PEN A NIGHTLY VISIT..

KNOCK - KNOCK!

WAAAH!!!

SKUNK??? WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?

SORRY. I WAS SO SHOCKED WHEN
I HEARD ABOUT YOUR CANCER.

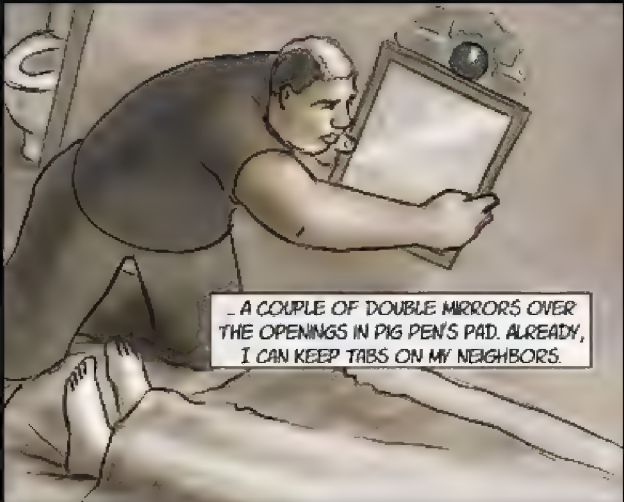
HUH? WHAT THE HELL ARE
YOU TALKING ABOUT?

YOU ARE TERMINALLY
ILL. THE LUNG. AND IT
HAS ALREADY SPREAD.
BUT YOU CAN BE HAPPY..

.. YOU'LL DIE PEACEFULLY IN YOUR SLEEP.

A man is shown from the side, using a power drill on a wall. A bright light emanates from the drill bit.

AFTER PIG PEN STOPS TWITCHING, I'M DOING A LITTLE RENOVATION. A COUPLE OF WALL OPENINGS FROM MY BATHROOM.

A man is holding a large mirror, looking at it. In the background, a person is lying on a bed.

... A COUPLE OF DOUBLE MIRRORS OVER THE OPENINGS IN PIG PEN'S PAD. ALREADY, I CAN KEEP TABS ON MY NEIGHBORS.

A man in a dark t-shirt and pants stands in a room, gesturing with his hands. To his left, a man in a dark sweater and pants stands near a bed, smoking a cigarette. To his right, a woman in a dark dress stands near a doorway.

AS I SAID, THE PLACE IS NOTHING SPECIAL. BUT IT'S BETTER THAN THE HOLE YOU'RE LIVING IN NOW. I'D JUST GET A NEW MATTRESS. PIG PEN HAD BEEN DEAD FOR THREE DAYS WHEN I FOUND HIM.

IF THE REST OF THE CO-OP DOESN'T HAVE A PROBLEM WITH THAT... I'M ALL FOR IT. WHAT DO YOU SAY, BABY?

AIR IT OUT! AT LEAST A WEEK! THEN WE CAN MOVE IN.

NOW I CAN WATCH MY ENEMIES AROUND THE CLOCK. WAIT, PREPARE THE MOMENT OF MY REVENGE. BUT THE LONGER I WATCH DODO IN HER DESOLATE LIFE, THE STRONGER THIS WITCH PULLS ME UNDER HER SPELL.





AND I WONDER WHY YOU DON'T COME TO BED. YOU MISERABLE PEEPING TOM. I DID ACCEPT THAT PERVERTED QUIRK WITH THE WOMEN'S SHOES IN YOUR CLOSET, BUT THIS.



YOU SPY ON ME? YOU WERE IN MY CLOSET?



MY MIND SHUTS DOWN FOR A WHILE. WHAT REMAINS IS A RED VEIL OF UNBRIDLED RAGE. I ONLY REGAIN CONSCIOUSNESS WHEN MIKE KICKS IN MY DOOR.





DUDE, HAVE YOU COMPLETELY
LOST YOUR MIND?



I'M GONNA FUCK YOU UP!



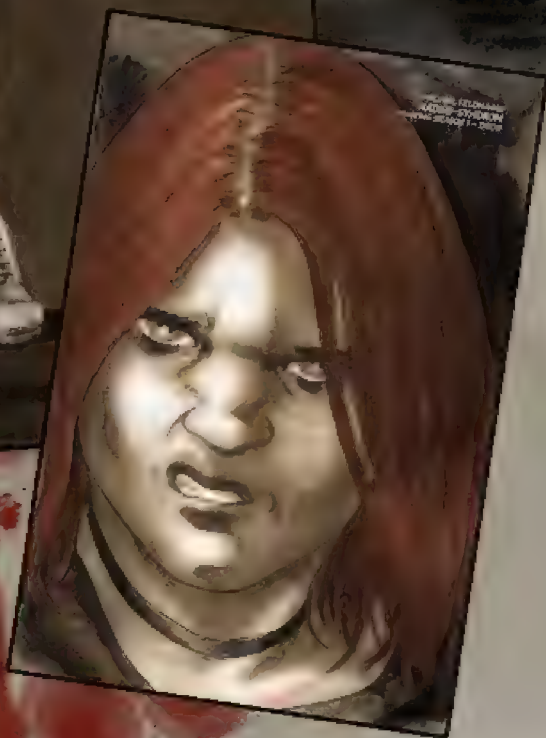
I'M THE DEARHUNTER. I HUNT WOMEN.
BUT I THINK THE HUNT IS NOW AT ITS...



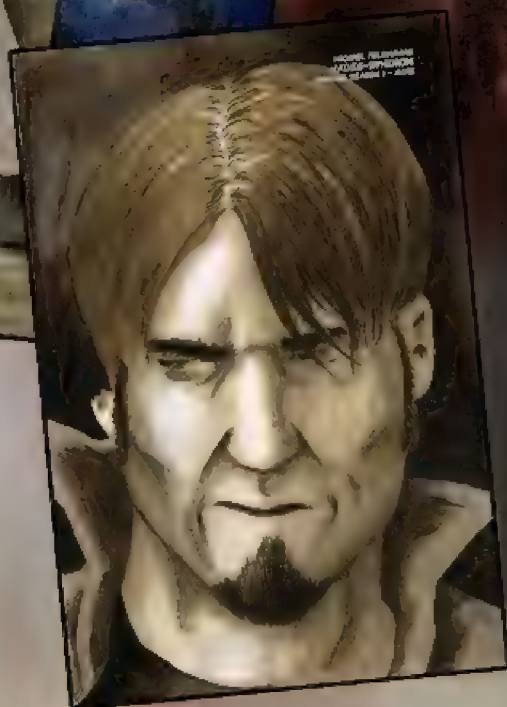
_ END _

COVER GALLERY





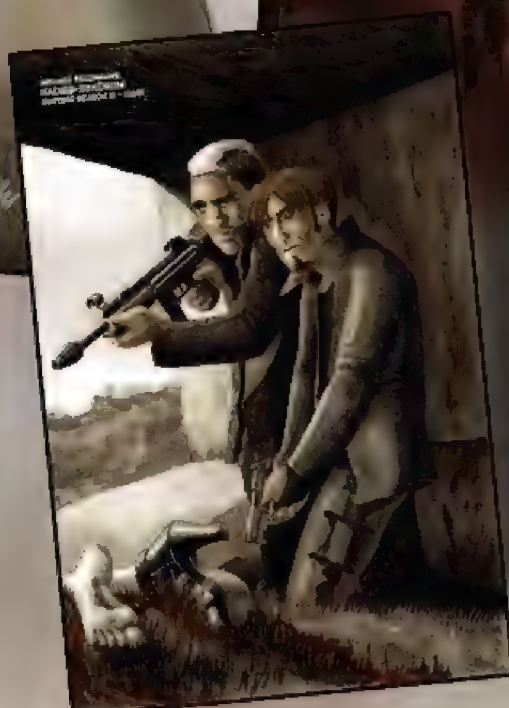
HUNTING SEASON I - DODO NUDE VARIANT (2014)
HUNTING SEASON I - DODO (2014)



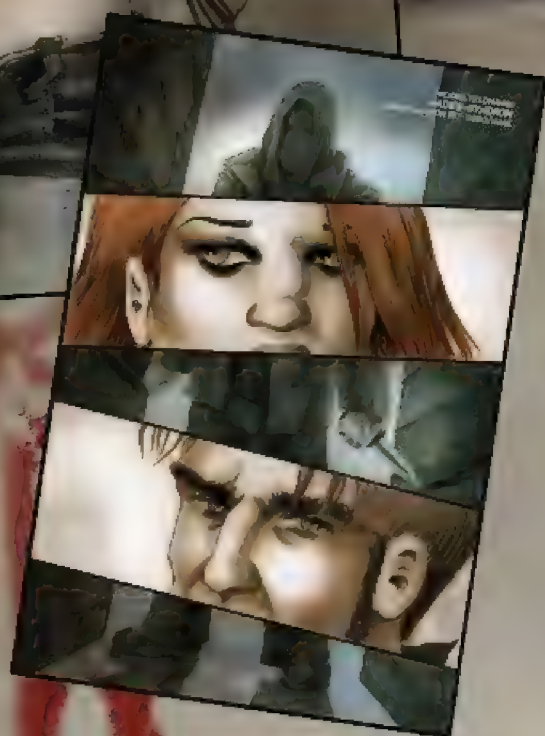
HUNTING SEASON I - NUKE NUDE VARIANT (2014)
HUNTING SEASON I - NUKE (2014)



HUNTING SEASON II - DODO VARIANT (2014)
HUNTING SEASON II - DODO (2014)



HUNTING SEASON II - NUKE VARIANT (2014)
HUNTING SEASON II - NUKE (2014)



HUNTING SEASON III - DODO/NUKE VARIANT (2015)
HUNTING SEASON III - DODO/NUKE (2015)



HUNTING SEASON IV - DEARHUNTER VARIANT (2015)
HUNTING SEASON IV - DEARHUNTER (2015)

BONUS STORY
FREE Will









IS THERE A FREE WILL?

SHORTLY BEFORE...

CAN'T YOU TURN THE ENGINE BACK
ON SO THE HEATER KEEPS RUNNING?

BABY, ARE YOU TOTALLY NUTS?!?
IT'S ALREADY AT LEAST 60 DEGREES
IN HERE. WE DON'T HAVE ENOUGH
FUEL FOR THE RETURN TRIP ALREADY.

DO YOU HAVE ANYTHING TO
DECLARE? WHAT'S IN THERE?

BESIDES, IT'S OUR
TURN SOON.

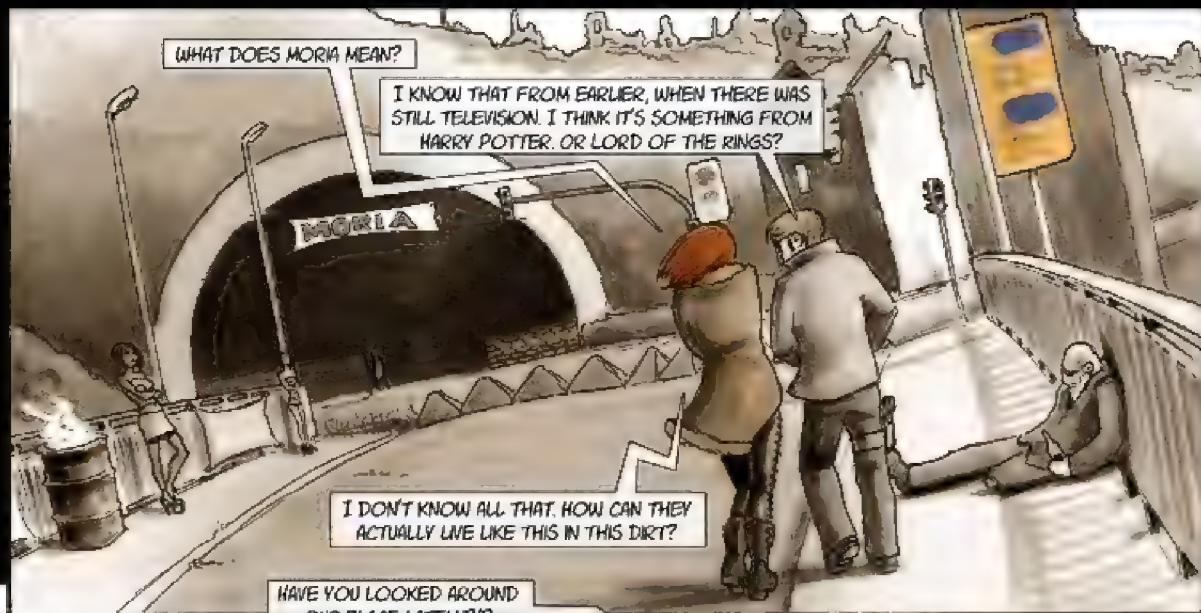
DAMN, MY LEG! IF YOU WANT ME
TO COME ALONG AGAIN, I'LL SIT
IN THE FRONT FROM NOW ON.

SORT IT OUT WITH MY WIFE. - WE'LL DO
THIS AS WE DISCUSSED. DODO AND I TAKE
CARE OF BUSINESS, YOU GUARD THE CAR.

PULL YOURSELF TOGETHER, DODO.
YOU'RE NOT MUCH HELP TO ME LIKE THIS.

THEN TAKE SKUNK
WITH YOU, AND
I'LL STAY HERE.

FORGET IT, DODO. AS LONG AS YOU
ARE GOING COLD TURKEY, I WON'T
LEAVE YOU ALONE WITH THE CAR.



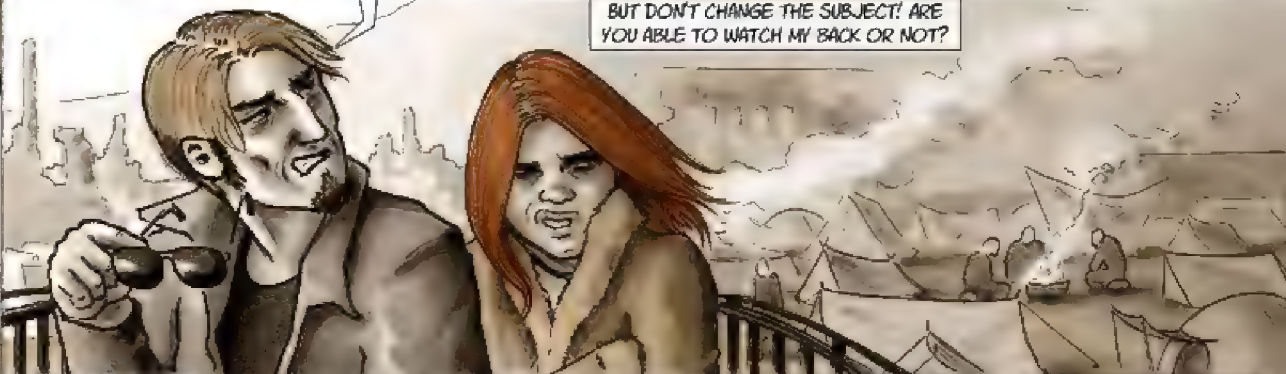
WHAT DOES MORIA MEAN?

I KNOW THAT FROM EARLIER, WHEN THERE WAS STILL TELEVISION. I THINK IT'S SOMETHING FROM HARRY POTTER. OR LORD OF THE RINGS?

I DON'T KNOW ALL THAT. HOW CAN THEY ACTUALLY LIVE LIKE THIS IN THIS DIRT?

HAVE YOU LOOKED AROUND OUR PLACE LATELY???

BUT DON'T CHANGE THE SUBJECT! ARE YOU ABLE TO WATCH MY BACK OR NOT?



YEAH-A, SURE BABY!

PASS? - YOU CAN GO IN.



I GOT THE DELIVERY. IT'S OUTSIDE IN THE VAN.

YOU'RE TWO DAYS LATE.

MORIA

THAT'S WHY I'M NOT PAYING YOU. AND IF YOU HAND OVER THE GOODS WITHOUT BITCHING, WE MIGHT LET YOU LIVE.

I WANT MY MONEY. NOW.

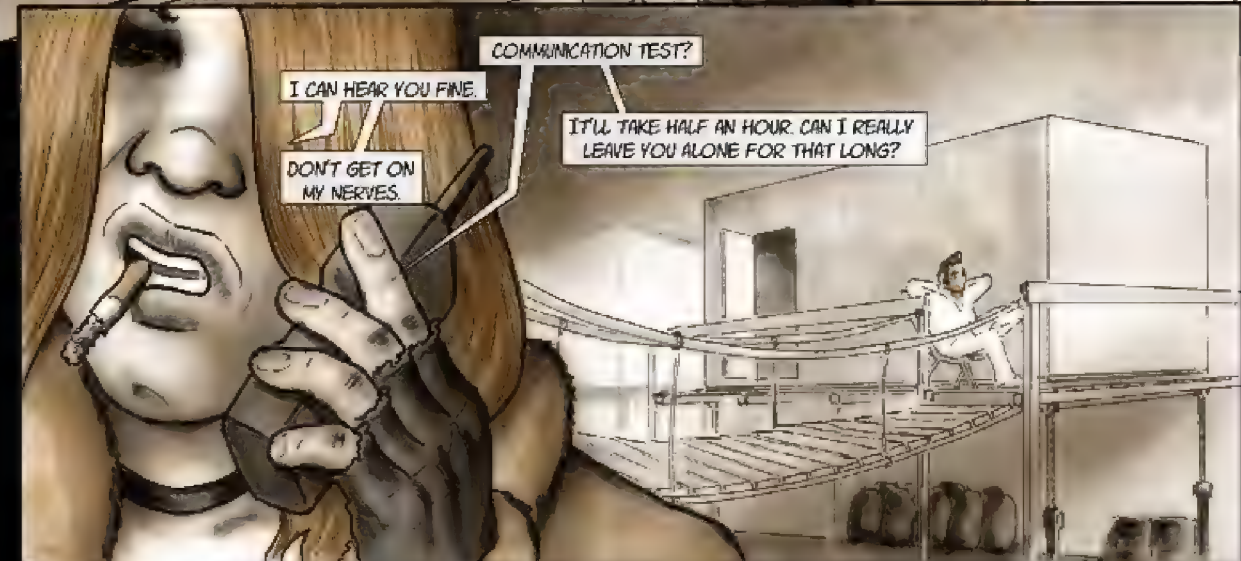
YOUR REDHEADED GUARDIAN ANGEL LOOKS KIND OF SICK.

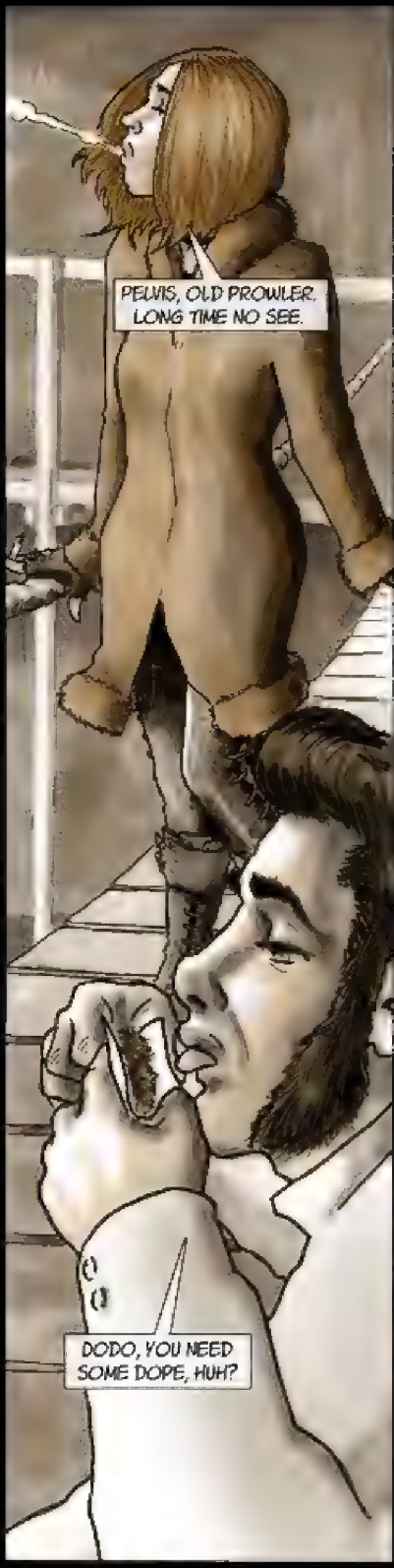
YOU COULD ALSO SAY, FUCKED UP. IF I WERE YOU, I'D BE A LITTLE QUIETER.

"FUCKED UP", EH? FOR YOU FAGGOTS IT'S ALWAYS ENOUGH

OUR PAYMENT! IMMEDIATELY! BEFORE REAL BLOOD FLOWS.

AND I WANT TO BE PAID IN FUEL.





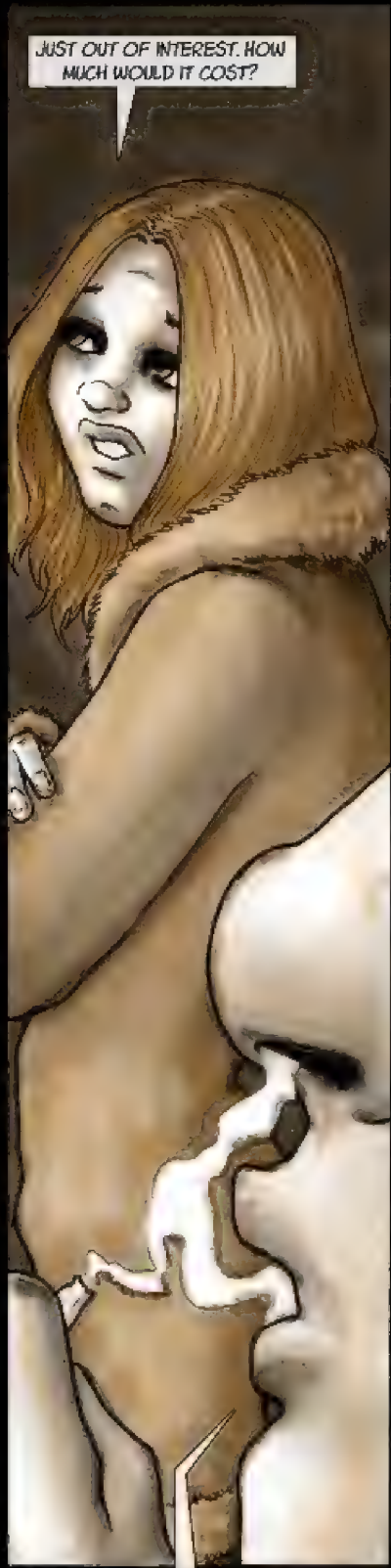
PELVIS, OLD PROWLER.
LONG TIME NO SEE.

DODO, YOU NEED
SOME DOPE, HUH?



NO, I'M CLEAN.

I SEE. JUST COME
BY FOR A CHAT.



JUST OUT OF INTEREST. HOW
MUCH WOULD IT COST?

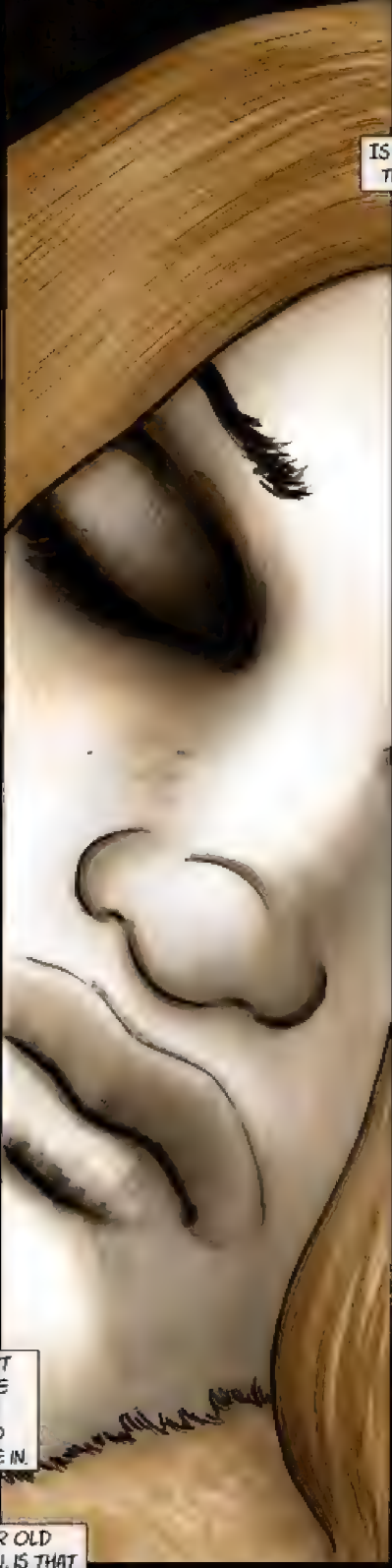
YOU HAVE NO MONEY. THEN
GIVE ME A BLOWJOB!



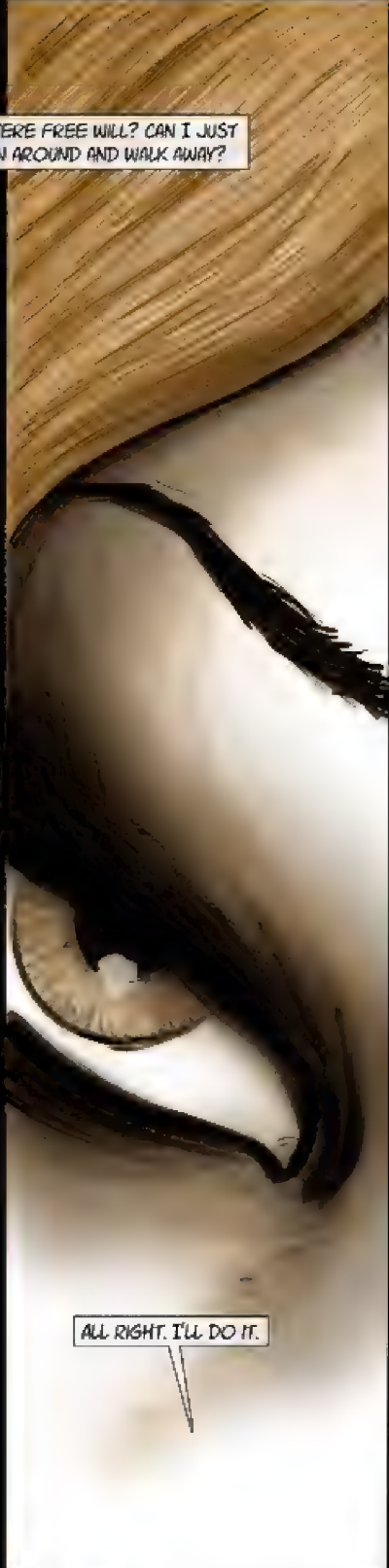
I COULD JUST TAKE
THE DOPE BY FORCE!

SURELY YOU CAN KILL ME EASILY, BUT
YOU HAVEN'T BEEN ON THE NEEDLE
LONG ENOUGH TO KNOW THE
DIFFERENCE BETWEEN THE GOOD
STUFF AND THE DIRT I PUT UDOCAMINE IN.

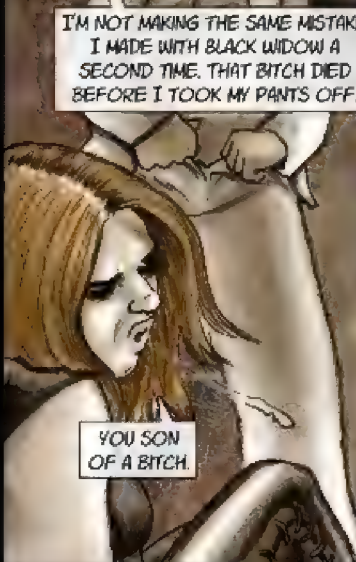
THINK ABOUT YOUR OLD
FRIEND BLACK WIDOW, IS THAT
HOW YOU WANT TO END UP?

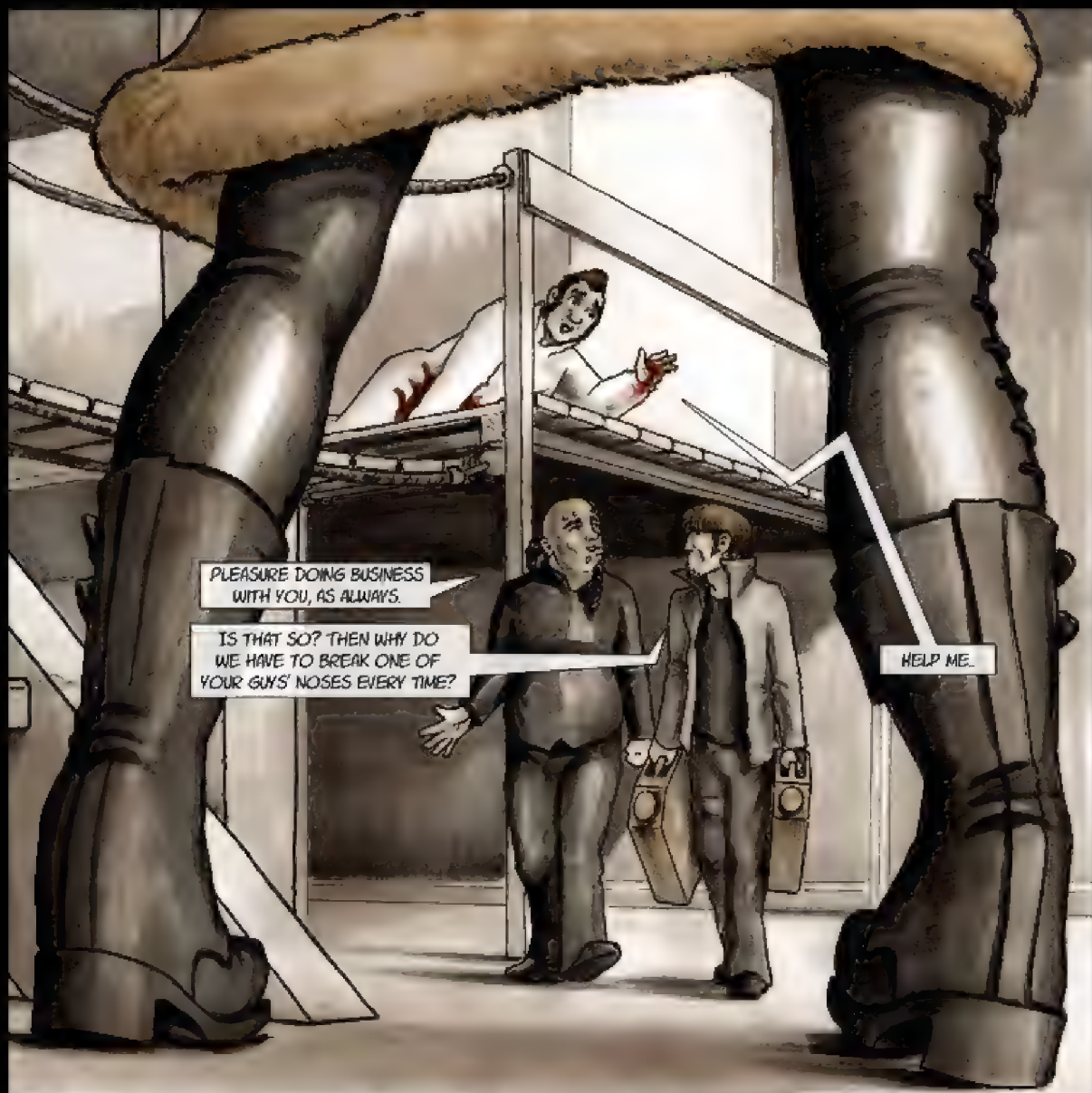


IS THERE FREE WILL? CAN I JUST
TURN AROUND AND WALK AWAY?



ALL RIGHT. I'LL DO IT.





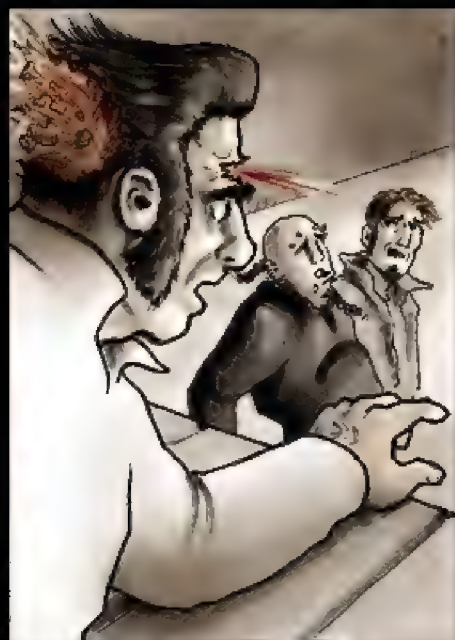
PLEASURE DOING BUSINESS
WITH YOU, AS ALWAYS.

IS THAT SO? THEN WHY DO
WE HAVE TO BREAK ONE OF
YOUR GUYS' NOSES EVERY TIME?

HELP ME.



NUKE! TAKE
COVER!







WILL YOU TELL ME WHY WE JUST
KILLED OUR BEST CUSTOMER?

IT WAS AN AMBUSH.
DIDN'T YOU SEE THAT?



PELVIS WAS GOING TO SHOOT
ME IN THE BACK? I HOPE
THAT WASN'T OUR CAR.



SHOTS WERE HEARD FROM YOUR
DIRECTION. THEY WENT COMPLETELY CRAZY.
THEY TRIED TO GRAB THE GOODS WHILE
THE EXPLOSIVES WERE STILL ARMED.

I DON'T KNOW MUCH ABOUT CARS, BUT THIS
ONE DOESN'T RUN ANYMORE, DOES IT?

I DON'T THINK SO. AND NOT JUST BECAUSE
OF THE BLOWN UP REAR VIEW MIRROR.



WHY DO WE HAVE TO CARRY THE CANISTERS
WHEN WE DON'T HAVE A CAR ANYMORE?

HOW DO YOU THINK WE
MAKE HOT WATER AND
ELECTRICITY AT HOME?!

BE QUIET FOR ONCE! HOW AM I SUPPOSED TO
WATCH YOUR BACKS IF I CAN'T HEAR ANYTHING?

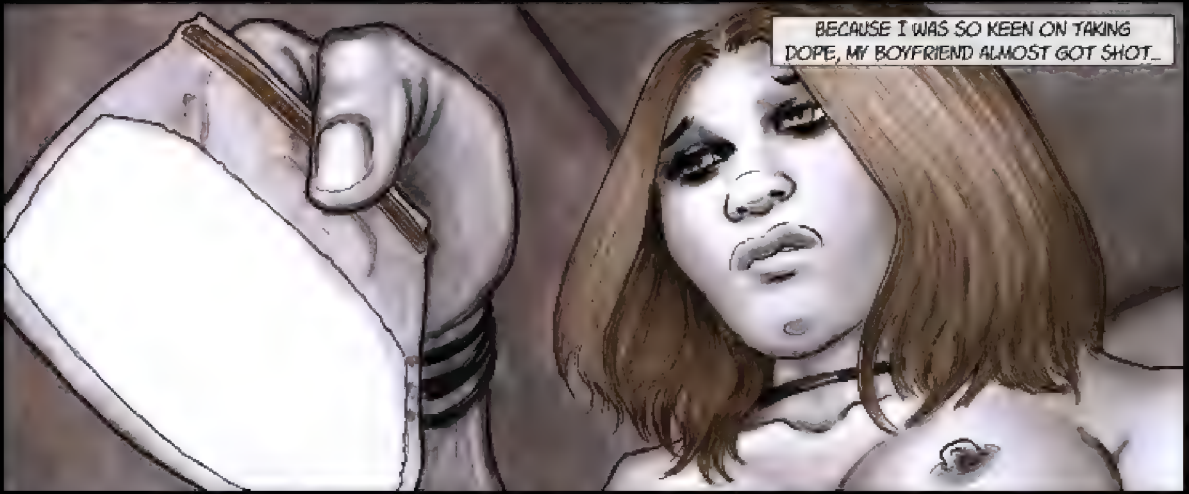
HOURS LATER,
BACK HOME.

TOOK CARE OF THE WOUND AS
BEST I COULD. DOES IT HURT MUCH?

WHAT DO YOU THINK? HALF MY EAR
IS GONE. CAN I HAVE ANOTHER PILL?

WHILE NUKE WASHES DOWN THE THIRD PAINKILLER
WITH HALF A BOTTLE OF WHISKEY, I'M OVERCOME
WITH A GUILTY CONSCIENCE.

PAINKILLERS, ALCOHOL AND A QUICKIE SEND
NUKE INTO THE REALM OF DREAMS. FOR ME,
THIS IS THE MOMENT TO MAKE A DECISION.



BECAUSE I WAS SO KEEN ON TAKING
DOPE, MY BOYFRIEND ALMOST GOT SHOT...



TIME TO FLUSH THIS DEVILISH STUFF DOWN THE
TOILET FOR GOOD AND START A NEW LIFE...



OR...

ONE LAST TIME..



YOU KNOW, I KINDA CAN'T REALLY PICTURE PELVIS
THAT COWARD TRYING TO SHOOT ME IN THE BACK..



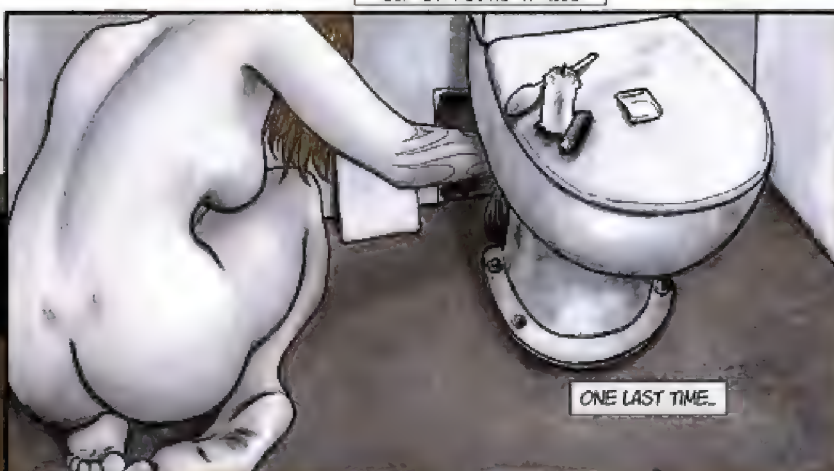
BESIDES, I DIDN'T SEE ANY
GUN ON PELVIS AT ALL..



AND THEN DOWN
THE TOILET WITH IT!

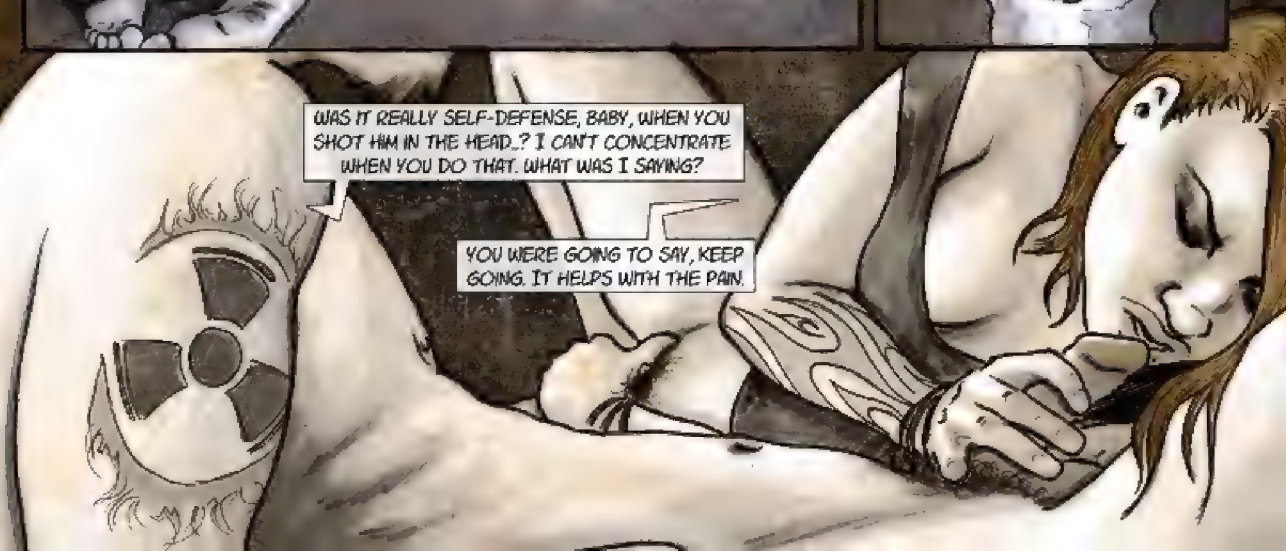


ONE LAST TIME..



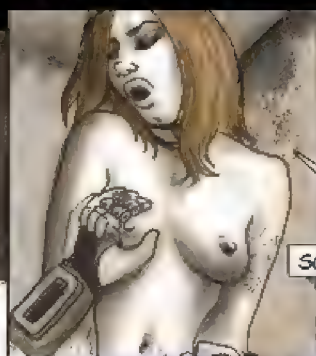
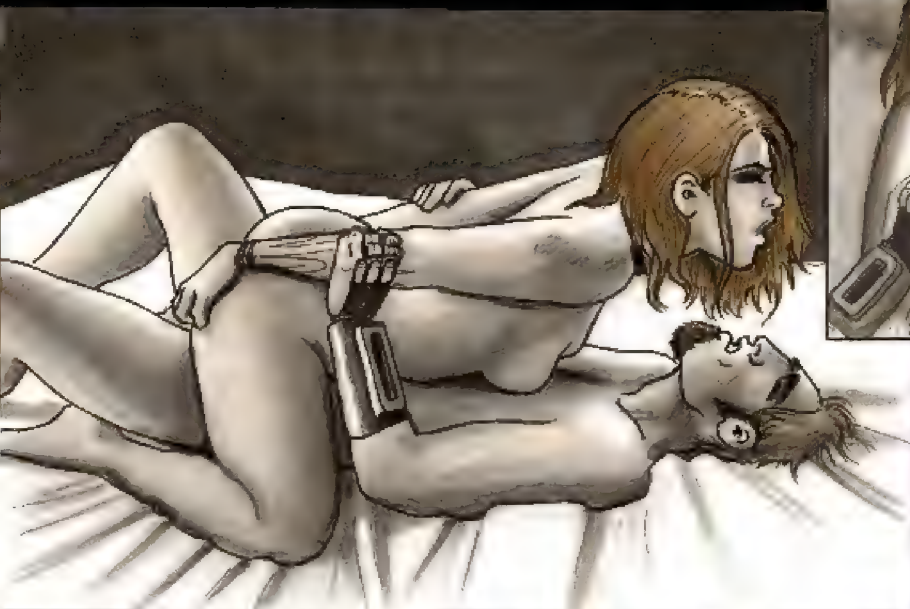
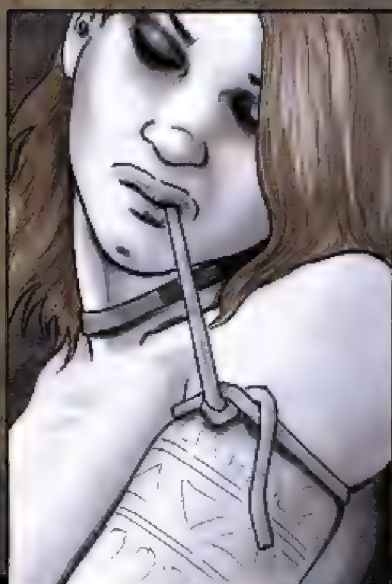
WAS IT REALLY SELF-DEFENSE, BABY, WHEN YOU
SHOT HIM IN THE HEAD..? I CAN'T CONCENTRATE
WHEN YOU DO THAT. WHAT WAS I SAYING?

YOU WERE GOING TO SAY, KEEP
GOING. IT HELPS WITH THE PAIN.

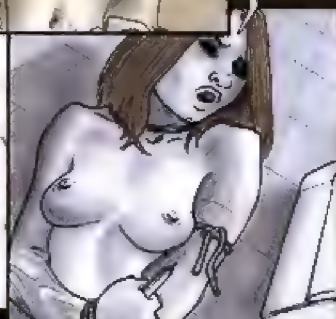




IS THERE FREE WILL? WELL, IF MIKE HAS IT, I KNOW HOW TO TAKE IT FROM HIM.



SO HOT!



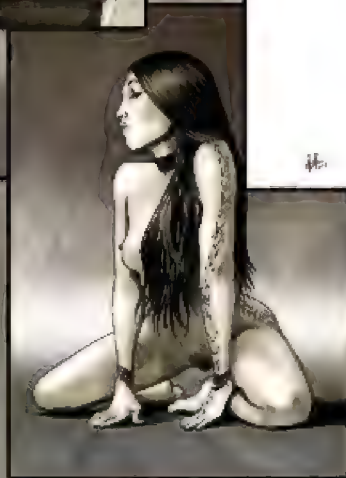
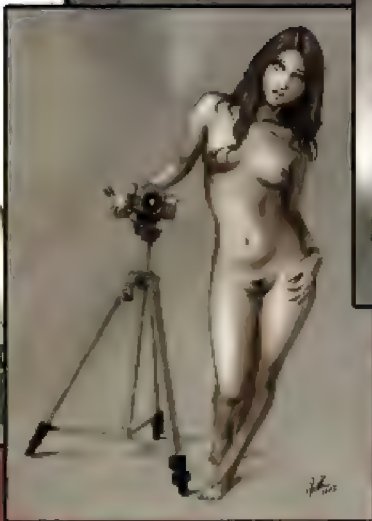
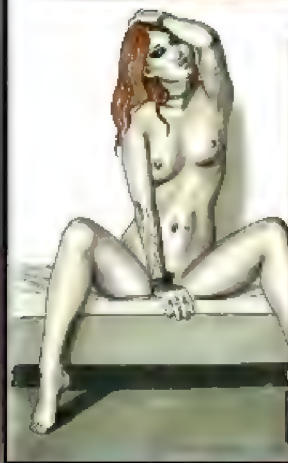
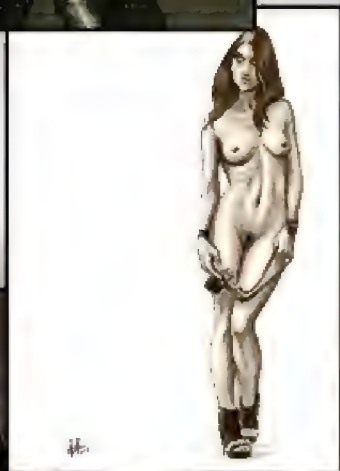
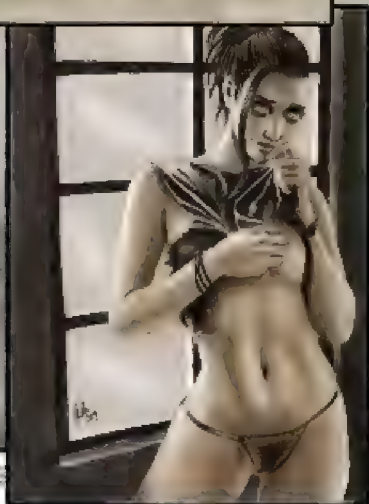
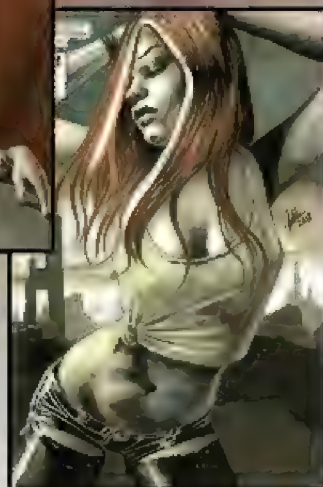
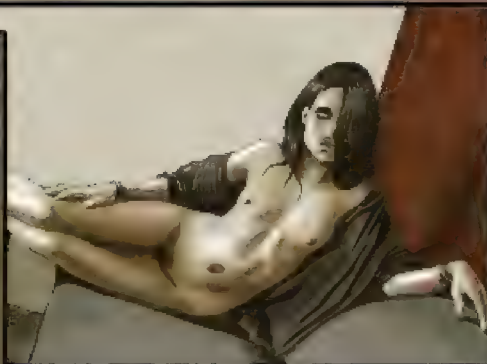
IS THERE FREE WILL?

MAYBE. BUT THE HEROIN IS MORE POWERFUL.

WHEN NUKE REGAINS CONSCIOUSNESS THE NEXT MORNING, HE FINDS ME STILL TOTALLY PASSED OUT AND HYPOTHERMIC, LYING ON THE FLOOR IN THE BATHROOM.



WHEN I REGAIN CONSCIOUSNESS, I FIND MYSELF ON OUR MATTRESS, CHAINED TO THE RADIATOR WITH A CHAIN ON MY LEG. FOR THE NEXT 83 DAYS, NUKE WILL KEEP ME LOCKED UP AT HOME, MAKING ME GO COLD TURKEY. AND EVENTUALLY, WILLPOWER WILL CONQUER ADDICTION. HOPEFULLY.



COMING SOON ON KICKSTARTER

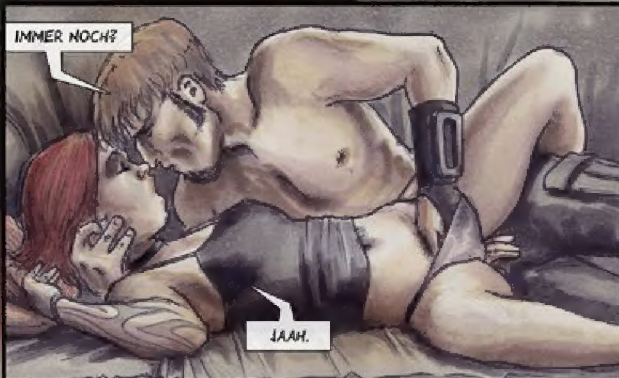
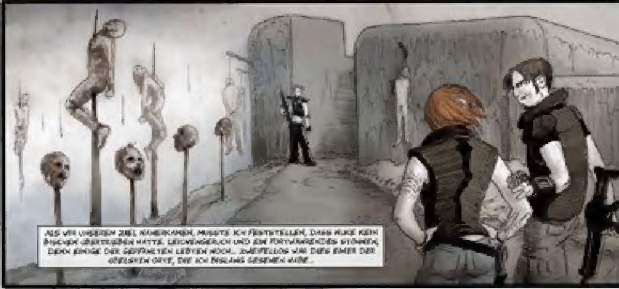
PIN UPS 3

WITH A SELECTION OF THE WORK FROM
PIN UPS 2 AND MANY NEW DRAWINGS...

SEX,
DRUGS,
ROCK N' ROLL.
AND
POST-APOCALYPSE.

HADES-SYNDROME

BY MICHAEL FELDMANN



HADESSAIDRAE
HUNTING SEASON
BY MICHAEL FELDMANN



HADES SYNDROME
HUNTING SEASON
BY MICHAEL FELDMANN





PoplanScan

for Albert Symphony Orchestra

THE AUDIENCE IS READING